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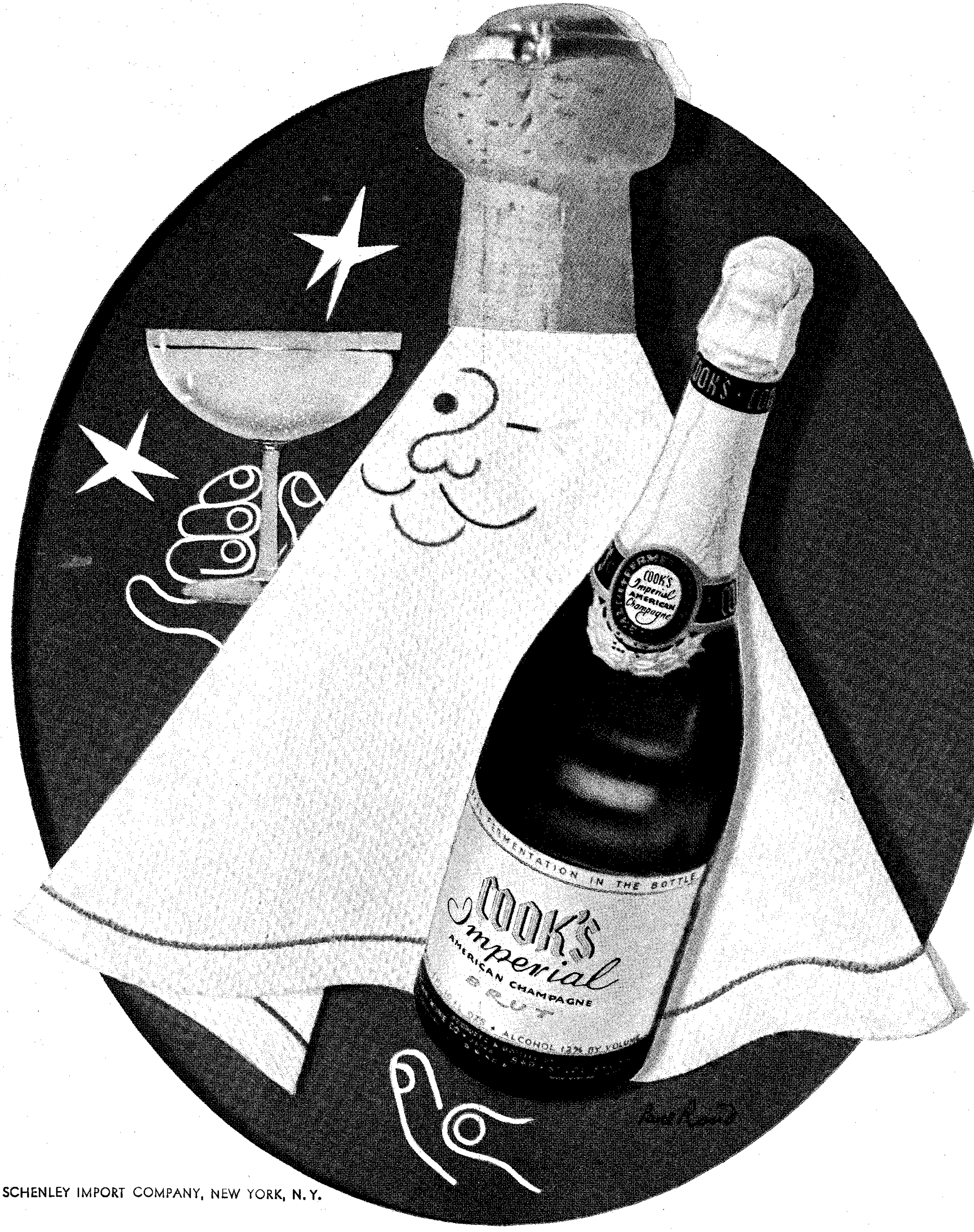
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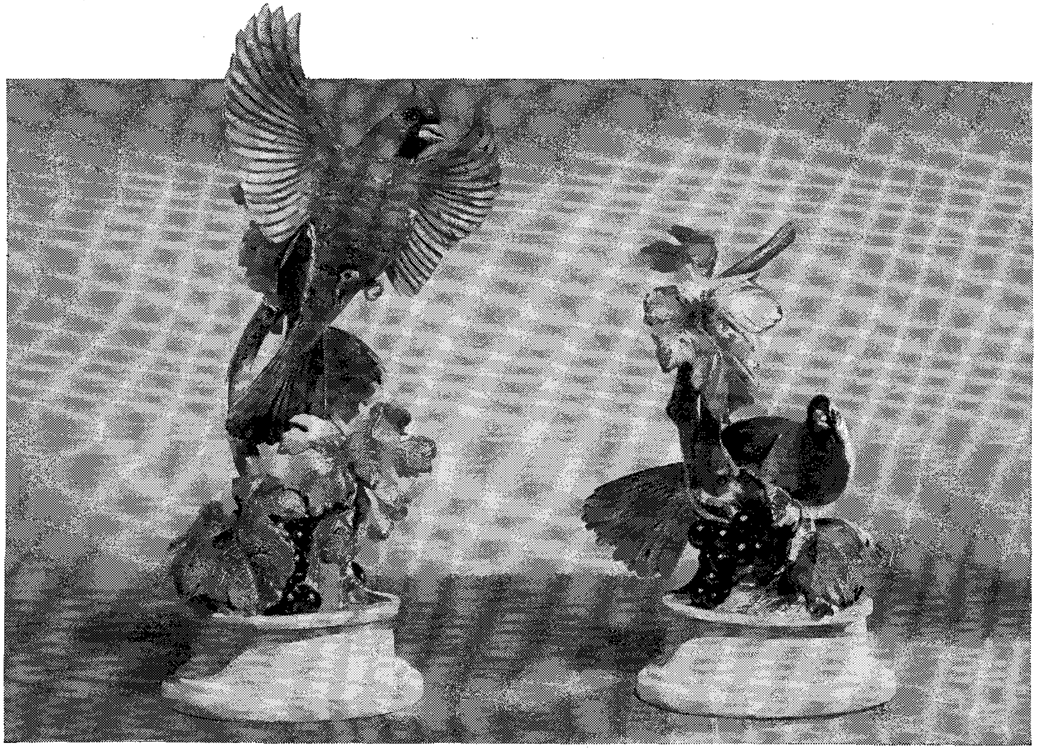

New York White Plains
Cleveland Chicago Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth is glorious as a woman who vanquishes an electronic brain, but otherwise William Marchant's comedy isn't very distinguished. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have turned a Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis into a wonderfully touching play. Young Susan Strasberg is stunning in her Broadway début, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are extremely persuasive in other leading roles. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle for the best American play of the year. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—Noel Coward's 1925 comedy about two suburban matrons brooding over a bygone lover owes its lively moments entirely to Nancy Walker, who registers a superlatively farcical performance. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, William LeMassena, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne bring all their old magic to this rather faint Lindsay-Crouse comedy concerning a couple of mind readers who outwit the whole Russian Army. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Michael V. Gazzo's play concerning a young drug addict and his heroic wife is occasionally flat and inexpert, Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are very good in the leading roles. With Frank Silvera and Henry Silva. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Claudette Colbert heads the cast in Carolyn Green's neat, if not memorable, comedy about a woman who manages to enjoy the best of several worlds. The supporting players—Robert Preston, Claude Dauphin, Robert Emhardt, and Mary Finney—are very helpful. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play about Joan of Arc is eloquent and moving, and Julie Harris gives one of her most compelling performances in the leading role. The talented company also includes Boris Karloff, Joseph Wiseman, and Theodore Bikel, and Jo Mielziner's setting is a masterpiece. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

The Matchmaker—Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this buoyant roughhouse comedy, and it is hard to think of a happier combination. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the excellent cast, which was directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Paddy Chayefsky's play about the romance between a man and a girl half his age has its merry and fairly poignant moments, but most of the time the style and the subject matter are rather bleak. Edward G. Robinson returns triumphantly to the stage in one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—A wildly comic show about a hillbilly who amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Andy Griffith is extraordinarily capable as the hero, and Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall are brilliant as a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—Although a bit of the quality of Eudora Welty's novel has disappeared in Joseph Fields' and Jerome Chodorov's adaptation, it is still a better-than-average comedy. David Wayne heads a cast that includes Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's complex allegory seems hardly worth unravelling, but Bert Lahr is entrancing as one of the symbols in it. E. G. Marshall, Kurt Kasznar, and Alvin Epstein are the others. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 26.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch," has posted another cheerfully rowdy comedy, though this time the ingredients are rather more familiar. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, and Martin Gabel are pretty funny as Hollywood types of one kind and another. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Long Runs—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A drama by Tennessee Williams in which Barbara Bel Geddes and Thomas Gomez are at the head of a cast directed by Elia Kazan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** If you can identify the murderer in Agatha Christie's melodrama, you probably belong on the police force yourself. The cast of thirty includes Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—The diverse talents of Sammy Davis, Jr., are not quite enough to redeem this fairly tedious and elementary piece about the triumph of a night-club entertainer. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the gagged-up book; Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss provided the songs; and Jack Carter, Pat Marshall, and Olga James are in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little overoperatic for Broadway. Robert Weede, Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast; Jo Mielziner designed the scenery and Motley the costumes; and Joseph Anthony is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Fair Lady—An outstanding musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison, as Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle, are almost beyond compare. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe composed the music, and the sets and costumes are the work of, respectively, Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton. The cast, which was directed by Moss Hart, also includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pipe Dream—Richard Rodgers' and Oscar Hammerstein's rather fumbling musical based on John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," which deals with life among the lovable loafers who populate the cannery rows of California. The music Mr. Rodgers has supplied for the affair is the best thing about it, and a couple of the tunes are among his most appealing. The cast includes Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler, and they are all reasonably tolerable. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** A story of a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXII, No. 13, May 19, 1956. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1956, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and others), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—The second in this season's series of three revivals is "Kiss Me, Kate," with Kitty Carlisle and David Atkinson. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, May 27.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, May 18: "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesdays, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—"The Man with the Golden Arm," an adaptation by Jack Kirkland of Nelson Algren's novel. With Frederick O'Neal, Robert Loggia, and Peggy Feury. Previews Friday through Sunday, May 18-20, at 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, May 21. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"The Littlest Revue," a show put together by Ben Bagley, with music and lyrics mostly by Ogden Nash and Vernon Duke and sketches by Nat Hiken, Billy Friedberg, Eudora Welty, and a number of others. The cast includes Charlotte Rae, Beverly Bozeman, and Joel Grey. Opens Tuesday, May 22. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Diana Barrymore and Muriel Rahn in "The Ivory Branch," a play by Sara Reavin. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22-23, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 24. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Opening-night curtain at 8, thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 9.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Grete Mosheim and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, one of our most ornate public playgrounds, provides dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band open fire. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band are in the pit.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Constance Bennett, a tireless worker (songs, dances, romping in blue jeans with a couple of pals), will say goodbye to New York night life at the Cotillion Room's dinner show on Sunday, May 20. All will be quiet until Tuesday, May 22, when Robert Clary, the economy-size package of perpetual motion, and the dance team of Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez will take over the floor. The custom here is a dinner show Sundays, dead silence Mondays, dinner and supper shows the rest of the week. There's also the estimable dance band of Stanley Melba.... ¶ A little orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The combined orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter, pianist, fashion plate, and casual tenor, makes the evening hours in the Persian Room seem like minutes, and Mark Monte's minuscule band helps out, too. At dinner and supper, there's a session of industrious, old-fashioned horseplay, much improved by the presence of Paul Hartman (a veteran horse-player), a pair of dizzy blondes named Betty Luster and Undine Forrest, and an adroit libretto. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string ensemble plays at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea still holds its own against the cocktail. No dancing.... ¶ There's more LeFleur music at dinner every night in the Edwardian Room. No dancing.

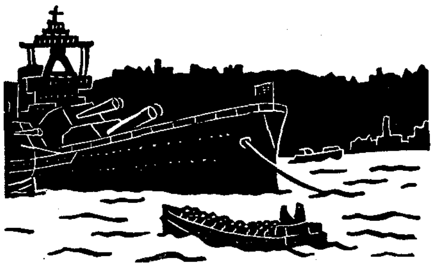
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The gentle pulsing of many, many Lombardos, which is not subject to change without notice, keeps the dinner and supper dancers moving in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a round-the-world cruise at the captain's table, is animated all evening by the débutante-speed bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. After the theatre, Julie Wilson, taking a stroll from "The Pajama Game," pops in, much more regally arrayed, for a few songs about her favorite pitfalls. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music has a lifetime lease on the Café Lounge, where it is audible in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The solemn reaches of the Café Rouge resound to the solid orchestra of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, who have obligingly equipped their vehicle with such expensive accessories as Louis Bellson and Charlie Shavers. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The prototype of the supermarket, complete from soup to nuts and from perfume counter to dance floor. Two bands play ticktacktoe in one corner.



Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The cream of the crop of troupers who throng the perky musical comedy here consists of Neile Adams, the choicest of several delectable young ladies, and Lou Nelson, a very fast talker. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pearl Bailey, now the epitome of poise in an upper-bracket ball gown, is still chirruping her *petite histoire* of life in the lower-bracket night spots of a more robust era, and it's still a good story. She appears twice nightly in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne's vast orchestra pours forth pretty dance music hour after hour. Saturday, May 26, the room will close for the season. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, during the eight-thirty-to-one weekday dancing lessons, the trio of Cy Coleman gives the new music an animated interpretation and the *Alt-Wien* group led by Jozsi Ribari does more sedate work; Mischa Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday party.

Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can watch New York turning itself into a series of holes in the ground. The address 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A well-kept arboretum, adorned by the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sundays, Paul Morse has charge of the keyboard. ... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): New Yorkers who have heard about daylight saving but have never tried it gather here in self-defense. Kurt Maier dishes out a soothing dinner and supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (Goldie) Hawkins' beachcombers' haven is warm and weatherproof. The music (Mr. H.'s pepper-and-salt piano and Wayne Sanders' *vin-rosé* ditto) and the table-hopping contest (no prizes) begin at five every evening.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): One of those telephone-at-your-table operations, with Renato Rossini's guitar gliding through some warm and lush Spanish trifles from nine to one. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): The best time of day here is the king-size dinner hour (five-thirty to nine-thirty), when Barbara Carroll and her trio ornament the premises, for their variations on melodic line are more than likely to make you stop, look, and listen. They're away Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Pomp and circumstance attend the proceedings here. They're touched up with casual music during the evening, plus, at ten-thirty and midnight, the impassioned ballads of Greta Keller, the old Vienna hand. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Annette Warren, an outgoing girl, brings her fresh young voice to bear on the perfect lyrics for after the theatre. From cocktail time on, there's romantic music of a superior grade by Ralph Strain (except Sundays) and Don Evans (except Mondays).... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A well-arranged stage setting for Hungarian cookery, with just the right amount of Hungarian song, violin, zimbalon, and schmalz thrown in. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours all dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays.... **LE VOUVRAY,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): William Adler, the dean of perambulatory violinists, wanders

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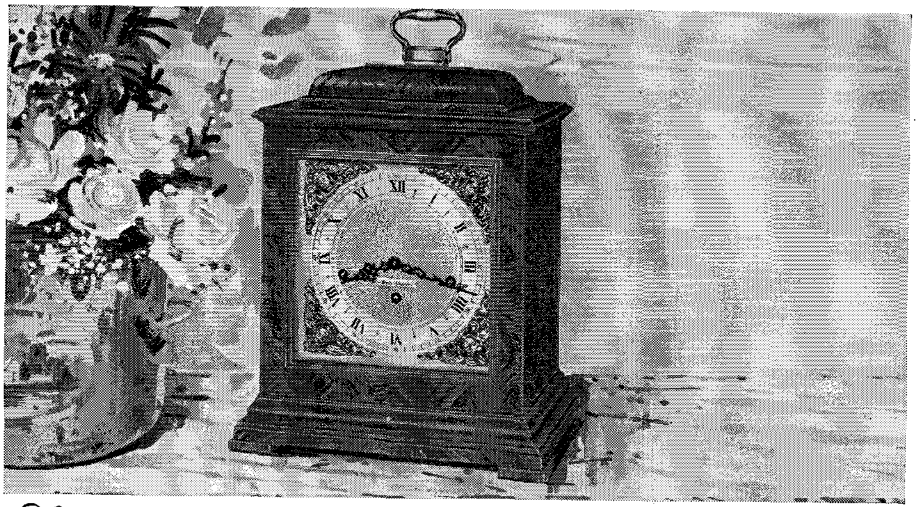

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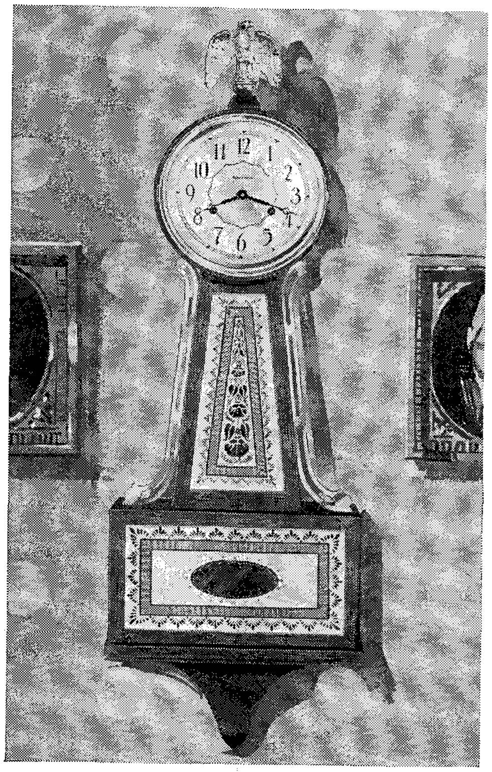

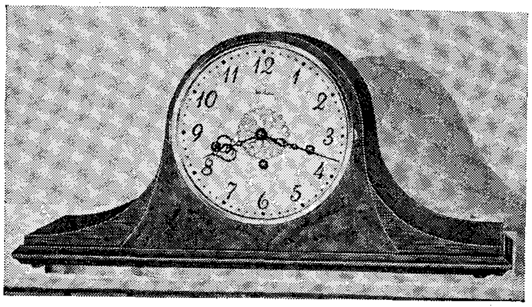

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from bar to dining room and back all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A perpetual game of musical chairs that sounds most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehár and Strauss. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the slightly stark bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his large album of show tunes. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHEZ LUCIE,** 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi, now backed by a nostalgic threesome that includes a zimbalonist, offers his peripatetic violin most of every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): The small fry appear to enjoy this amalgam of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, a unique form of destructive criticism, is having another go at a lot of our more hampering inhibitions.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier, a brash little Caribbean cockatoo, is cakewalking and carolling to the innocent music of her three-man steel band, which is Trinidadian to the core; Teddy Reno's tenor is warm, sunny, and Mediterranean. The other hired hands don't particularly matter. All of them operate to the vibrant background of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sunday nights, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano at cocktail and dinner time; there's also a dawn-patrol session by the Lyons trio and the steel drummers. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The songs are served up by Maxine Sullivan, the long-lost Lady of the Lake (Loch Lomond, that is), and Johnny Mathis, a jazz troubadour of considerable variety; the humor is supplied by Joey Carter, to whom funny things happen on his way to work. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Outward bound, after Sunday, May 20, are Anita Ellis, a skylark that would have pleased even Shelley; Jimmie Komack, a street urchin whose Manhattan calypsos are knowing indeed; and Patricia Bright, a resolute spoofer of celebrities. Remaining at their posts: the Three Flames, batting out raucous melody; Jimmie Daniels and his man-of-the-world ditties; Bruce Kirby, the house fall guy; and Hazel Webster, the Village's senior pianist. Inward bound, on Tuesday, May 22: Bibi Osterwald, the funniest of the red-hot mamas; Tony and Eddie, whose parodies are no respecters of persons; and Phil Leeds, a quiet wit with several merry aberrations. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Twenty feet underground, Julius Monk, who has converted many a freshman into varsity material, is presenting a varsity all his own (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews) in a brisk revue, most of which is neat as a button, bright as a pin. The orchestra is the double piano of Murray Grand and Stan Keen; the nonsense begins at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Cy Walter's piano études now appear on the dinner and supper menu of this small and pleasurable world. The equally eminent Mabel Mercer arrives after the theatre to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding soprano. Miss Mercer and Mr. Walter are absent Sundays, when Sam Hamilton, her faithful accompanist, has the piano to himself. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the twin pianos in the bar. Twice a night, Earl C. Hall is funny and Betty O'Neil

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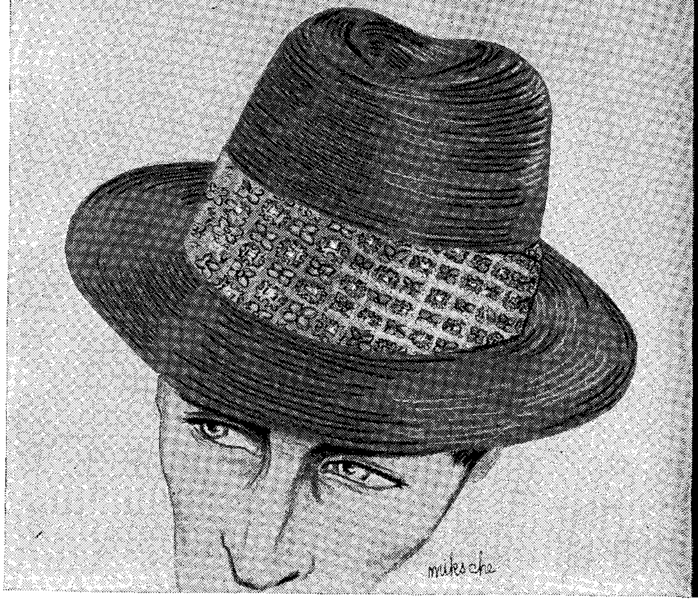
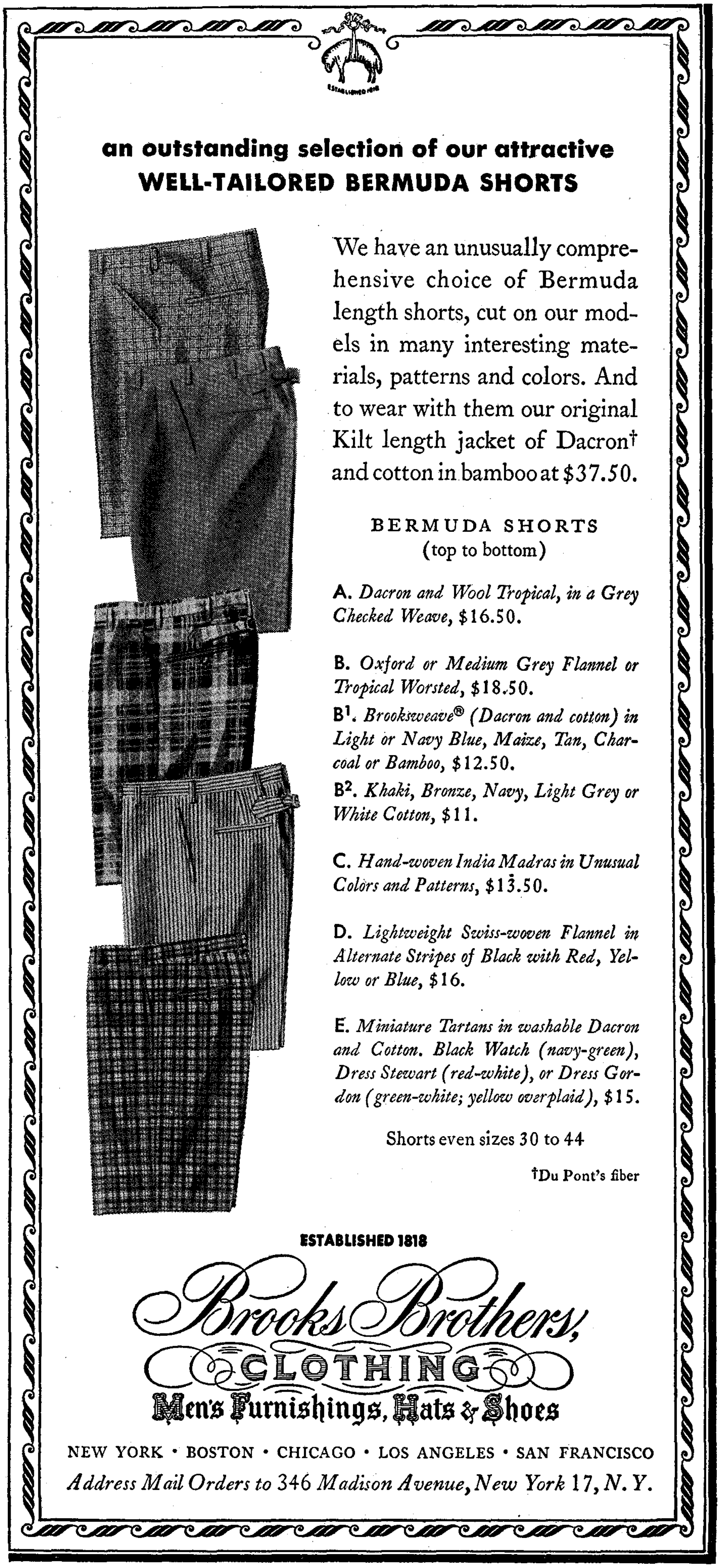


a man's fashion

Whitehouse + Hardy



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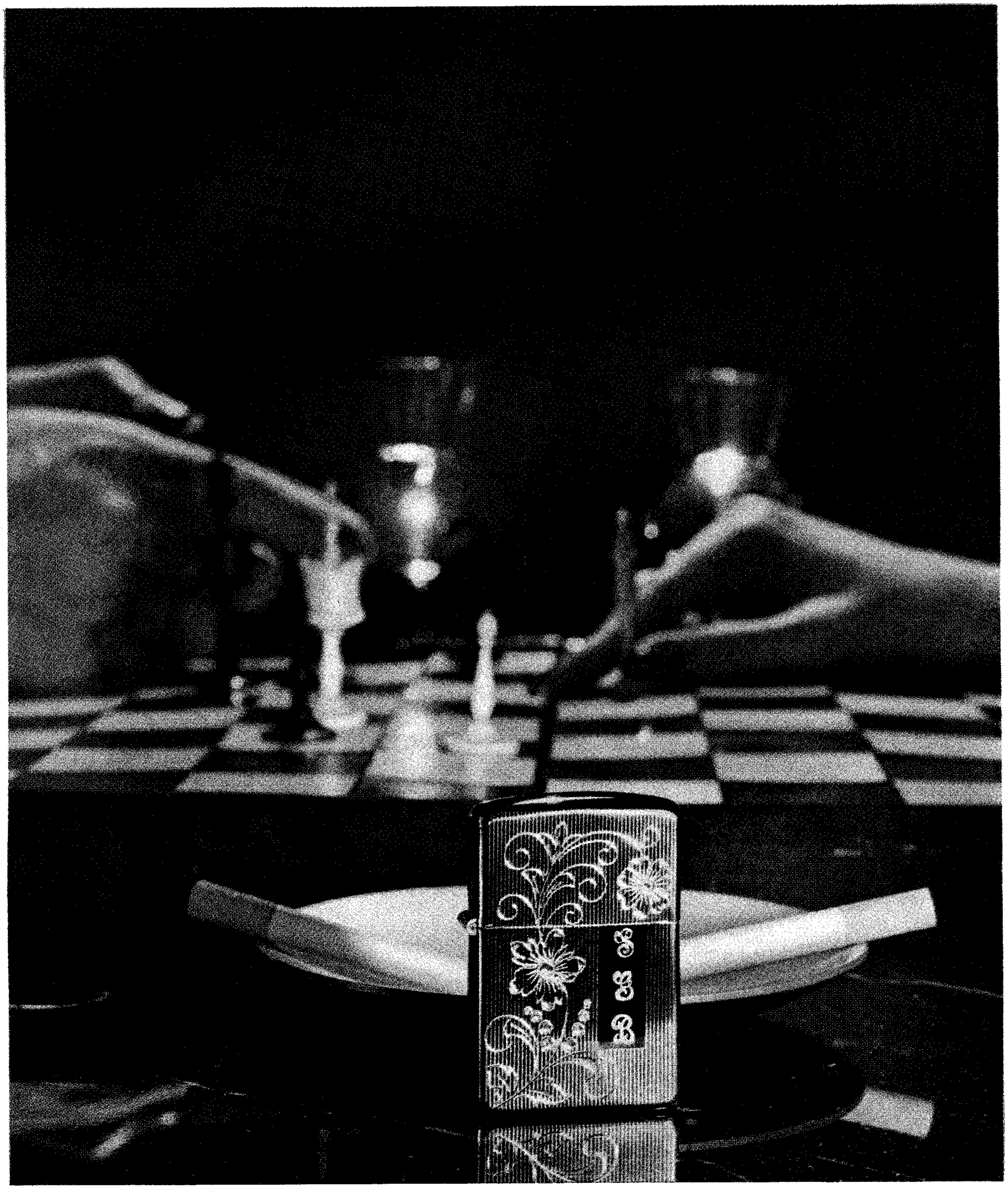
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is vocal. Mr. Hall stays home Sundays, when ancient movies show up; Miss O'Neil stays home Mondays. . . . **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short, a prime example of the open-all-night manner of balladry and pianism, rises and shines with vast *élan* in a room that's a trifle too cavernous. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): This chophouse has come suddenly to life again now that Sylvia Syms, the bounding brunette menace, is alternately crooning and carousing at the microphone and Billy Taylor's progressive trio is on the bandstand. There's also Ronnie Selby's suave piano and Roger Steele's energetic trio. The rumpus starts around nine, and stops only on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's battle horn has virtuosity and volume. His call to arms is answered by Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. The intermissions are bridged by Ralph Sutton and Buzzy Drootin, as good a piano-and-drum corps as this country has produced. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Rose Murphy, a most happy female, pecks at her piano and her lyrics in her customary jolly fashion at the head of her quartet; Johnny Costa, another able-bodied pianist, heads a trio. There's cocktail and dinner piano, too, every evening. Sunday nights, the inventive and nimble Jack Elliott and his modernist trio are in charge. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music of the Southland by a group of hardened muscle men. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets and a quintet topped by Phineas Newborn, Jr., will wind up their visit on Tuesday, May 22. Next evening, George Shearing's quintet and Julian Adderley's band will displace these talents. Mondays are silent. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his sturdy craftsmen—among them Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White—offer valid evidence that the handmade music of our ancestors is still a match for the slickest mass-production sound effects of the new age. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Mondays are for jam sessions, and Sundays are for rest. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Music of the future, done quietly and intelligibly, by two past masters—Don Elliott's quartet and George Wallington's trio. The Wallingtons are off Sundays; the Elliotts are off Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his holiday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Appropriately, the Blue Stars, who've just checked in from Paris, are doing their first American performance of their French lyrics to "Lullaby of Birdland" here. The Tony Aless-Seldon Powell sextet and the Herbie Mann quartet are also on the bill. Monday nights, guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The circular bar is affording America's first look at Jutta Hipp, who by now has got her second wind and her second set of sidemen (Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass). As a result, her progressive piano sounds better than ever. Her trio checks in at ten. Bernie Nierow, the interlude professor, checks in at nine. He's all right, too. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The mile-long boardwalk behind the enormous bar is a parade ground for music that is part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part bedlam. Among the instigators are Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins. The cannonade is just about continuous from



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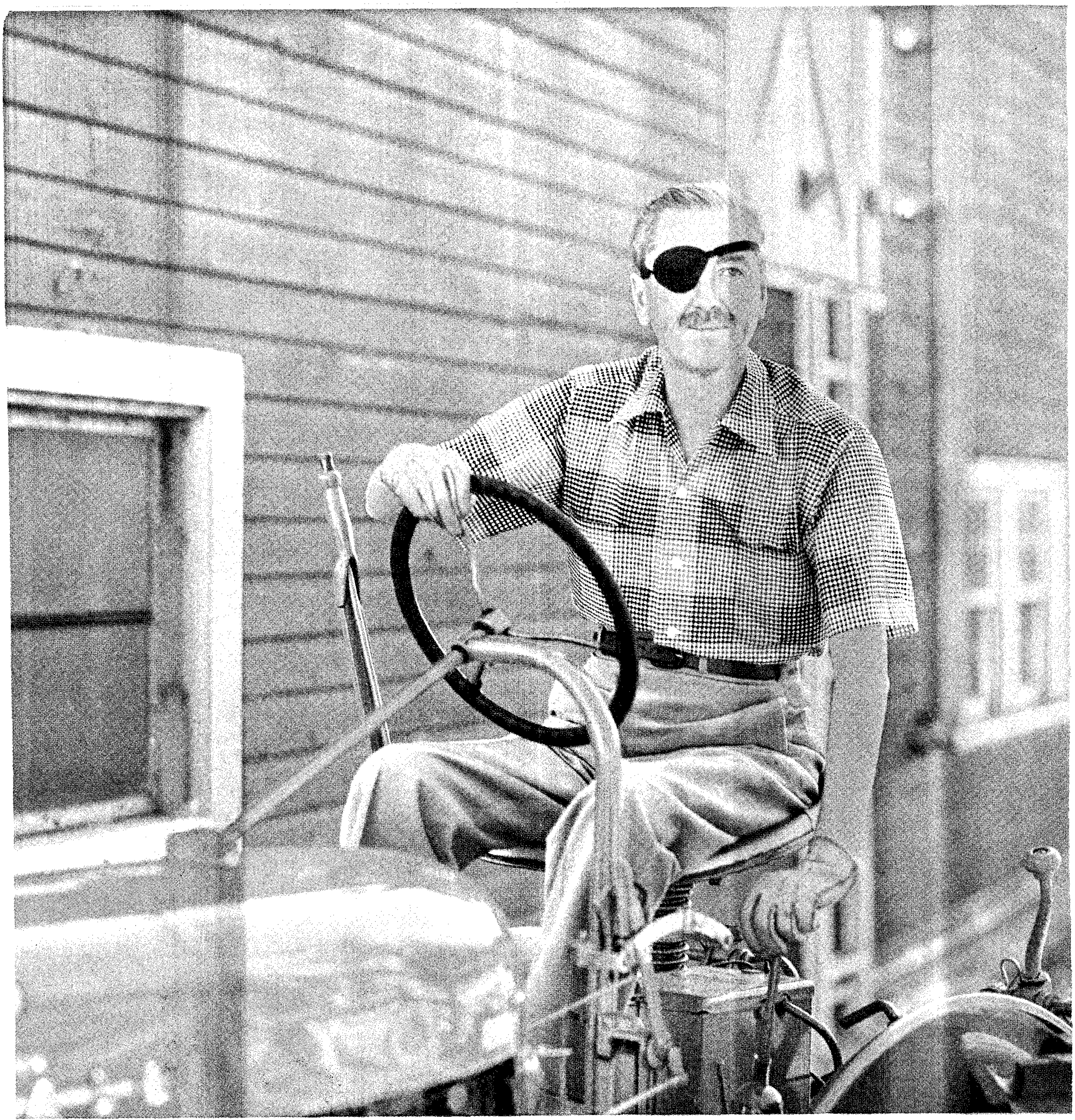


Baron Wrangell's shirt is an English gingham by Hathaway

God Speed the Plough

Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendour and state
I envy them not, I declare it
I eat my own lamb
My own chickens and ham
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.

I have lawns, I have bowers
I have fruit, I have flowers
The lark is my morning alarmer
So jolly boys now
Here's God speed the plough
Long life and success to the farmer!

7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): A tryout spot for musicians you're not apt to hear anywhere else. They often stand not upon the order of their coming and going, so customers will have to take the table-d'hôte potluck, which is apt to be well spiced. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Among the saints expected to come marching into the grill on Saturday, May 19, are Bobby Hackett, Jimmy McPartland, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Takeoff time is nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend canteen eminently suitable for burgeoning youth. The order of the evening is beer, pretzels, and pristine jazz. Among the pied pipers expected to show up on Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, are Buck Clayton, Russell Moore, Vic Dickenson, J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Eddie Barefield, Danny Barker, Zutty Singleton, Arvell Shaw, Dick Wellstood, Panama Francis, and Henry Goodwin.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ERNST BARLACH—A joint loan exhibition of this German artist's works. His sculptures and drawings are at the Borgenicht Gallery (61 E. 57th St.) and his graphic works are at the Weyhe Gallery (794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.). Through Saturday, May 26.

ROGER BEZOMBES—The first American showing by this contemporary French Expressionist, whose paintings are somewhat in the line of van Gogh; through Saturday, May 26. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NELL BLAINE—Oils, water colors, and other works, done in a robustly Expressionist style; through Saturday, May 19. (Poindexter, 46 E. 57th St.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Thirty-one black-and-white drawings, of which ten portray other artists—Picasso, Utrillo, and so on; through June 2. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—A review of his sculptural career as exemplified by a set of fifteen bronzes, dating from 1939 to the present; through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Large, adroitly handled drawings, all figure studies, in charcoal, ink-and-wash, and other mediums; through Saturday, May 19. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

ROLF CAVAEL—Wiry, sprightly abstract paintings, in a first one-man showing of one of the German moderns; through June 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

ROBERT CRONBACH—Constructions (mostly metal) and stabile suspensions (metal and wire), along with more representational terra cottas, by this contemporary American; through Saturday, May 26. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

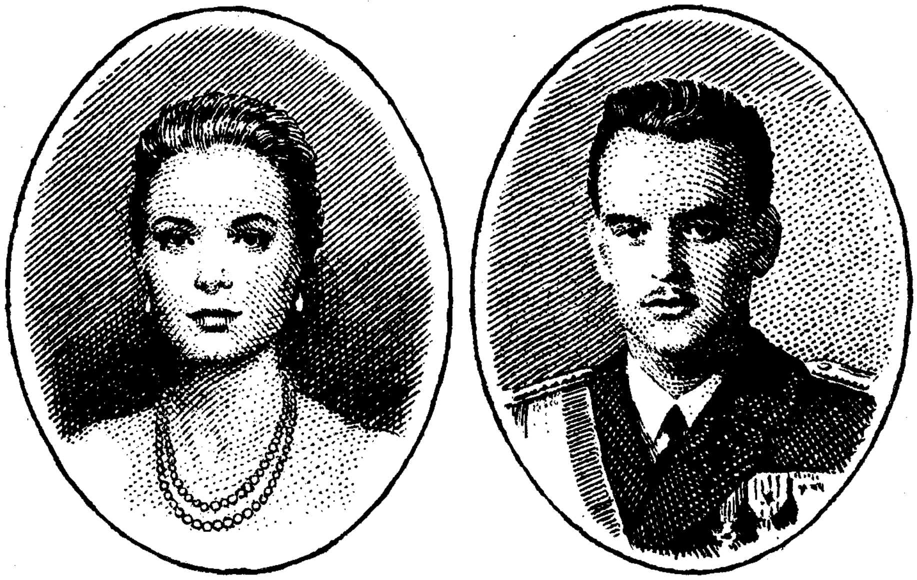
RAOUL DUFY AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Over a dozen oils and water colors by Dufy, set against a background of oils by Braque, Soutine, and twelve other members of the school of Paris; through Friday, May 25. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Neatly patterned, almost mosaic-like abstractions, in oil and tempera; through Saturday, May 19. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

THOMAS GEORGE, EDWARD GIOBBI, AND DEAN CARTER—Offering, respectively, scroll prints and wood blocks; small terra cottas, lithographs, drawings, and woodcuts; and bronze and wood sculptures. Through May 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JUAN GRIS AND HENRI LAURENS—Oils and gouaches by the former; collages, water colors, and bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by the latter. Through June 30. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY, KARL KNATHS, AND ABRAHAM



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rattner—Ten of Hartley's previously unexhibited 1940-41 drawings, and six early canvases each by Knaths and Rattner; through Saturday, May 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Bernard Karfiol—A small but handsome memorial show, mainly featuring his nudes and figure studies; through Saturday, May 26. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Dong Kingman—New water colors, busily fanciful as usual, most of them based on a round-the-world trip he made recently; through June 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Lekberg and Juan Nickford—Figurative, animal, and abstract forms of welded metal (steel, bronze, copper, and brass); through June 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

Ezio Martinelli—Large, strikingly designed drawings in water color and ink by an artist already known for his sculpture; through Saturday, May 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

M. Nebel—Agreeably handled, if a little traditional, views of Paris and other subjects; through Saturday, May 19. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—New paintings, glowing in color and handsome in design, in her first exhibition in five years; through May 31. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

Marjorie Phillips—Freshly colorful, airily Impressionist paintings, mainly landscapes and interior studies; through Saturday, May 19. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Woman is the theme of a selection of thirty paintings, drawings, bronzes, and lithographs done in the fifty years between 1904 and 1954; through May 31. (Galerie Chalette, 45 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

Maurice Prendergast—Monotypes by one of the early American Impressionists (1859-1924); through June 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Oil, gouache, and water-color landscapes, painted this year by a Canadian-born resident of Paris; through June 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—Their sixty-fourth annual, made up of oils, water colors, sculptures, prints, and miniatures; through May 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 19, from 1 to 5.)

Sculptures—A Village garden is the setting for pieces by a dozen artists, including José de Rivera, Seymour Lipton, Helena Simkhovitch, and Ibram Lassaw; through June 3. (48 W. 10th St. Daily, 2 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Coleen Browning, Byron Thomas, and Elie Nadelman are represented in an exhibit of paintings, plus a few sculptures; through Saturday, May 26. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: The initial showing of "New Talent in the U.S.A.," a travelling exhibition sponsored by the American Federation of Arts and containing works by fourteen painters, six sculptors, and six graphic artists; through June 30. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Four painters—Paul Brach, Michael Goldberg, Robert Goodnough, and Joan Mitchell; through Saturday, May 19. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils (1955-56) by Ogden Pleissner, Sidney Laufman, Leon Kroll, and others; through June 2. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Middleton Freeman, Joseph Greenberg, and others of the younger artists, most of them from New York; through June 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Alexander Brook, and Henry Varnum Poor are some of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: French and American painters and sculptors, including Pierre Soulages, William Baziotes, and David Hare; through June 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Mirko, Joseph Glasco, Emanuel Viviano, and Kay Sage; through June 30.

French; Group Shows—At the **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Chagall, and others; through June 2. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings from the gallery collection, including examples by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy; through May 31.

Germans; Group Show—A small but interesting exhibition of early works by George Grosz, Emil Nolde, and others of the German modernists; through June 2. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Mel Silverman; starting Saturday, May 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **feigl**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Leon Golub; starting Tuesday, May 22. . . . **panoras**, 62 W. 56th St.: Nora Frenkel; starting Monday, May 21. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Esther Rolick; starting Monday, May 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **schettini**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Murabito; starting Thursday, May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 7.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the **alan**, 32 E. 65th St.; starting Tuesday, May 22. **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, May 21. **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.; starting Wednesday, May 23. **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, May 21.

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a hundred and twenty-five lower East Side artists, at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., through May 27. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side Neighborhoods Association, and is open daily from 3 to 9.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling exhibit of over a hundred and fifty drawings, ranging from the fourteenth to the twentieth centuries, lent by twenty-five museums and private collections in West Germany; supplementing this are prints, paintings, sculptures, tapestries, and other German art of the same period from the Museum's collection, as well as other local sources; through June 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit and sale of a hundred and fifty drawings, chosen (with the emphasis on new talent) from thousands submitted by artists across the country; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Ten Years of American Printmaking, 1947-56;" through July 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show covering fifty years and including oils, gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; through May 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—In their twentieth annual, the American Abstract Artists have been joined by a group known as Painters Eleven, from Toronto; through Sunday, May 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

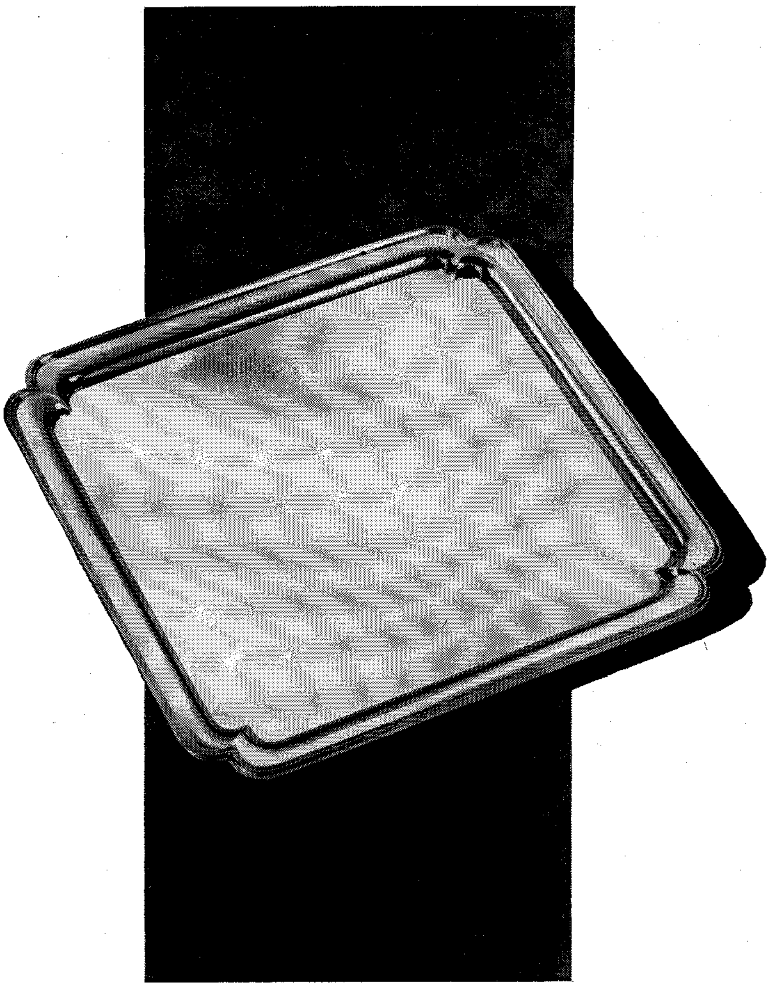
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1956 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, water colors, and drawings; through June 10. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Columbia Theatre Associates and Columbia University Opera Workshop—The first performances of "Pantaloon," an opera by Robert Ward, with a libretto by Bernard Stambler, based on Andreyev's play "He Who Gets Slapped," and under the direction of Felix Brentano and Rudolph Thomas. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135.)

Hunter College Choir and Orchestra—Anders Emile and Alexander M. Bernyk directing, with Theodor Uppman, baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 19, at 8:30.)

Music in the Making Series—A concert that will include the first performance of "Grand Universal Circus," with music by Henry Brant



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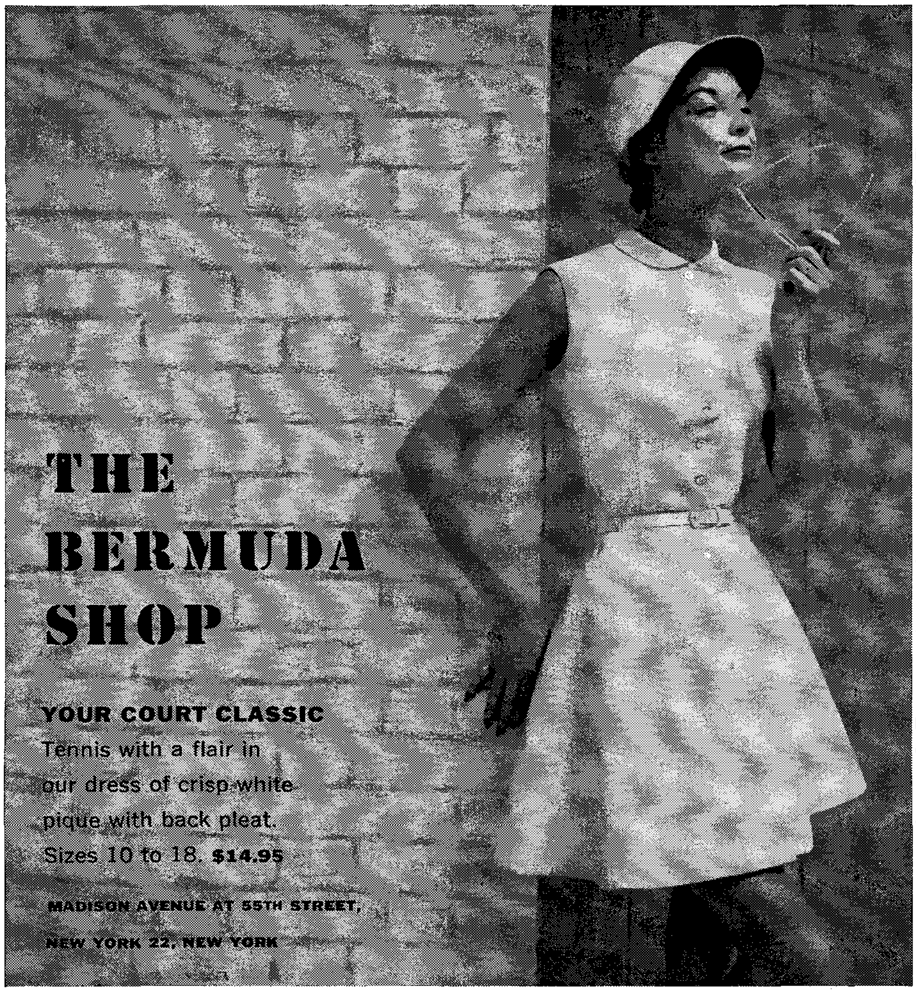

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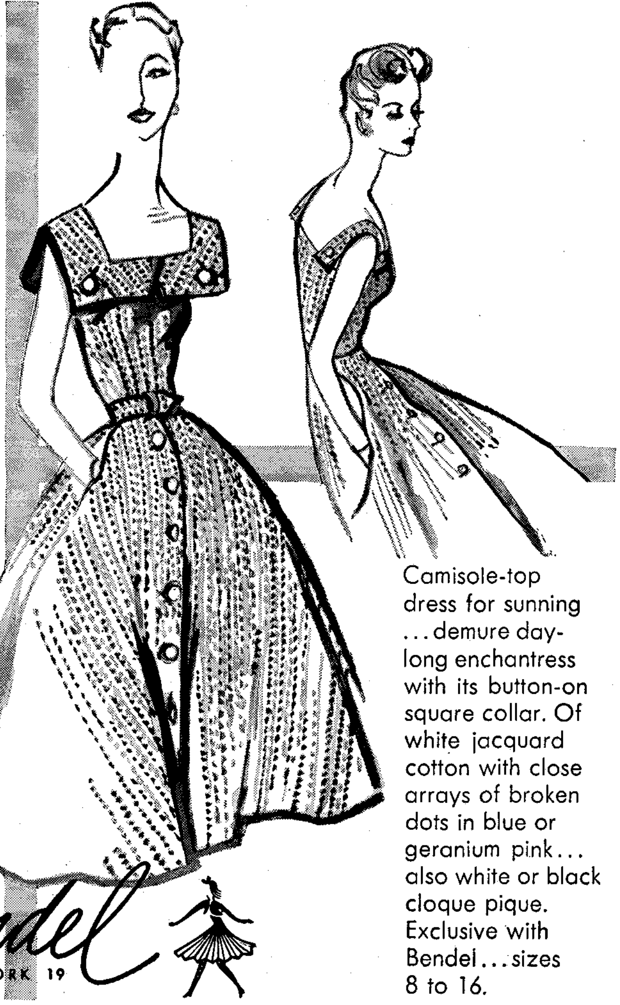

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and text by Patricia Brant, performed by the Collegiate Chorale and an orchestra, directed by Ralph Hunter and Howard Shanet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 19, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting the Commencement Concert, with Richard Syracuse, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, May 24, at 8:30. A limited number of tickets are available upon written request.)

THE WEAVERS—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, May 17, at 8:40.)

LEONTYNE PRICE—Soprano. A benefit for the Church of the Master. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, May 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 6-9752.)

OUT OF TOWN

MOZART FESTIVAL—Two identical series (A and B) of five events—Basil Rathbone in a new English version, by Chester Kallman, of "The Abduction from the Seraglio," with the Symphony of the Air, directed by Erich Leinsdorf; Series A on Wednesday, May 30, at 8, and Series B on Saturday, June 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A program of music and dance performed by the New York City Ballet and the Symphony of the Air, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf and Hugo Fiorato; Series A on Thursday, May 31, at 8:30, and Series B on Friday, June 1, at 8:45. . . . ¶ "What Mozart Means to Modern Music," a discussion by composers and critics; Series A and Series B on Saturday, June 2, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Chamber music by the WQXR String Quartet; Series A and Series B on Saturday, June 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Newell Jenkins directing the Symphony of the Air, with the Stratford Choir and soloists; Series A on Sunday, June 3, at 8:30, and Series B on Sunday, June 3, at 3. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For information about tickets, which will be sold only for a whole series, call EN 2-2200.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, May 17, at 8; Friday, May 18, at 1:30; and Saturday, May 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Sunday, May 20, at 2 (doubleheader), and Monday, May 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22-23, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, May 25, at 8, and Saturday, May 26, at 2. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, May 18, at 8, and Saturday, May 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sunday, May 20, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, May 22, at 8, and Wednesday, May 23, at 1:30.

BOXING—Charles Humez vs. Gene Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 19.)

DOG SHOWS—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 19.) . . . ¶ Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Thursday, May 24.)

FENCING—Sabre Masters Tournament. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Sunday, May 20, at 1.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (St. George's Golf and Country Club, Stony Brook, L.I. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22-23.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 19.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the United States Olympic Equestrian Team. (Purchase. Saturday, May 26.)

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 7. The Acorn, Saturday, May 19; the Roseben Handicap, Monday, May 21; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; last day, Wednesday, May 30. The Jersey, Saturday, May 26. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 19.

TRACK—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 25, at 2:30, and Saturday, May 26, at 1.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

BRONX ZOO—At the **CHILDREN'S ZOO**: A tiny menagerie of tame animals, most of which may be petted by the youngsters. Among them are rabbits, ducks, lambs, and piglets. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **CASTING POOL**: Starting Saturday, May 19, anglers of thirteen and under (who use barbless hooks or bent pins) can fill their creels (to the limit of two) with white and yellow perch, bluegills, sunfish, bullhead catfish, and calico bass. (Mondays 1 to 5; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays 10 to 5; and Sundays 10 to 6:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—In the current show, "From Pole to Pole," the heavens are viewed from different parts of the world, and such astronomical wonders are seen as the northern and southern lights and the Southern Cross. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 7, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

ARMED FORCES DAY—Saturday, May 19—Thousands of service men and women and representatives of civic organizations, shaded by two or three hundred planes, will parade down Fifth Avenue, from 95th Street to 63rd Street, starting at 2. . . . ¶ The Navy will open the carrier U.S.S. Antietam to public inspection at Pier 86, W. 46th St., from 10 to 3. A number of smaller ships may be visited at the same hours at Pier 56, W. 14th St.; Pier 54, W. 13th St.; and Pier 26, Beach St.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 18, at 1:45: Georgian furniture and decorations, as well as English silver, paintings, and porcelains; from the stock of Philip Colleck. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 1:45: American furniture, paintings, and decorations, belonging to the estate of Russell J. Hoyt. Also glass paperweights, prints, rugs, and decorative objects; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 24, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculpture, collected by Mme. Renée Guibal, Haut du-Val, France. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 19.

SWIMMING! SUNBATHING! ROMANCING! DANCING! DINING! RECLINING! What a wonderful way to go to Europe with all that delightful weather along the Sunny Southern Route. *And* three outdoor swimming pools. *And* the delicious continental food! *And* the wonderful service. Go to Europe . . . in Summer, Fall or Winter . . . but go Italian Line. Book well in advance. Call your Travel Agent or Italian Line, 24 State St., New York 4. Tel.: DIgby 4-0800

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CRISTOFORO COLOMBO • ANDREA DORIA • VULCANIA • SATURNIA • CONTE BIANCAMANO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet—The ingenious leaping and twirling of Galina Ulanova, from Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre, might induce you to overlook the drab stretches of pantomime in this Russian film. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Diabolique—A French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, that offers plenty of fine, suspenseful moments as the wife and mistress of a cad join forces to effect his elimination, although the ending isn't quite as plausible as it might be. The acting is superb, the cast being headed by Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse, who play, respectively, wife, mistress, and cad. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting May 22.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris's performance as an elfin English girl not too long on morals makes this movie quite delightful. Though Miss Harris is supposed to be on the loose in Berlin in 1931, the serious political aspects of Germany at the time aren't stressed a great deal. She is assisted by Laurence Harvey, Shelley Winters, and Anton Diffring. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 17.)

The Man Who Never Was—A fairly dramatic English film, starring Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng, which relates in generally straightforward style the true story of how the British equipped a corpse with false identification papers and false information about a purported invasion of the Continent in 1943, and floated the deceased into the part of Spain where Nazi agents were active. Gloria Grahame and Josephine Griffin are also in the cast, although they are not of much help. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, RI 9-9914; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting May 23.)

Oklahoma!—A somewhat overblown wide-screen adaptation of the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein folk opera, in which Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, and Eddie Albert disport themselves upon the prairie with only sporadically satisfactory results. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 11:30, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

Richard III—Sir Laurence Olivier's interpretation of the Shakespearean chronicle about the tail end of the War of the Roses. As the last of the Plantagenets, he is a bewildering character, and the movie itself tends to dawdle. However, the cast, which also includes Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud, Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown, and Norman Wooland, is apt in its readings of Shakespeare's lines. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, JU 6-5442. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs—Fernandel at his comical best in a French film having to do with the dilemmas of a father who prefers daughters to sons, and of the male quintuplets he has spawned. Fernandel plays the six roles. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 18-19. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 18-22.)

REVIVALS

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 23, tentative.)

Call Me Madam (1953)—A movie based on the Lindsay-Crouse musical about an American ambassadress abroad. With Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, and Billy De Wolfe. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 20-21.)

The Country Girl (1954)—An adaptation of Clifford Odets' drama about a broken-down actor who is hauled out of the abyss by his wife and a stage director. Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 22-23.)

The Devil and Daniel Webster (1941)—Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and Anne Shirley in Stephen Vincent Benét's Faustian fable of New Hampshire in the eighteen-forties. Formerly called "All That Money Can Buy." (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 23.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 23.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 23.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 23.)

Paisan (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 18-19.)

Sands of Iwo Jima (1950)—John Wayne and other amphibious types charging the beaches of the South Pacific. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 20-21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through May 20: "These Three" (1936), with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ Starting May 21: "Dead End" (1937), with Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sidney, and Humphrey Bogart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (JU 6-5442)
RICHARD III.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Revolt of Mamie Stover," Jane Russell, Richard Egan.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"While the City Sleeps," Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through May 23 (tentative): "Jubal," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through May 23: "The Swan," Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

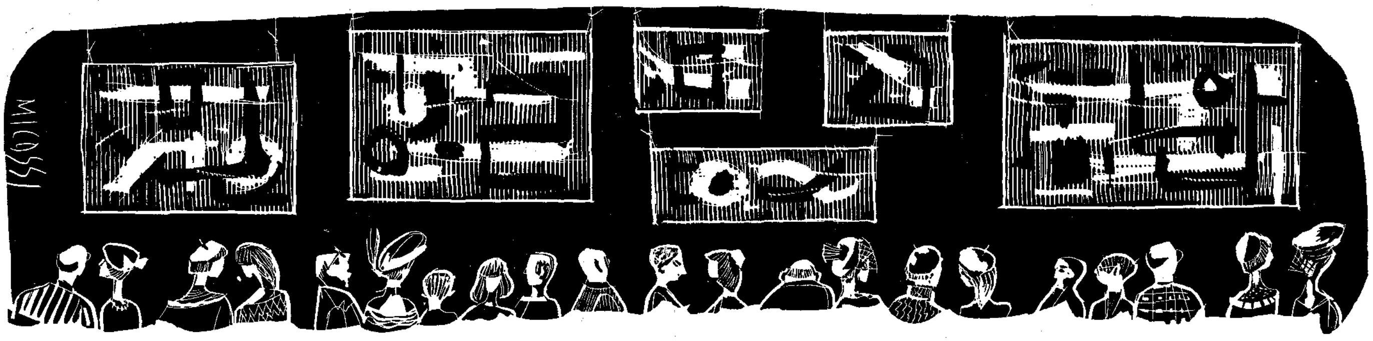
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
May 17: "Godzilla, King of the Monsters" (in Japanese and English), Raymond Burr.
From May 18: "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles.

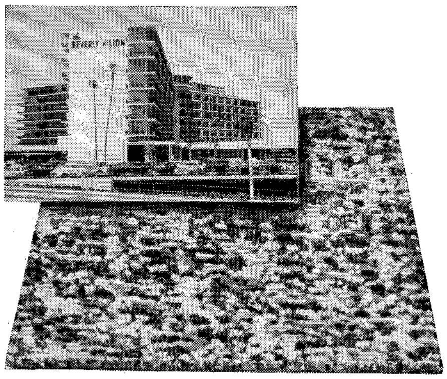
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through May 22: "Hilda Crane," Jean Simmons, Guy Madison.
From May 23: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Rosanna," Rossana Podesta.



DAVID WILLIAMS: *triumph on three continents*



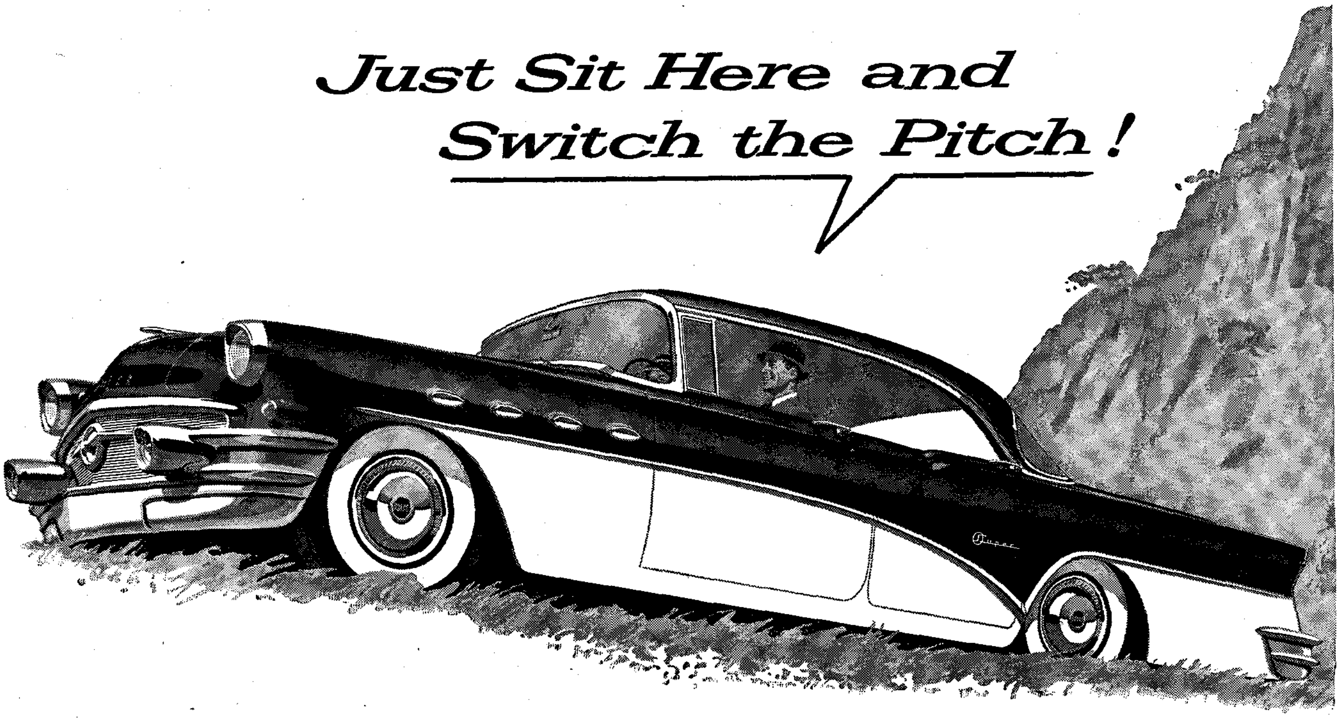
This young man has gone places. In the span of a few years, he has designed interiors for Hilton Hotels in Madrid, Istanbul, Mexico City, Acapulco—and throughout the United States. Interior Designer for Hilton Hotels at only 37, David Williams is not only travelled but prodigiously talented—supervising everything that goes into these world-wide Hiltons, from doorknobs to Wiltons.

Among the show places of Los Angeles are Mr. Williams' interiors for the new Beverly-Hilton, most opulent of all Hilton Hotels. We are proud that the first step to luxury in many of the rooms is on Alexander Smith carpeting, specially and splendidly loomed to Mr. Williams' designs. Their exquisite color and deep, long-lived pile show why so many of America's finest public buildings . . .

start with Alexander Smith 1845

THRILLS, ANYONE?

Just Sit Here and Switch the Pitch!



What's your pleasure when it comes to cars?

What gives you the greatest kick? Lovely new lines? Luscious new colors? Lively new handling? A ride that's soft and steel-steady?

Those things, good friend, are here in plenty—but there's something else that tops them all, and its name is *action.*

You simply can't imagine how much pure, unadulterated action has been packed into Buick's new Variable Pitch Dynaflow.*

There's no way to tell you how it feels to press down an inch or so on the gas pedal of a '56 Buick and get greeted by a gas-saving response that's quick as a wink and twice as sassy.

You can't possibly picture how much smoother and safer and downright spectacular a car's take-off can be—until you actually switch Dynaflow's pitch for full-power performance like never was in earth-bound travel.

Nor—in advance—can you sense the soaring sweep and unstinting obedience of this big new 322-cubic-inch Buick V8 engine. At a legal 50 m.p.h. it literally loafs along at only 10% of its full power—barely ever breathing hard, and so saving gas, staying young, lasting longer.

It's a continuous thrill—that's for certain—mile on mile, in traffic and out, at sea level or climbing toward the clouds.

So—how about giving this a try?

How about running the gamut of Buick excitements at the wheel of a '56 Buick SPECIAL, CENTURY, SUPER or ROADMASTER?

And how about the ultimate thrill—when you hear what your present car is worth in trade? Your Buick dealer is ready and waiting to tell you all—right now.

**New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.*

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

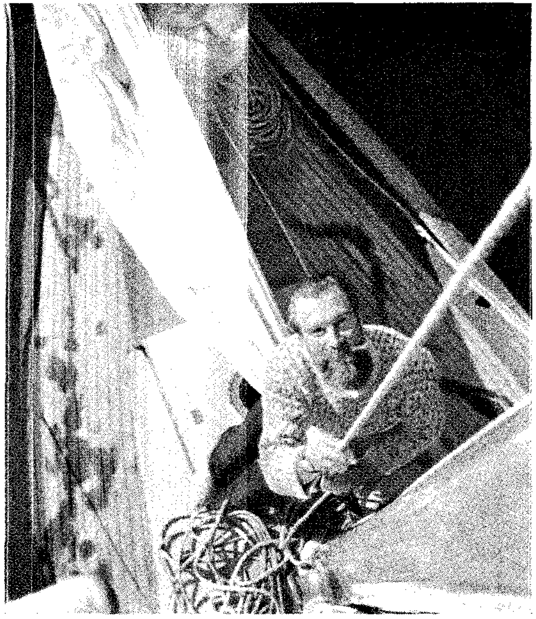
At a new low price
—4-Season Comfort
in your new Buick with
Frigidaire Conditioning

Best Buick yet

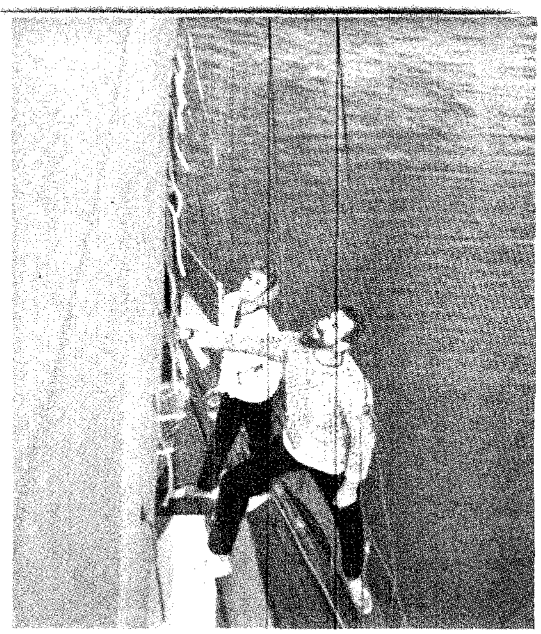
SEE
JACKIE GLEASON
ON TV
Every Saturday Evening

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

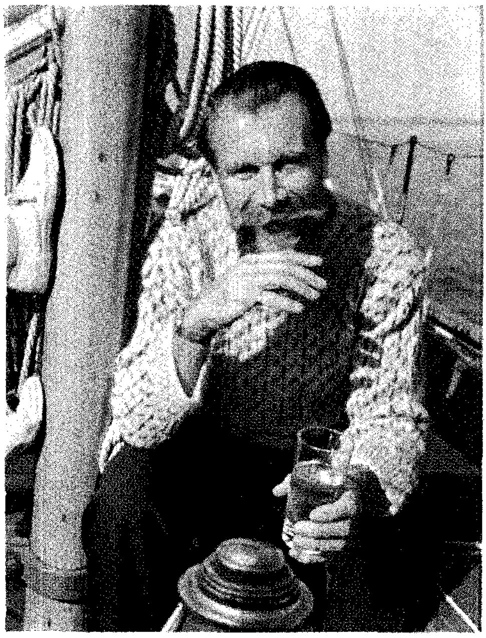
1. Great day for a sail!



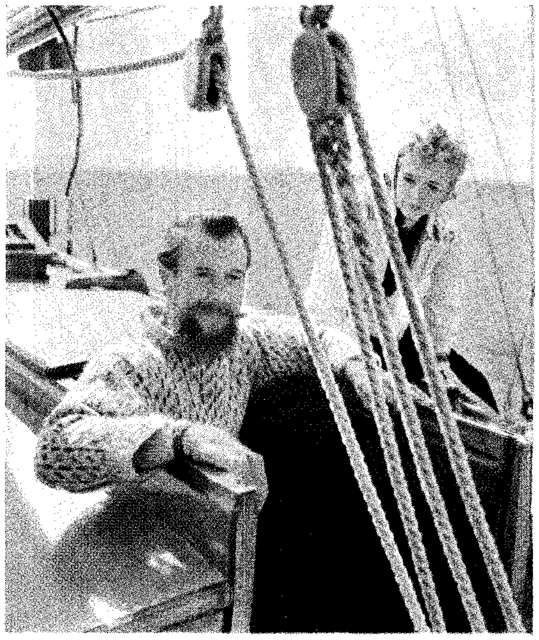
2. Let's get under way.



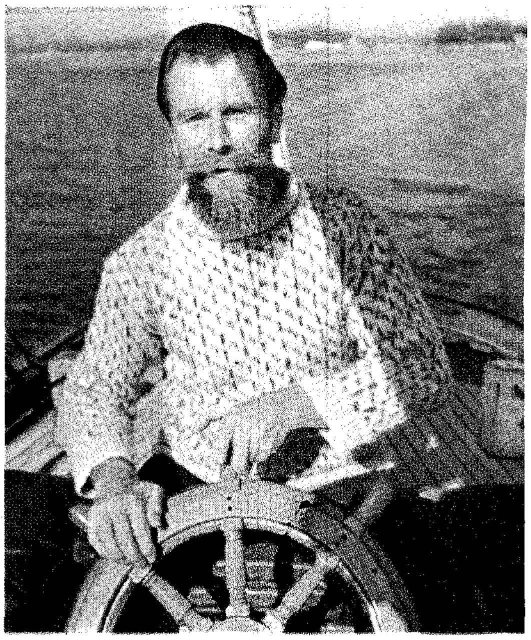
3. Everything ship-shape?



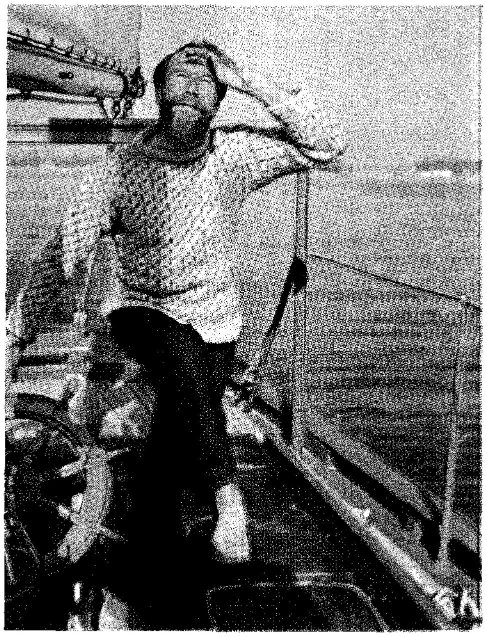
4. Now for a Gin-and-Tonic.



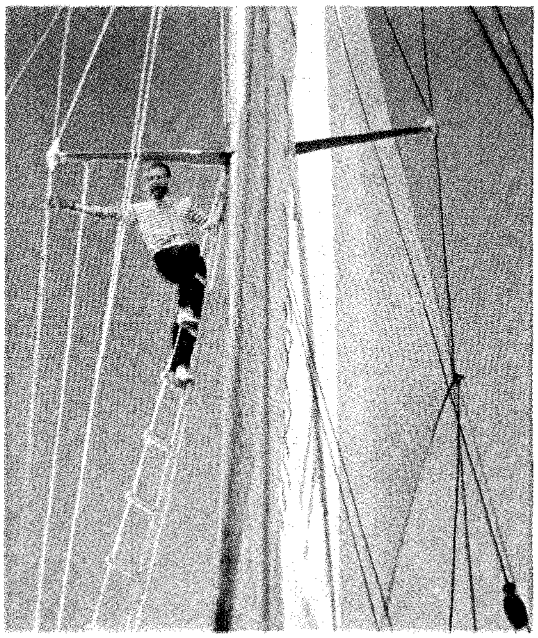
5. Somebody mix me another?



6. What? No more Schweppes?



7. Becalmed! Not a breeze!



8. Water, water everywhere...

9. But not a drop of Schweppes.

If you love life—
you'll love France!

. . . **And this year** succumb to its summer sorcery! Just imagine *you* on the sunlit Riviera . . . swimming, sailing, dancing till dawn . . . savoring "spécialités" like bouillabaisse and cardoons dipped in anchovy and garlic sauce! Then off to Provence to watch a bull fight in ancient Roman arenas . . . on to the famed walled city of Carcassonne...or a few days at fashionable Biarritz. And finally Paris with its endless delights! See your travel agent; write: Dept. NY-4, Box 221, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

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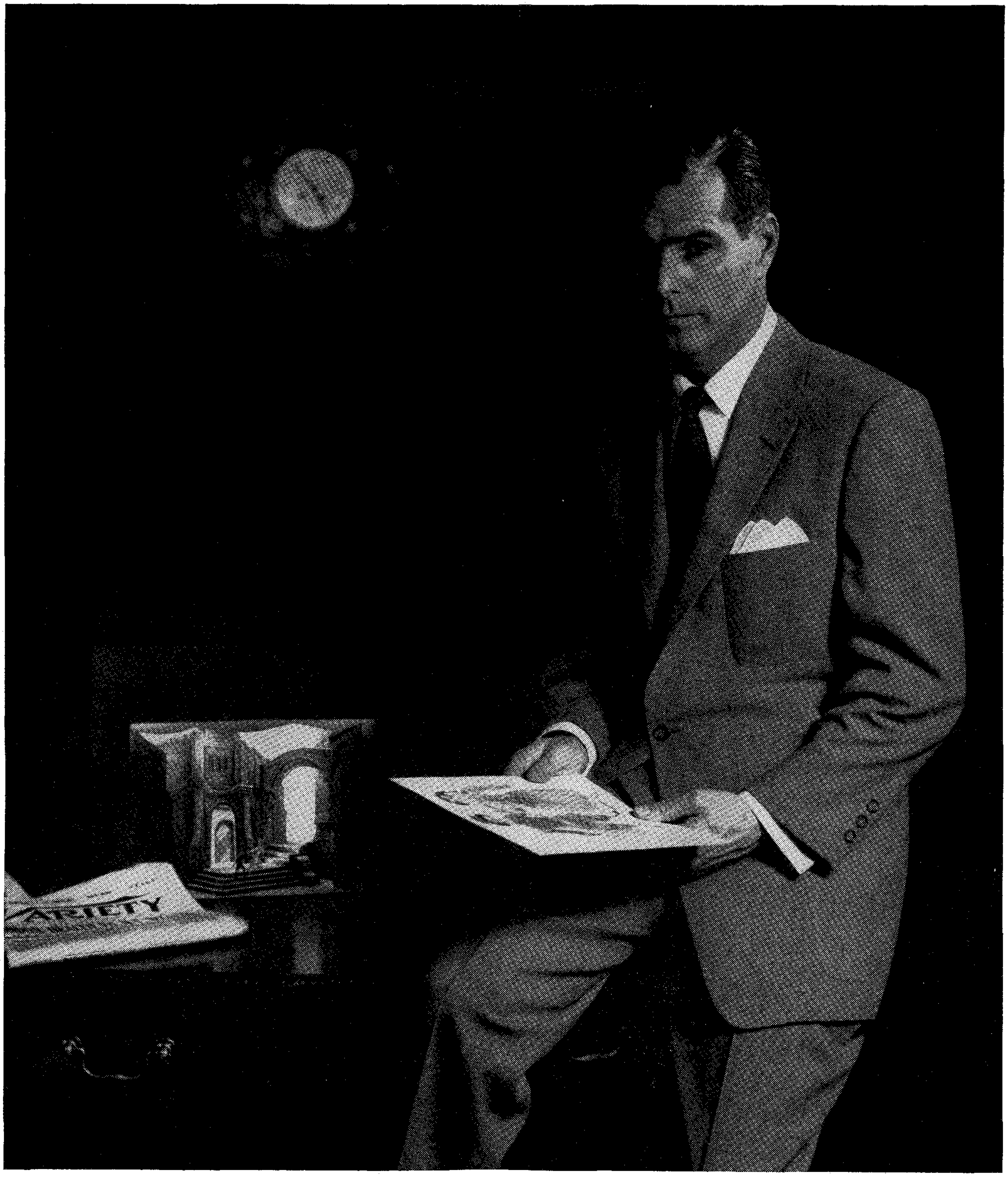

You're neater, more comfortable . . . with less care in tropicals made with "Dacron"* polyester fiber. These cool, lightweight suits keep you looking neat longer, even in humid weather. "Dacron" resists wrinkling, helps your suit hold its press. Choose your summer suits from a variety of fabrics made with "Dacron".

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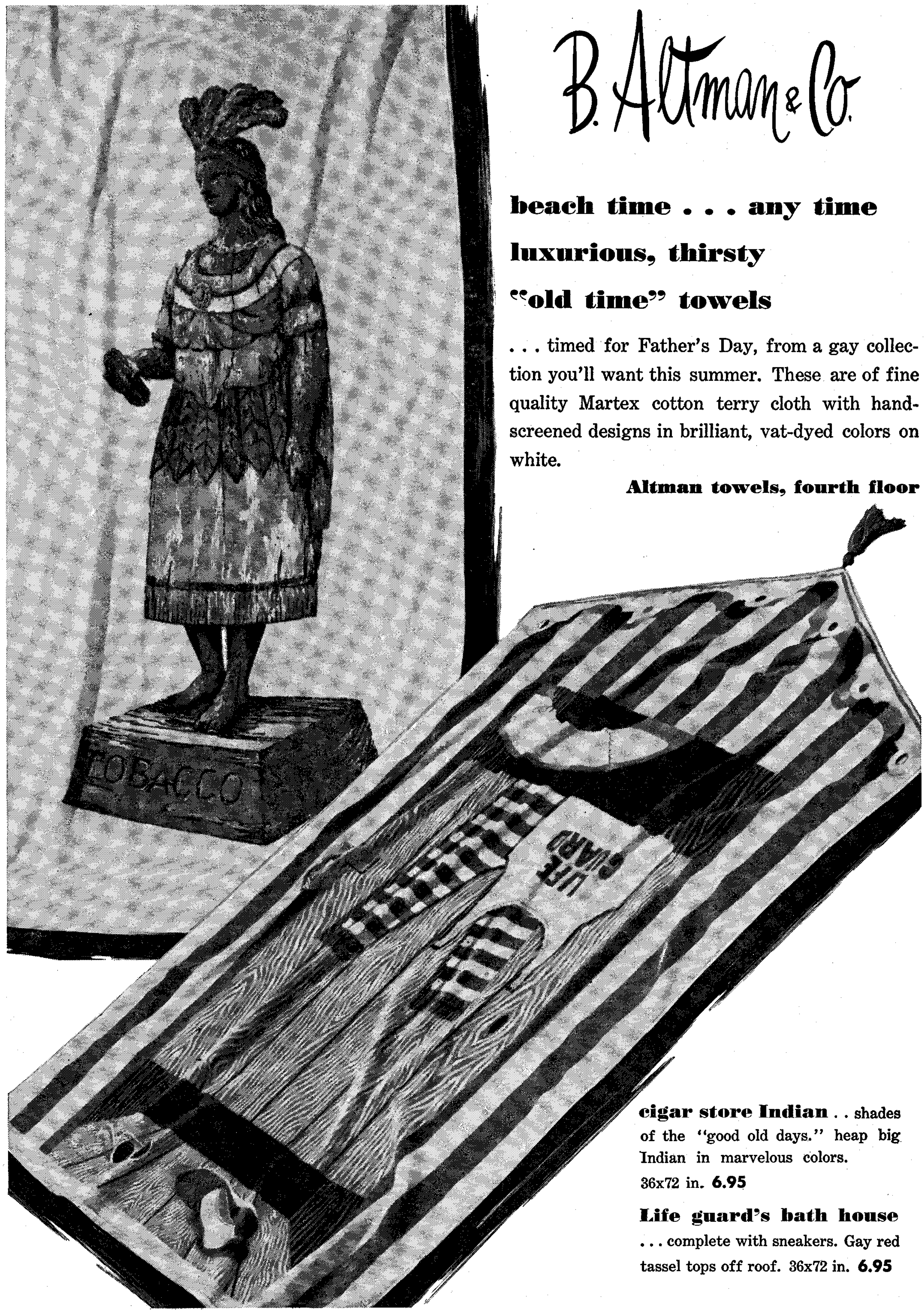
B. Altman & Co.



beach time . . . any time luxurious, thirsty "old time" towels

. . . timed for Father's Day, from a gay collection you'll want this summer. These are of fine quality Martex cotton terry cloth with hand-screened designs in brilliant, vat-dyed colors on white.

Altman towels, fourth floor

cigar store Indian . . shades of the "good old days." heap big Indian in marvelous colors. 36x72 in. **6.95**

Life guard's bath house . . . complete with sneakers. Gay red tassel tops off roof. 36x72 in. **6.95**

MUrrayhill 9-7000—Fifth Avenue at 34th Street **at East Orange, White Plains, Manhasset**

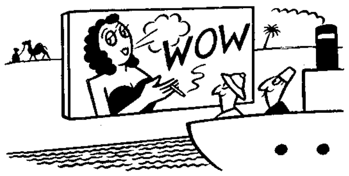
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE advertising mind appears to operate in much the same way all over the world. In London, Bombay, Lima, and New York, its outstanding characteristic is a horror of blankness. It sees blank sheets of paper, blank sides of buildings, and blank landscapes as so many precious opportunities missed. Even a blue blankness of sky is an unendurable waste of good layout space, and must be made to carry smoky wisps of slogans and trade names. Psychologists have speculated on the possibility that the advertising mind is a disguised and socially acceptable form of the troubled mind of adolescence, which cannot bear to leave undefiled by ambitious graffiti the margins of schoolbooks, the backs of raincoats, the palings of fences. If so, then the war against blankness is presumably obsessive and never to be ended, and it follows that no natural or man-made wonder anywhere on earth is likely to escape embroilment. Sooner or later, the Grand Canyon, Victoria Falls, and the Taj Mahal will be doing their smooth, cool, fast-starting, crispy, crunchy bit for commerce.

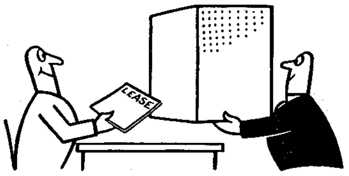
This four-color war against all that rests and delights the eye has been going on for a long time; two of the most notable victories won so far have been Times Square and U.S. Route 1. Now a new and portentous triumph has been scored in far-off Egypt, by a young Parisian advertising genius named Claude Dupuy. Thinking big, as advertising geniuses will, M. Dupuy has just succeeded in securing the right to sell advertising space on the banks of the Suez Canal. His grand and simple plan is to erect enormous concrete billboards at intervals of half a mile along the fifty-odd miles of canal that lie between Port Said and Ismailia; the billboards will be sixteen and a half feet high and from forty to sixty-five feet long, and will rent for between twelve hundred and two thousand dollars a year. The advertiser may affix to the billboard any layout he pleases, in any language he pleases. (Since the traffic along the canal is international, the less language and the more pictures the better.) M. Dupuy has already sold billboard space to Lucky Strike and Players, and has come here to negotiate with some other firms. Every year, ships passing through the canal carry six hundred thousand passengers. This is not only a sizable audience; from the advertiser's point of view, it is a marvellously slow-moving one. The ships sail the canal at the rate of approximately ten miles an hour, so the passenger exposure per billboard will be simply terrific. Advertising men everywhere will rejoice to think that the blankness of mere desert and sun has been overcome; with still greater joy, they will imagine their ideal passenger standing motionless at the rail and staring at the words "Lucky Strike" for minutes on end. Poor chap, we do not envy him.



Champ

AS we watch new office buildings leaping up on every hand, we wonder how enough tenants can be found to fill them all. Obviously, most of the tenants come from older buildings around town. Well, then, who talks them into switching? For the answer to this question, we've been to see the current world's-champion renter; his name is Peter B. Ruffin and, along with the real-estate firm of John W. Galbreath, Inc., of which he is executive vice-president, he is co-owner of the just-about-to-be-finished Socony Mobil Building, at 150 East Forty-second Street. Occupying the entire block bounded by Lexington Avenue, Forty-second Street, Third Avenue, and Forty-first Street, the building consists of a negligible forty-five stories and is thus surpassed in height by a dozen local skyscrapers, but on the only scale that matters to realtors—the number of square feet of rentable area a building contains—it ranks a proud third. No. 1 is the R.C.A. Building, with 2,317,727 square feet of rentable area, followed by the Empire State Building, with 2,000,000 square feet. Socony Mobil has 1,300,000 square feet.

Mr. Ruffin, who, like M. Dupuy, thinks big, is a tall, broad-shouldered man of fifty-two, with sharp blue eyes, and a pleased and prosperous air. And why not? As Mr. Ruffin himself says, "This is the first time in history that one man has ever leased a whole office building containing multiple tenants. I'm proud to be that man and proud of saving Galbreath and myself two million dollars in brokers' commissions." Another history-making superlative that Ruffin is proud of is that he got the Socony people to sign the biggest office lease ever—six hundred thousand square feet of space, for a period of twenty-five years. "I've never been interested in making little deals," Ruffin said, fixing us with those sharp blue eyes. "I've always had the theory that it's no harder to make big deals than little ones, and a lot more profitable."



Plans for the Socony Mobil Building got under way about five years ago, when Mr. Ruffin, leaving the Galbreath office, which was then on Forty-ninth Street, would find himself thoughtfully marching around the block on which his building now stands. "There it was, a solid mass of bootblack stands, fruit stands, hat-repair joints, and third-rate restaurants," he said. "The land belonged to the Robert Walton Goelet estate, and I learned that the estate didn't want to sell, did want the property improved, but didn't want it exploited by real-estate operators. At first, I scouted around to find some large corporation that might be interested in putting up a building for itself. Turned out that none of them were interested in going into the real-estate business. Didn't want to tie up funds in brick and mortar, didn't want the nuisance of ownership. After months of discussion with the estate, Galbreath and I decided to put up a building ourselves. The estate agreed to give us a leasehold for sixty years if we would give them the right sort of building, if we could get it financed, and if we would fill it with the right sort of tenants. Very choosy, the Goelets. Knowing which of our large corporations were in old buildings, I went straight for two of the best. Socony—that is, the Standard Oil group—had been down at 26 Broadway for seventy-one years; American Tobacco had been at 111 Fifth Avenue for fifty-three years. I talked with them about taking chunks of the upper floors, and with Woolworth's and the National City Bank about taking ground-floor space. I figured those four would be enough to meet our basic requirements. Their rents would cover the ground rent we'd be paying the estate, the taxes on the building, the interest on the mortgage and its amortization, and so on. The moment I got commitments from all four, I went to Equitable Life and, to pay for the construction of the building, borrowed thirty-seven and a half million dollars."

Once Ruffin had his four chief tenants and a loan, he proceeded to round up as many other tenants as were needed, among them the Turner Construction Company, the American Iron and Steel Institute, and St. Regis Paper. "We've got only ten tenants all told, which is phenomenally few for so big a building," he said. "Makes the whole thing look easy, but the fact is it took two years to tie everything together. You can never let up, you know. Persistence, persistence! Big corporations are reluctant to be pinned down to anything at any time, which led to a lot of fancy footwork on my part. I'd catch the eight-ten train from Scarsdale every morning, be at my office by nine, drop in at American Tobacco at ten, head over to the Goelet estate at eleven-thirty, lunch with Woolworth's or National City, and keep going like that right up to dinner and often past dinner." Ruffin and his precious band of tenants have been through so much together, both in the course of negotiating leases and in the course of planning the use of the rented space, that they feel extremely close; in proof of this intimacy, they've formed a lunch club, which will have quarters at the very top of the building and will be known, not unnaturally, as the Pinnacle Club.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a sign near Lake Waramaug, Connecticut, that warns, "No Trespassing Without Permission."

Bon Voyage

ONE bright, salty day last week, we went over to Pier 86, North River, to wish Harry S. Truman Godspeed on his seven-week pleasure trip to Europe. He was sailing on the S.S. United States, and he was to be found in Cabin U-89 ("U" for Upper Deck). A solid phalanx of plainclothesmen stood duty at the cabin door. We announced ourself, and were ushered in. The cabin was a cornucopia of floral arrangements, shrimps on sticks, assorted canapés, friends, and relations, and, it being a sailing, bottles of whiskey. The former President, looking as fit and trim as a growing boy, was seated on a sofa, talking with John W. Snyder, former Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Truman was wearing a dark-blue suit, a white shirt, and a quiet blue tie. In his lapel was the bronze Victory Medal button of the First World War.

"Hi," said Margaret Daniel, the daughter of the President. "Good of you to come down to the boat."

We spotted Mrs. Truman, at the far end of the cabin. She was wearing a blue print dress. "Hope you have a fine time," we said.

"It's going to be hectic," she said. "The schedule has been wonderfully prepared—Paris, Rome, Naples, Venice, Salzburg, Brussels, The Hague, London, and Assisi, Bonn, Munich, and Florence—but it's tight, and I don't see how any of it can be changed. It's going to be tiring, but I am certainly looking forward to the trip."

We spotted Eugene Bailey, Mr. Truman's secretary, a scholarly-looking young man. "Hi," said Bailey. "Last night, I went over with the group to Mrs. Lasker's house and I have never in my entire life seen such a magnificent collection of modern art. Everywhere you turned—"

Sam Rosenman entered the cabin and went over and wrung the President's hand. Miss Margaret Carson, formerly in charge of public relations for the Metropolitan Opera, and a close friend of Mr. Truman's daughter, told us that she wanted a cup of coffee. "The coffee on this ship," she said, "is the finest coffee in the world."

We spotted Mrs. Stanley Woodward, the wife of the former Chief of Protocol of the State Department and former United States Ambassador to Canada. The Woodwards are travelling with the Trumans throughout their trip abroad, and the Trumans will stay at the Woodwards' European house, at St. Jakob am Thurn, Puch bei Hallein, near Salzburg, from June 2nd to 6th. "Last night," said Mrs. Woodward, "we all went to see 'Inherit the Wind.' The President and Mrs. Truman and the rest of us arrived at the theatre at eight-twenty, plenty of time before the curtain. We took our seats. Hardly anybody saw us come in. At the end of the show, the entire audience stood up and applauded and cheered the President. He went backstage, and when he left, there were several hundred people standing in the street, and they cheered and applauded. The President was deeply moved."

Mrs. India Edwards, of the Democratic National Committee, entered the cabin and went over to say hello to the President. "Golly, it's good to see you," he said.

"I don't know what's happened to my husband," said Mrs. Woodward. "We took separate taxis from the hotel, and he hasn't showed up."

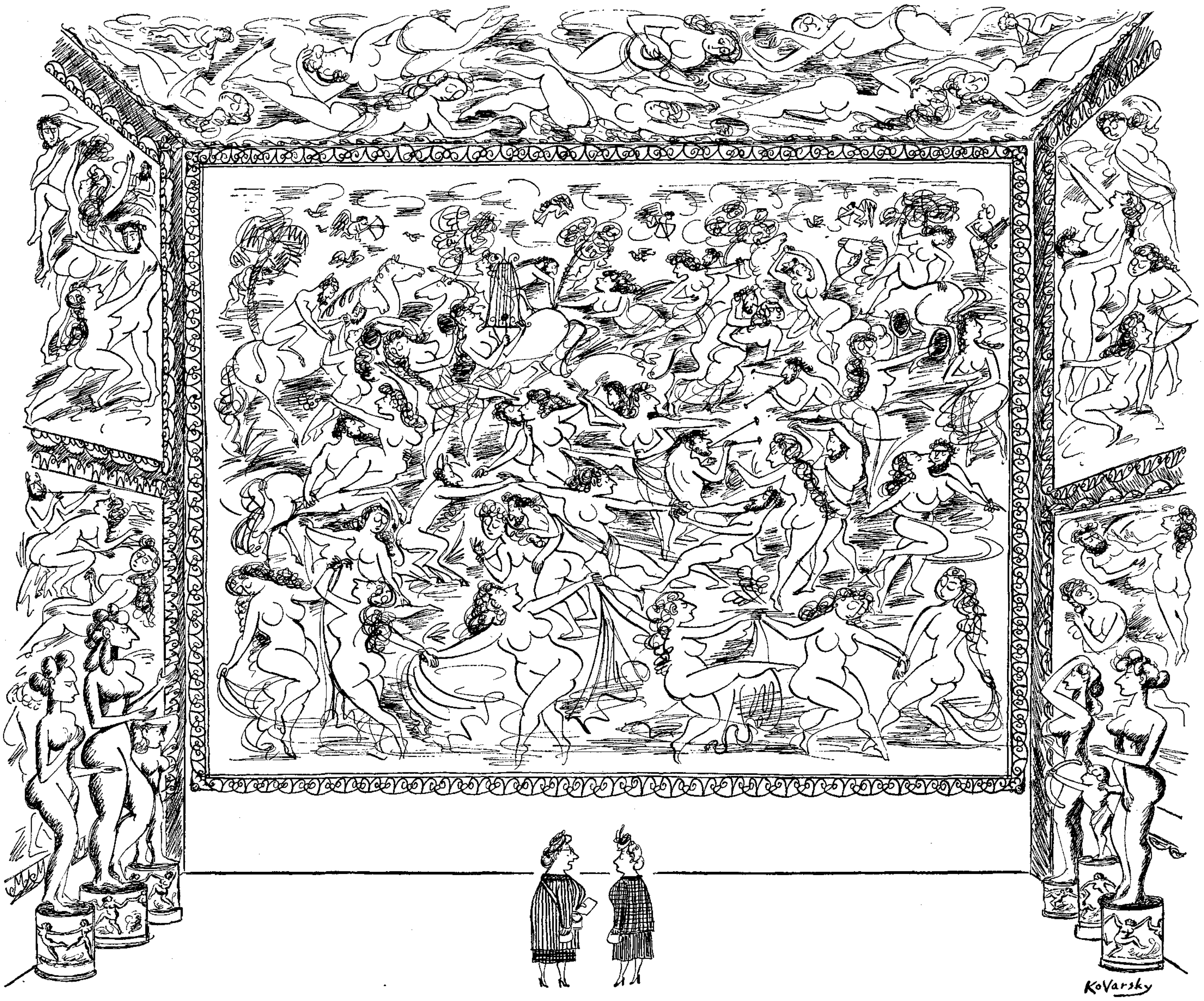
Mr. Woodward entered the cabin.

"There you are," said Mrs. Woodward.

"Here I am," said Mr. Woodward.

The President asked for a bourbon and branch water, and it was instantly produced by a slightly flustered waiter. Mr. Snyder said that he would like the same. The two gentlemen clinked glasses. "To the former Secretary of the Treasury," said Mr. Truman. Mr. Snyder smiled warmly, and downed his drink. He rose to leave. "Have a wonderful trip," he said to Mr. Truman.

We sat down beside the former President. "I have a bad swollen ankle," he said, pointing to a brown cane perched alongside the couch. "I was carrying some empty suitcases downstairs the other day in Independence and I turned



"Well, it's no wonder those Borgias and Medicis were always poisoning each other."

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it and I spilled, and I got caught in the banister, and I tumbled right down to the bottom of the stairs. It isn't really a sprain; it's got something to do with the ligaments. I'll be all right if I stay off it."

"Looking forward to your trip?" we asked.

"You know," he said, "last night I wanted to get right back on the train and head home for Independence, Missouri. We have a tremendous schedule. I am a former President of the United States, and people that we entertained when we were in the White House have kindly invited us to visit with them. I have had invitations from the Queen of England, and Eden, and Churchill, and the Queen of Holland, and Adenauer, and many, many others. The Pope has also graciously asked me to visit him."

There was a deep, long, all-ashore blast from the S.S. United States. We shook the President's hand and wished him a good trip.

"Terribly kind of you to come down to the boat," he said.

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OVERHEARD (gentleman to lady) at the conclusion of a large engagement party at Mount Kisco last weekend: "Those were the nine weakest Martinis I've ever had in my life."

Myerberg's Mystery

COMING out of the Golden Theatre the other evening after seeing a performance of "Waiting for Godot," we heard quite a variety of comments on the play.

"The thing is simply an exercise in logorrhea," said a gentleman in heavy tortoise-shell glasses.

"I think it's just warmed-over Sartre," said an earnest lady in a tweed suit.

"The way I see it," said a rather delicate-looking young man, "Godot is not necessarily God but the life force that will give meaning to our dreary lives."

"Two bums talking my ear off!" said a burly man to his blond companion. "Why?"

"I thought it was going to be something comical," the blonde remarked.

"It's a very real contribution to the theatre," said a tall man in a dinner jacket.

Not finding any of the comments enlightening, we decided that we'd seek out Michael Myerberg, the producer of "Waiting for Godot," and learn what he thought about the enterprise. He met us at Sardi's the following day—a slender man with aquiline features and thin, nervous hands. We asked him what "Waiting for Godot" really means. "What can the poet do today?" he demanded. "With the world in its present state, how can the poet function? He cannot write as he did before; he must seek new means of expressing himself. I think this is what Samuel Beckett has done in 'Godot.' He gives us mankind, all bewildered and mixed up, waiting for some kind of solution to the problem of the world we live in. This is only one interpretation of 'Godot;' there are many others. I get a new insight into Beckett's meaning, or meanings, every time I see it. My insights weren't very good when I opened it in Florida last winter, which is why it was a flop." Mr. Myerberg interrupted himself to greet Bill Doll, a publicity man who is doing the drum-beating for "Godot." "Last night," said Mr. Myerberg, "nobody walked out."

"Well," Mr. Doll observed, "we only had seven walkouts opening night."

"Imagine!" said Mr. Myerberg. "Why, during the first run of 'Skin of Our Teeth,' when I put it on back in 1942, we had *twenty-five per cent* walk out on us." He looked reflectively into space. "It is the problem of the producer," he said, "to find a play that can be put on behind a glass curtain. Even if people can't hear what the characters are saying, they know just by looking what the action is all about. On the other hand, I like sound. What I like in the entertainment business is to do stuff that has originality and makes some dough. I did a picture with electronically controlled puppets called 'Hansel and Gretel' a few years ago. I had to think about it for fifteen years and toss away six hundred thousand dollars to do it, but even though the kids loved it, it didn't make any dough. This summer, I'm going to show it in a tent at Old Forge, New York, and I'll bet it will be a big success. I love the simplicity of children."

We requested more information about "Godot." Mr. Myerberg said that it was a smash hit all over Europe, from Finland to Italy and from Austria to France, and had been translated into seven languages. "Would you like to hear Thornton Wilder's explanation of the business in the play where one character drags another around at the end of a rope?" he asked. We said we would. "Thornton has seen the play five times," he went on, "and he really knows it backward. He says it is the story of the Myerbergs of this world, who hire the Wilders of this world to sing and dance and think for them."

We nodded vaguely, and Mr. Myerberg advised us that Bert Lahr, the star of "Godot," is still rather confused about its inner meaning. "I don't see anything wrong with that," said Mr. Myerberg. "He's *supposed* to be confused in the play, so the more confused he is the better. I don't believe in actors' knowing too much anyhow."

"We're having a hell of a time with Lahr's shoes," said Mr. Doll. "He takes them off and leaves them on the edge of the stage apron, and when the show is over they're still there. Sometimes people stick fan notes and things in them. Bert has to be careful when he puts them on at the beginning of a performance."

At Mr. Doll's request, Mr. Myerberg gave us a brief rundown on his career, which has included organizing jazz bands, producing vaudeville acts, serving as casting director for Ziegfeld and Shubert, and managing Leopold Stokowski. He has worked with Stokowski on "100 Men and a Girl" and other films, and has produced some unusual items on Broadway, among them "Lute Song," a Chinese musical with a cast that included Mary Martin and Yul Brynner. "What I'm getting into now is a solid television series with a medical background," he told us. "I'm fascinated with the medium, and there's dough in it." His mood changed suddenly. "What good is dough," he said, "if we live in a world where the poets can only despair?" He had us there.

CURE THAT SLICE
JOHN McGUIRE
GOLF INSTRUCTOR
$4.00 PER HOUR
David Langdon

Non-Mufti

IN Bloomingdale's the other day, we came upon a group of Girl Scouts in full regalia, who were evidently shopping for camp materials and the like. A floorwalker presently appeared and hovered over them solicitously. "Anything you girls need in civilian clothes?" he purred.

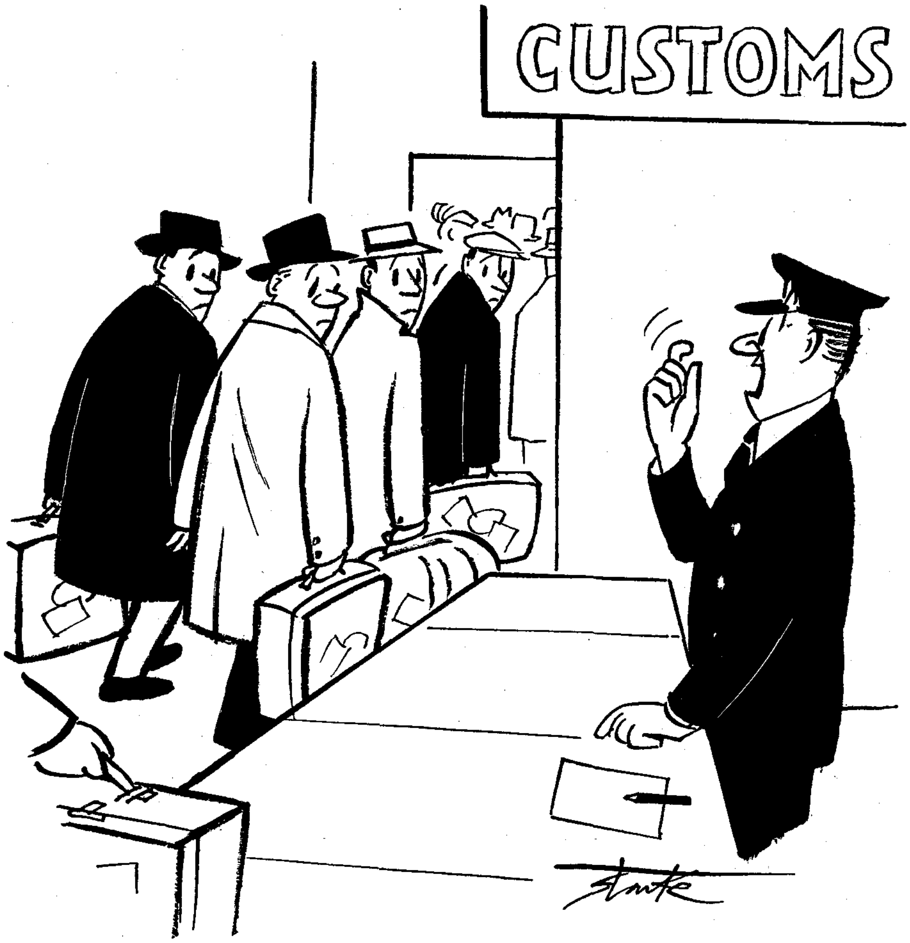
Self-Help

"DO *what* yourself?" we asked ourself as we walked over to that black castle on the lower slopes of Murray Hill, the 71st Regiment Armory, where the Do-It-Yourself Show was recently housed.

Well, the first thing we saw we could do was paint things with Vari-Krom and create speckly finishes. "See this ol' beat-up table and chair?" a canned voice asked us as the maligned objects appeared on a small screen. "Don't throw them out; use a li'l ol' home sprayer, and they'll look like this." Presto! The chair and table were as brightly mottled as a turtle's belly. "Imagine, a polka-dot table! Wait'll Dad comes home at night and sees this," the voice crooned. Fearful that his delirium would prove catching, we moved out of range, into the orbit of the Wink Needle-Threader woman and a man making rugs out of rags. "Now, watchew do when you come to a corner," the rag-rug man was telling a quorum of admirers, "is you just drop this one hee-ya and take these two like this, and then you take this one that was down hee-ya up *there*." We decided we could not do it ourself.

To make plastic plants with the Plastic Plant Kit seemed to demand less dexterity. In fact, according to the man behind the plastic plants, any fool could make a tree. "This is the most remarkable thing," he asserted, squeezing a tube of purple goo into a shallow tin mold, "where you can put one color right next to another, and it won't run"—he squeezed some green into the mold—"that is the most remarkable thing." In less time than it takes a peony to pollinate, he had assembled a brittle-looking construction that he identified as a philodendron. "There will be more attention and praise paid to these flowers than anything else you can make yourself," he said. "With this one mold, you can make the philodendron leaf and the amaryllis leaf as well." Already hip-deep in the produce of his art, he commenced to squeeze out a lily. We uneasily shifted our attention to a young man in steel-rimmed glasses who was hymning the virtues of some carpentry apparatus. "I set the blade this way, then that way; now, isn't that the first time I have bent over this machine? Isn't it? Now, you who have been watching me—isn't it?" A timid onlooker chipped in with "Yes," and the demonstrator, mollified, said, "Men, you know that bending over a saw all day even at a hobby is as tiring as if it weren't one." He then made a lot of fancy indentations in the edge of a plank. "That, men, is beading," he told us.

Oh, there were so many things we could do ourself! Be our own bartender, make our own Murray Space Shoes, paint the corners of our walls with Shur-Line, play the Wurlitzer Organ with the assistance of Automatic Tone Controls, Pointer and Play-by-Color Systems, and Easy Chords. With a little gumption, we could make our own jewelry, our own aluminum screens, also our own attic—there was one being built right on the floor. No doubt we could even make our own memories to put in it. With a little patience, we could grow our own ti plant; it grows from a log, and its leaves can be used for hula skirts. With a little money ($8.95), we could scientifically drain fruit with the Sweeden Speed Juicer, which does not bruise the nutritive fruit cells. Had we paid close attention, we could have learned how to operate the Biggest Little Planer in the World, how to make mosaic tables rivalling the masterpieces of Byzantine craftsmen, and how to glue any two things together ("Don't say glue . . . say UHU"). The New York Telephone Company, with its customary solicitude, had established an exhibit telling us how to read the yellow pages.



"Just a minute, there—you with the relieved look. Come back here!"

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McCall's, that publicational Hausfrau, had assembled two rooms, one of which reminded us pleasantly of the rosy, faded home of an aunt of ours. The other, in theory the same room blessed with do-it-yourself occupants, featured a ruthlessly consistent Halloween color scheme. Black and orange reigned unchallenged. The agreeable curves and embellishments of the older room had been crushed under a tyranny of straight lines and unadorned planes. A huge television set was turned on, and the books had been placed on shelves too high for a child to reach. Some dominoes had been arranged on a table rather haphazardly, suggesting not so much a love of the game as a love of black and orange. (The tabletop was orange.)

Several of the exhibitors were simply showing what *they* could do *them*selves. One fellow, underneath a sign stating that you could make a hole of any shape with one tool, was making odd-shaped holes in a thin board. No one was watching him. The hole business is essentially negative anyway. Mr. Melvin Mills, of Make-A-Tune, Inc., instead of showing us how to make a tune, just played without surcease a tune to which he had set lyrics of his own composition. Sample lyric:

Paint that wall,
Fix that leak,
Sand the floor,
Stop that squeak.

We hesitated in front of a booth in which a man was sculpting a head, and a woman rushed at us, saying, "I believe that the individual is buried in the bottom of a refrigerated society, and in my studio the head is on top of the refrigerator to symbolize the triumph of the individual." That's what we think she said, anyway. If she doesn't like the way we take notes, she can do it herself.

No Luck

WALKING through the lobby of the Hotel Pierre the other day, we found ourself trailing a couple of ladies who were conversing in broad Southern accents. "I just telephoned Alice," one of them was saying, "and she's dreadfully disturbed. She and Bill so wanted some good water on their place, and now they've struck some more oil. I swear they'll wind up living in a hotel in Houston."

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME

THE BAT WHO GOT THE HELL OUT

A COLONY of bats living in a great American cave had got along fine for a thousand generations, flying, hanging head down, eating insects, and raising young, and then one year a male named Flitter, who had fluttered secretly out of his room at night and flown among the haunts of men, told his father that he had decided to get the hell out. The shocked father sent Flitter to Fleder, the great-great-grandfather of all the bats in the cave.

"You should be proud of being a bat among bats," said old Fleder, "for we are one of the oldest species on the planet, much older than Man, and the only mammal capable of true flight."

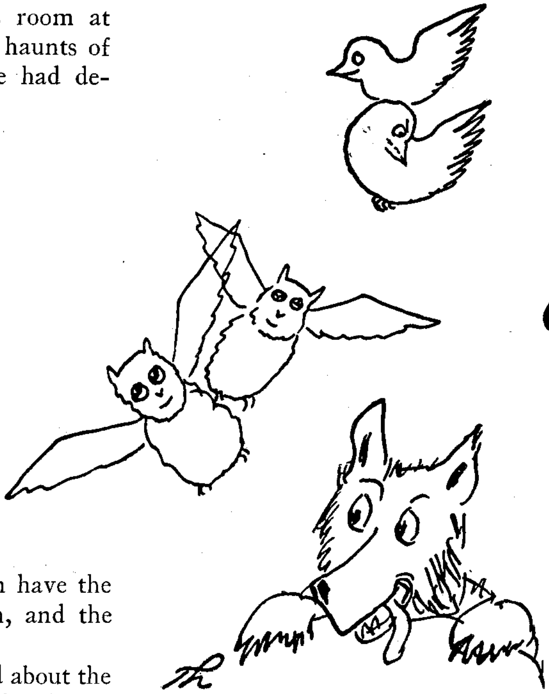
The discontented young bat was not impressed. "I want to live like a man among men," he said. "Men have the best food, and the most fun, and the cutest females."

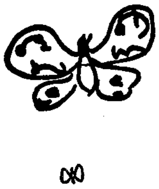
At this, old Fleder stormed about the cave, squeaking unintelligibly. Then he recovered his calm and continued his talk. "A man got into my room one night," he said, "and managed somehow to tangle me in his hair. It was a shattering experience, from which I shall never completely recover."

"When men die they go to Heaven, but when bats are dead they are dead," said Flitter. "I want to go to Heaven when I die."

This amused old Fleder in a gaunt and gloomy sort of way, and he chittered, quickered, and zickered for some moments before he could say, "You have no more soul than a moose, or a mouse, or a mole. You should be glad that you will never become an angel, for angels do not have true flight. One wants to *sleep* through eternity, not bumble and flap about forever like a bee or a butterfly."

But Flitter had made up his mind, and the old bat's words of wisdom were in vain. That night, the discontented young bat quit the bat colony, and flickered out of the cave, in the confident hope of giving up his membership in the Chiroptera and joining the happy breed of men. Unfortunately for his dream, he spent his first night hanging head down from the rafters of an auditorium in which a best-selling Inspirationalist was dragging God down to the people's level. Ushers moved silently among the rapt listeners, selling copies of the speaker's books: "Shake Hands with the Almighty," "You Can Be Jehovah's Pal," and "Have You Taken Out Eternity Insurance?" The speaker was saying, "Have a little talk with the Lord while you're waiting for a bus, or riding to work, or sitting in the dentist's chair. Have comfy chats with the Lord in the little cozy corners of spare time."





Flitter decided that there was something the matter with the acoustics, or with his tragus, caused by hanging head down in the presence of the Eternal Species, but when he began flying about the auditorium, there was no change in the nature of the English sentences. "Tell the Lord to put it there," the inspired man went on. "Give him your duke." The speaker waved clasped hands above his head and gazed up at the ceiling. "Keep pitching, God," he said. "You've got two strikes on Satan."

Flitter, who had never felt sick before in his life, felt sick, and decided to get the air. After he had got the air, he realized that he did not want to become a member of the species *Homo sapiens*, because of the danger of bumbling or flapping into the Inspirationalist after they had both become angels. And so Flitter returned to the cave, and everybody was astonished to see him, and nobody said anything, and for a time there was a great silence.

"I've come the hell back," said Flitter, meekly. And he resumed, without discontent, the immemorial life of the Chiroptera, flying, hanging head down, eating insects, and raising young.

Moral: By decent minds is he abhorred who'd make a Babbitt of the Lord.

THE WOLF WHO WENT PLACES

A WEALTHY young wolf, who was oblivious of everything except himself, was tossed out of college for cutting classes and corners, and he decided to see if he could travel around the world in eighty minutes.

"That isn't possible," his grandmother told him, but he only grinned at her.

"The impossible is the most fun," he said.

She went with him to the door of the old Wolf place. "If you go that fast, you won't live to regret it," she warned him, but he grinned again, showing a tongue as long as a necktie.

"That's an old wolves' tale," he said, and went on his reckless way.

He bought a 1959 Blitzen Bearcat, a combination motorcar and airplane, with skyrocket getaway, cyclone speedrive, cannonball takeoff, blindall headlights, magical retractable monowings, and lightning pushbutton transformationizer. "How fast can this crate go without burning up?" he asked the Blitzen Bearcat salesman.

"I don't know," the salesman said, "but I have a feeling you'll find out."

The wealthy young wolf smashed all the ground records and air records and a lot of other things in his trip around the world, which took him only 78.5 minutes from the time he knocked down the Washington Monument on his takeoff to the time he landed where it had stood. In the crowd that welcomed him home, consisting of about eleven creatures, for all the others were hiding under beds, there was a speed-crazy young wolfess, with built-in instantaneous pickup ability, and in no time at all the wolf and his new-found mate were setting new records for driving upside down, backward, blindfolded, handcuffed, and cockeyed, doubled and redoubled.

One day, they decided to see if they could turn in to Central Park from Fifth Avenue while travelling at a hundred and seventy-five miles an hour, watching television, and holding hands. There was a tremendous shattering, crashing, splitting, roaring, blazing, cracking, and smashing, ending in a fiery display of wheels, stars, cornices, roofs, treetops, glass, steel, and people, and it seemed to those spectators who did not die of seizures as they watched that great red portals opened in the sky, swinging inward on mighty hinges, revealing an endless nowhere, and then closed behind the flying and flaming wolves with a clanking to end all clanking, as if those gates that we have been assured shall not prevail had in fact prevailed.

Moral: Where most of us end up there is no knowing, but the hellbent get where they are going.

THE BLUEBIRD AND HIS BROTHER

IT was said of two bluebirds that they were unlike as two brothers could be, that one was a pearl in a pod and the other a pea. Pearl was happy-go-lucky, and Pea was gloomy-go-sorry.

"I am in love with love and life," sang the glad bird.

"I am afraid of sex and flight," sang the sad bird.

Pearl flaunted his gay colors like a bonnie blue flag, and his song was as bold as the Rebel yell. He went South every winter alone, and came North every spring with a different female. His gay philosophy freed his psyche of the stains of fear and the stresses of guilt, and he attained a serenity of spirit that few male birds and even fewer male human beings ever reach. He did not worry because some of his children were also his nieces, the daughters of one of his sisters. He sat loose, sang pretty, and slept tight, in a hundred honey locusts and cherry trees and lilac bushes. And every winter he went South alone, and every spring he came North with a different female. He did not worry because some of his grandchildren were also his grandnephews, the grandsons of one of his sisters. At sunset in summertime, the gay bluebird flew higher than the lark or the wild goose, and he was pleased to note that, like himself, heaven wore blue, with a tinge of red.

The gloomy bluebird went South alone in the winter and came North alone in the spring, and never flew higher than you could throw a sofa. While still in his prime he developed agoraphobia and went to live underground, to the surprise and dismay of families of frogs and foxes and moles and gophers and crickets and toads, and of the bewildered dog who dug him up one day while burying a bone, and then hastily buried him again, without ceremony or sorrow.

Moral: It is more dangerous to straight-arm life than to embrace it.

THE CLOTHES MOTH AND THE LUNA MOTH

A CLOTHES moth who lived in a closet and had never done anything, or wanted to do anything, except eat wool and fur, flew out of his closet one twilight just in time to see a lovely Luna moth appear on the outside of a windowpane. The Luna moth fluttered against the lighted glass as gracefully as a drifting autumn leaf, and she was dressed in a charming evening gown. What interested her was the flame of a candle burning in the room, burning on the mantelpiece above the fireplace, but the clothes moth thought she was making signs at him, and he conceived a great desire for her.

"I have to have you," said the clothes moth, but the Luna moth laughed, and her laughter was like the bells of elfland faintly tinkling.

"Go eat a shroud," said the Luna moth haughtily. "You are as vulgar as a tent moth, or a gypsy moth, and nowhere near as handsome as a tiger moth."

"If you come to live with me, I will feed you on sweaters and stoles," said the clothes moth, whose ardor was only increased by the lovely Luna's scorn.

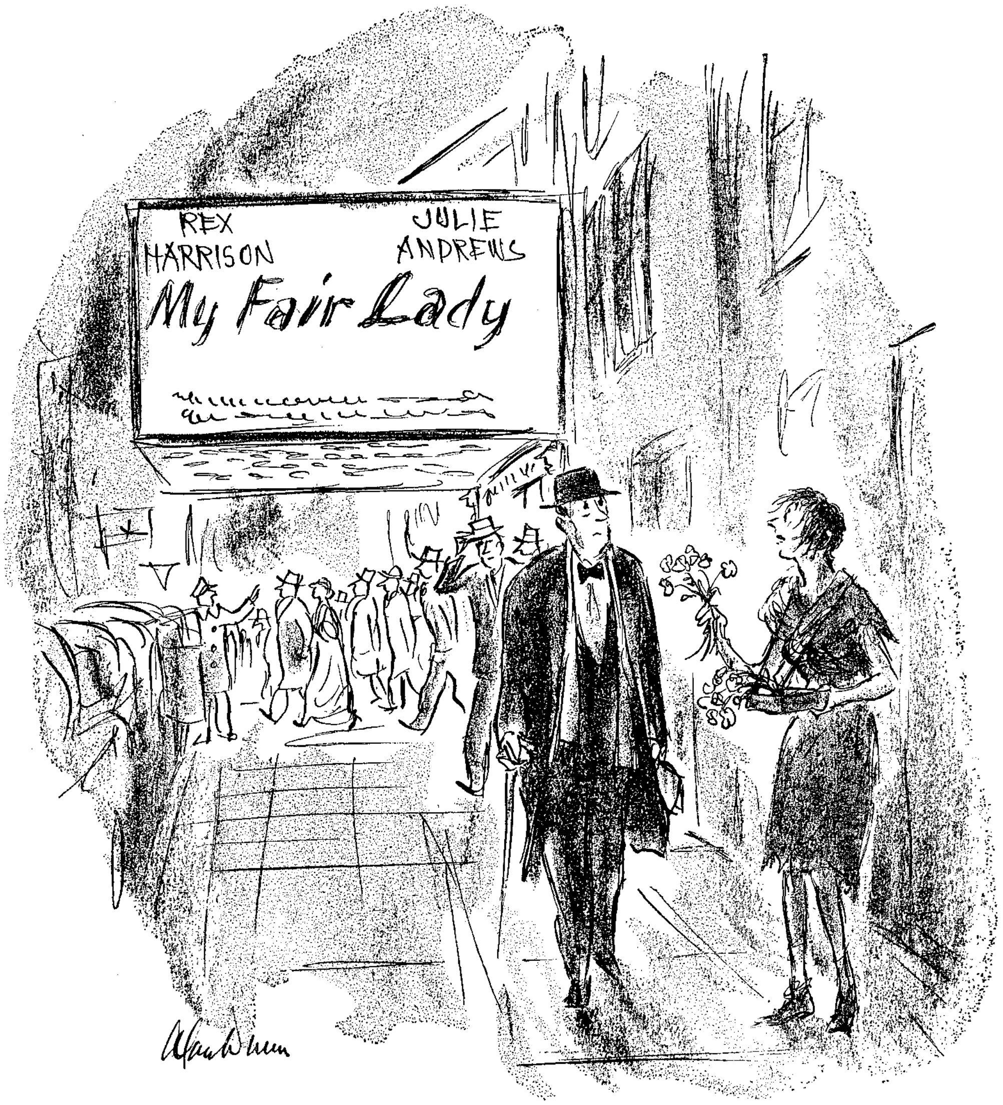
"You are a flug, who can flugger, but not fly or flutter," said the Luna moth, trying to get through the windowpane and reach the star on the mantelpiece.

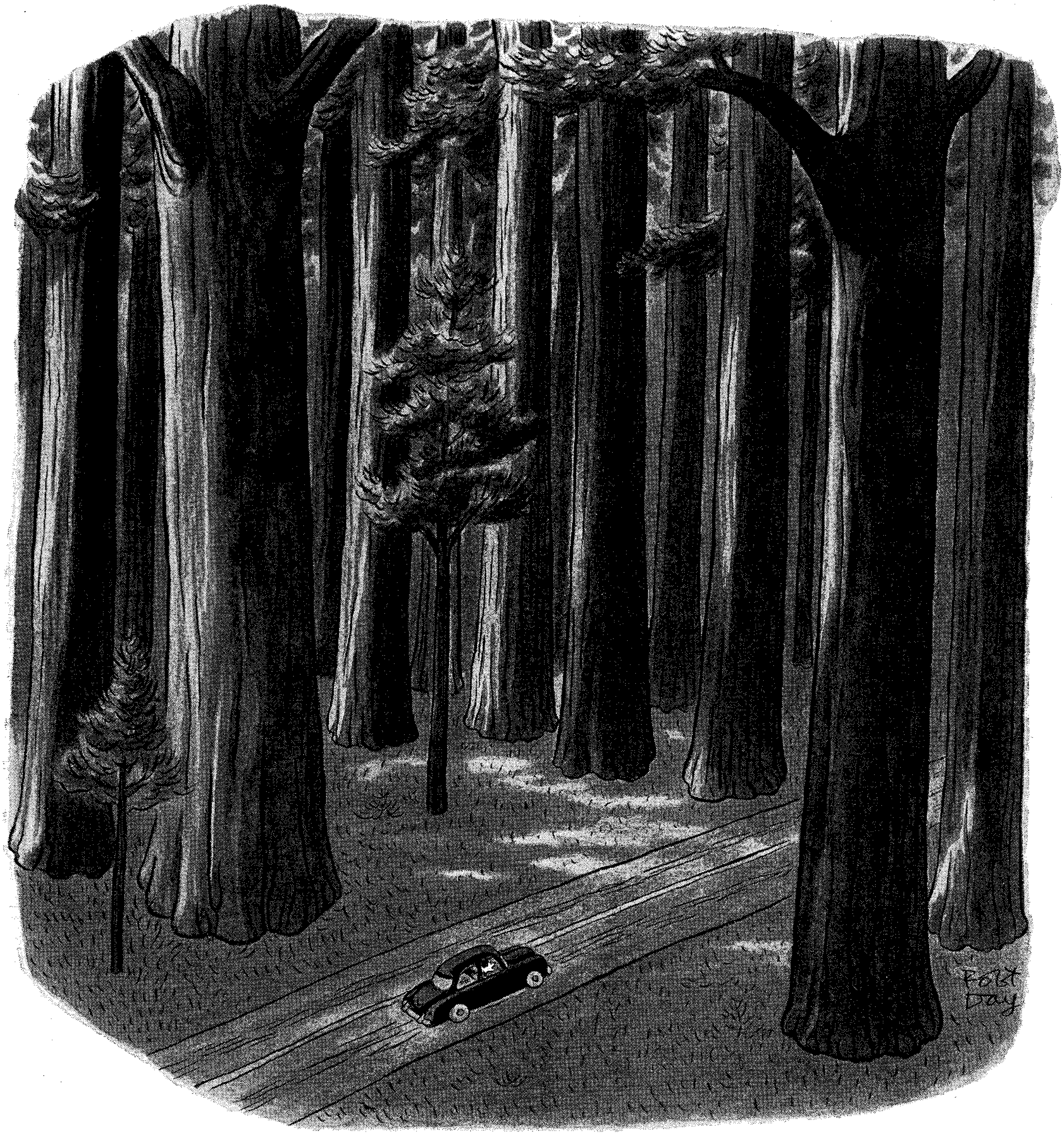
"You can have wedding dresses and evening clothes and a mink coat," panted the clothes moth, and again the Luna moth's laughter was like the bells of elfland faintly tinkling.

"I live on twilight and the stars," she said.

"It was love at first flight," the clothes moth protested. "It was love at first flutter."

The Luna moth's tiny silvery tone became sharper. "You are a mulch,"





"Cedar! Why, that's what Grace Blake is finishing off her basement with."

• •

she said, "a mulbus, a crawg, and a common creeb."

All these words were words a nice moth rarely uses, but they had no effect upon the passion of the clothes moth.

"I know you have one wing in the grave," he told her. "I know you're not long for this world, and so I must have you as soon as I can. A thing of beauty is a joy for such a little time."

The lovely Luna moth tried to cajole her admirer into opening the window—so that she could fly to the fascinating flame above the fireplace, but she did not tell him this. She let him believe that his drab gray lovemaking had won her heart. In his desire to reach her, he flew against the windowpane time and time again, and finally made a small opening in it, and then fluggered crazily to the floor, dead of a broken head and wings and body. The lovely Luna, whose desire for the star is a matter of immortal record, flew swiftly and gracefully toward the candle on the mantelpiece and was consumed in its flame with a little zishing sound like that made by a lighted cigarette dropped in a cup of coffee.

Moral: Love is blind, but desire just doesn't give a good goddam.

—JAMES THURBER

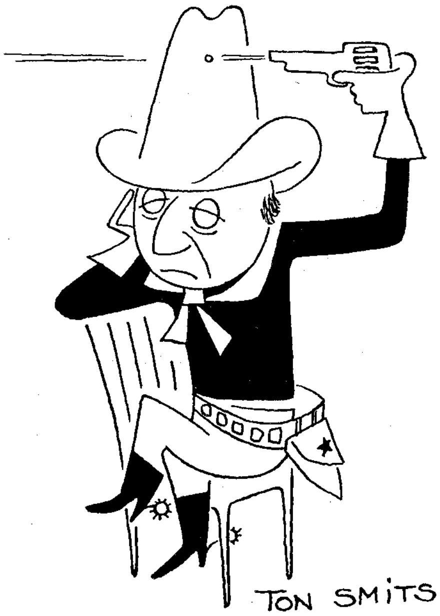
A SENSE OF SURVIVAL

WHEN Mrs. Clara Hansen travels, she keeps herself to herself. This is usually easy, for she has money, has been a baroness and a beauty, and has survived dramatic suffering. The crushing presence of these factors, past and present, in her face and bearing is nearly always enough to stop the loose mouths of people who find themselves in her company. It is only the very stupid, the senile, or the self-obsessed who blunder up to assail that face—withdrawn as a castle—across the common ground of a public dining room.

Last month, when Mrs. Hansen was leaving Cape Town on her way to Johannesburg by train, another old lady tried to open with her one of those pointless conversations between strangers that arise in the nervous moments of departure. The woman made her apologies an excuse for this as, loaded with string bags and paper parcels, she pressed, gasping for breath, past Mrs. Hansen in the train corridor. Mrs. Hansen was giving last, calm instructions to Alfred, her Malay chauffeur and manservant, whom she was leaving behind, and she did not look up. Alfred had stowed her old calf suitcases from Europe, firmly and within reach, in her compartment, which, of course, influence with the reservation office had insured she would have to herself all the way, although in South African trains a first-class compartment is meant for four people. He had watched her put away, in a special pocket in her handbag, her train ticket, the ticket for her de-luxe bed, the book of meal coupons. He had made sure that she had her two yellow sleeping pills and the red pills—for that feeling of pressure in her head—lying in cotton wool in her silver pillbox. He himself had seen that her two pairs of spectacles, one for distance, one for reading, were in her overnight bag, and had noted that her lorgnette hung below the diamond bow on the bosom of her dress. He had taken down the folding table from its niche above the washbasin in the compartment, had set it up, and had placed on it the three magazines she had sent him to buy at the bookstall, along with the paper from Switzerland that this week she had kept aside, unread, for the journey. Then, with a last look around, he had ducked through the compartment door, and she had watched him (she was always both irritated by and proud of Alfred's dandified fastidiousness) go along the corridor, holding his shoulders shrugged to protect his uniform from the dusty partition on one side and the gritty brass rail on the other, where the windows were, and swing down to the platform from the exit at the end of the carriage.

Now, for a full fifteen minutes before the train left, he and his employer were free to ignore the to-and-fro of voices and luggage, the heat, and the confusion. Mrs. Hansen murmured down to him from the window in the corridor outside her compartment; Alfred, chauffeur's cap in hand, the dust in the sunlight dimming the oily shine of his black hair, looked up from the platform and made low assent. They used the half sentences, the hesitations, and the slight changes of tone or expression of people whose intimacy and limited range of situation have created a personal verbal shorthand. It was hardly speech; now and then it sank away altogether, into their own minds, but because of their preoccupation the sounds of the station did not well up in its place. Alfred dangled the key of the Packard on his little finger. The old face beneath the toque noted it, and the lips and infinitely weary corners of the old eyes moved a fraction in the indication of a smile: Would he really put the car away in the garage for six weeks, as he'd been told to, after he'd seen that it was greased and oiled?

Unaware of the guilty levity of his finger, Alfred was taking care that his face should not show the satisfaction he felt at having a month's wages in advance in his pocket and at the thought of his two friends waiting to be picked up in the Packard (as soon as the train had gone), at a house in the Malay quarter of the town. He said, "I must make a note that I mustn't send Madam's letters on after the twenty-sixth."



"No. Not later than the twenty-sixth."

Just how much did she know? With that face that looked as if it knew everything, could she perhaps even know about the two friends in the house in the Malay quarter?

She said—and neither of them listened—"In case of need, you've always got Mr. Van Dam." Van Dam was her lawyer. This remark, like a stone thrown idly into a pool, had time and again fallen between them into the hiatus of parting. They had never questioned or troubled to define its meaning. In ten years, what emergency had there ever been that Alfred couldn't deal with himself, from a burst pipe in the flat to a jammed fastener on Mrs. Hansen's dress?

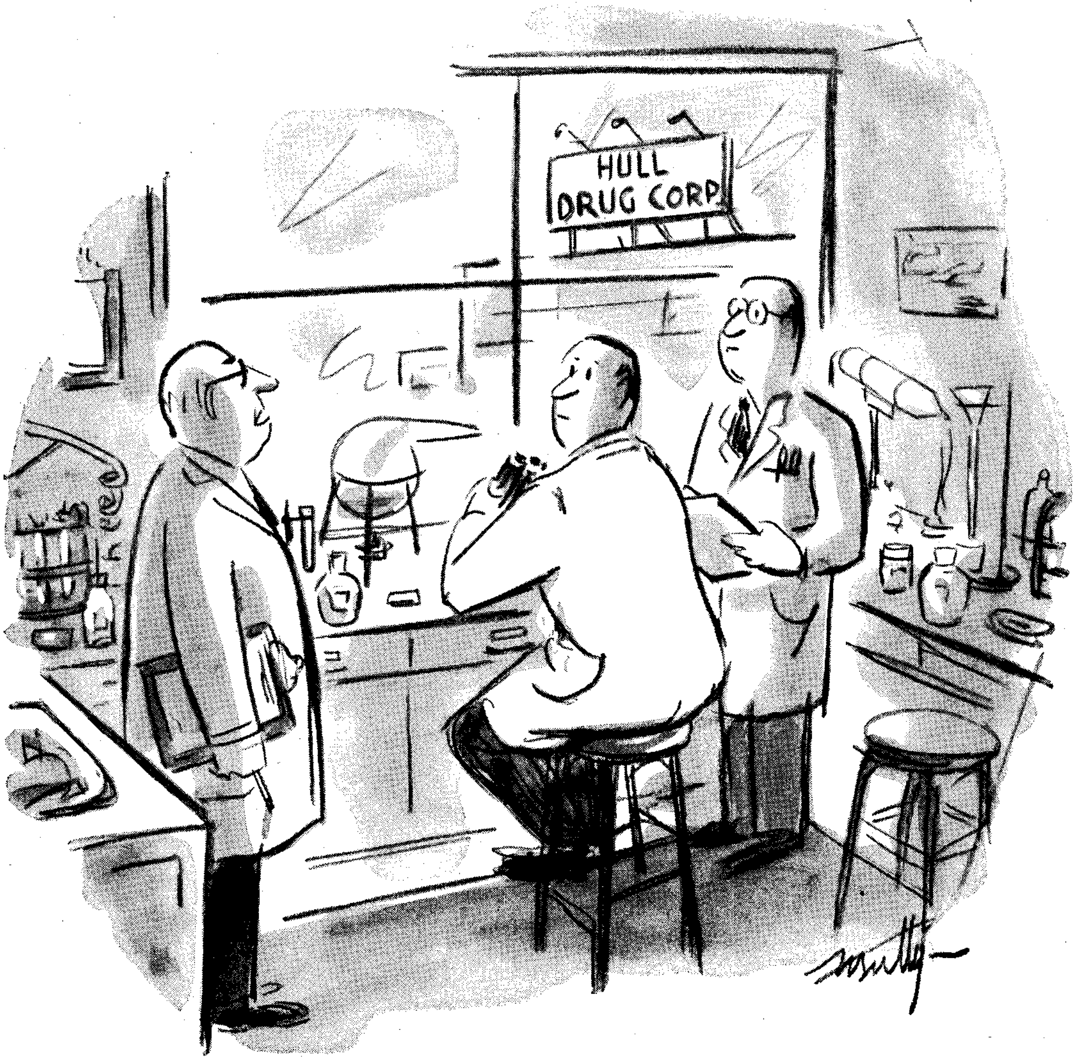
Alfred backed away from the ice-cream carton a vender thrust under his nose; the last untidy lump of canvas luggage belonging to the other old lady, who was settling herself into a compartment adjoining Mrs. Hansen's, thumped down like a dusty animal at Mrs. Hansen's side; the final bell rang.

As the train ground past Alfred out of the station, he stood quite still, his cap now held by both hands against his chest, watching Mrs. Hansen. He always stood like that when he saw her off. And she remained at the window, as usual, smiling slightly, inclining her head slightly, as if in dismissal. Neither waved. Neither moved until the other had disappeared from sight.

WHEN the station was left behind and Mrs. Hansen turned slowly to enter her compartment to the quickening rhythm of the train, she came face to face with the gasping old woman next door. Fat overflowed not only from her jowls to her neck but from her ankles to her shoes. She looked like a pudding that had risen too high and run down the sides of the dish. She was sprinkling cologne onto a handkerchief and hitting with it at her face, as if she were trying to kill an insect. "Rush like that, it's no good for you," she said. "Something went wrong with my son-in-law's car, and what a job to get a taxi! *They* don't care—bring you here today or tomorrow. I thought I'd never get up those steps."

Mrs. Hansen looked at her and said slowly, "When one is no longer young, one must always give oneself exactly twice as much time as one needs. I have learned that. I beg your pardon." And she passed before the woman to enter her compartment.

But the woman stopped her in the



"For goodness' sake get hep, Schwartz! We're not trying to do away *with the common cold."*

doorway by asking, "I wonder if they're serving morning tea yet? Shall we go along to the dining car?"

"I always have my tea brought to me in my compartment," said Mrs. Hansen, in the low, dead voice that had been considered a pity in her day but that now made young people who could have been her grandchildren ask if she had been an actress. And she slid the door shut.

Alone, she stood a moment in the secretive privacy, where everything swayed and veered in obedience to the gait of the train. She began to look anxiously over the stacked luggage, her lips moving, but she had grown too set to adjust her balance from moment to moment, and suddenly she found herself sitting down. The train had dumped her out of the way. Good thing, too, she thought, chastising herself impatiently. Counting the luggage, fussing, when in ten years Alfred's never forgotten anything! Old fool, she told herself, old fool. Her aging self often seemed to her an enemy of her real self—the self that had not ever changed. This enemy was a stupid one, fortunately; she merely had to keep an eye on it to outwit it. Other selves that had arisen in her life had been much worse; how terrible had been the struggle with some of *them!*

She moved to the other seat, where she could sit with her back to the engine, beside the window, and put on her reading glasses and took up the newspaper from Switzerland. But for some minutes she did not read. She heard again inside herself the words *alone, alone,* just the way she had heard them sixty-three years ago, when she was twelve years old and crossing France by herself for the first time. As she had sat there, a prim little girl, bolt upright in a corner of the carriage, her fur-trimmed green velvet cloak around her, her hamper beside her, and the locket with the picture of her grandfather hidden in her hand, she had felt a swelling terror of exhilaration—the frightening joy of being cut loose. And she had found a heady strength at the center of her fear and loneliness. To be alone could also be to be sufficient to oneself. *Alone, alone* was not only a threat but also an intoxication. The emotion she had felt that day outweighed the experience that engendered it; it was more than a child, travelling between one loving security and another, needed to have felt. It was as if she had foreknown something that belonged to other times and other journeys, in her future. For they had come, eventually—experiences to fit the emotion of that first trip alone. She had lived the journey that took her away forever from a lover, and, later, one that took her away forever from the husband whom she had left for that lover—the husband whose face, when she went to see him, was alienated either by unforgiveness or by approaching death; she had not stayed to see which. Now those journeys had dropped behind, into the past. She was alone, lonely, lone—whatever you liked to call it—all the time. There is nothing of the drama of an occasion for me in this trip from Cape Town to Johannesburg, she reminded herself dryly. But the emotion outweighed the experience, as it had long ago on the childhood journey. There was no denying it, *alone* was not the same as *lonely;* even Old Fool could not blur the distinction of that. Today she was alone. The blue silk coat quivered where Alfred had hung it, the bundle of magazines edged along the table, and somewhere above her head a loose strap tapped; aloneness came to her as a strong sense of survival.

She opened the paper from Switzerland, and, with her left foot (the heat had made it a little swollen) up on the seat opposite, she began to read. She felt lulled and comfortable, and was not even irritated by the thuds and dragging noises coming from the partition behind her head; it was clear that the woman next door must be fussing with her luggage. Presently, a steward brought a tea tray, which Alfred had ordered before the train left. She drew in her mouth with pleasure at the taste of the strong tea, as connoisseurs do when they drink old brandy, and read the morning away.

Mrs. Hansen ate a pear for lunch, in her compartment, but took her dinner in the dining car, because she had established through long experience that it was not a meal that could be expected to travel train corridors and remain hot, and also because there was something shabby, something *petit-bourgeois*, about taking meals in the stuffy cubicle in which you were also to sleep. She tidied her hair around the sides of her toque—it was a beautiful hat, one of four, always the same shape, that she had made every second year in Vienna—washed her hands, removing and replacing her rings, and powdered her nose, pulling a critical, amused face at herself in the mirror of her compact. Then she put on her silk coat, picked up her handbag, and went with upright dignity, despite the twitchings and lurchings of the train, along the corridors to the dining car. She seated herself at an empty table for two, and, of course, although it was early and there were many other seats vacant, the old woman from the compartment next door, entering five minutes later, came straight over and sat down opposite her.

Now it was impossible not to speak to the woman, and Mrs. Hansen listened to her, with the distant patience of an adult giving half an ear to a child, and answered her when necessary, with a dry simplicity calculated to be far above her head. Of course, Old Fool was tempted to unbend—to lapse into the small boastings and rivalries usual between two old ladies. But Mrs. Hansen would not allow it, and certainly not with this woman—this acquaintance thrust upon her in a train. It was bad enough that only the week before Old Fool had led her into one of those pathetic pieces of senile nonsense, cleverly disguised, of course—Old Fool could be wily enough—but, just the same, unmistakably the kind of thing that people found boring. It had been about her teeth. Though she was seventy-five, they were still her own, which was a self-evident miracle. Yet she had allowed herself, at a dinner party given by some young friends who were obviously impressed by her, to tell a funny story (not quite true, either) about how, when she was a weekend guest in a house with an oversolicitous hostess, the jovial host had hoaxed his wife by impressing upon her the importance of providing a suitable receptacle for their guest's teeth when she took them out for the night. There was a glass beside the jug of water on the bedside table; the hostess appeared, in some embarrassment, with another. " 'But, my dear, what is the other glass for?' I said"—at this point in her story Mrs. Hansen had given a good imitation of herself assuming a manner of imperious innocence. Then a dénouement, laughter, and all the rest of it. Disgusting. Good teeth as well as bad aches and pains must be kept to oneself; when one is young, one takes the first for granted and does not know of the existence of the others.

So it was that when the menu was held before the two women by the waiter, Mrs. Hansen ignored the consternation into which it seemed to plunge her companion, forestalled the temptation to enter, by contributing her doctor's views, into old age's passionate preoccupation with diet, and ordered fish.

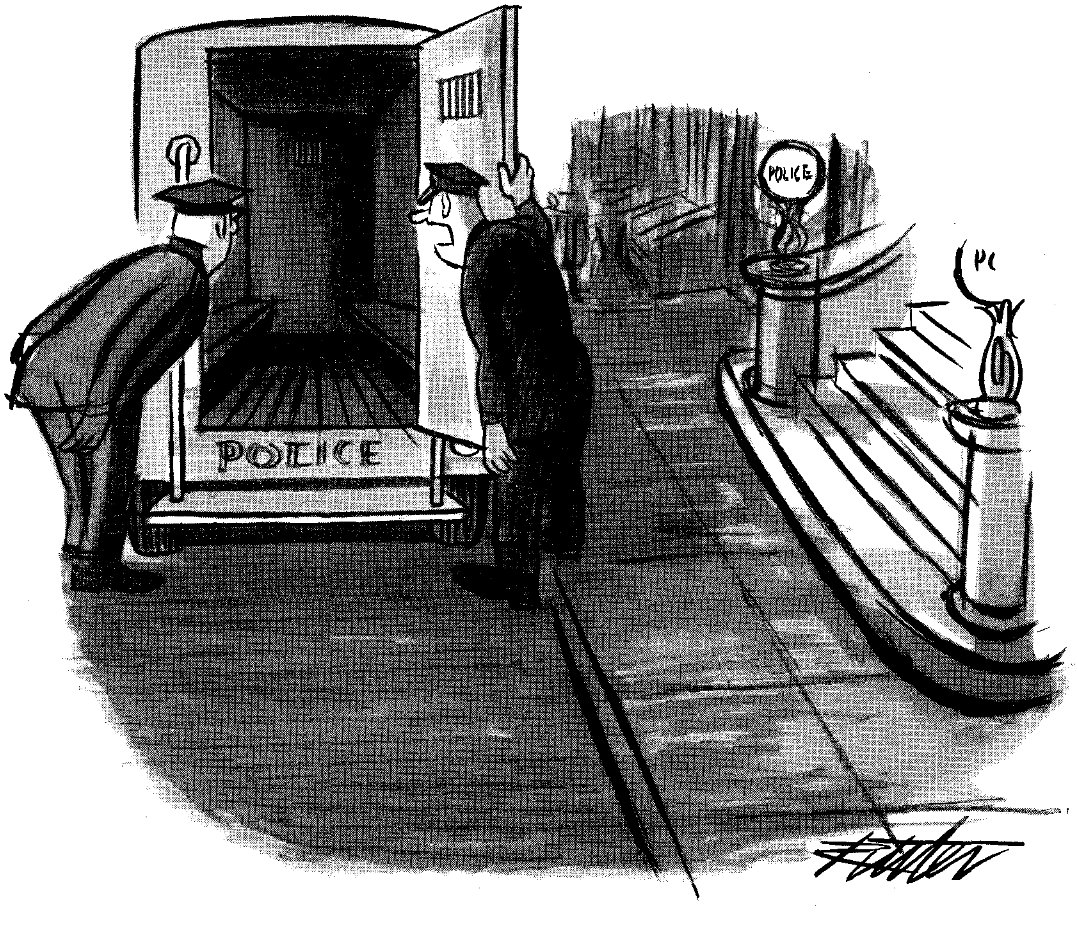
"D'you think the fish'll be all right? I always wonder—on a train, you know," said the woman from the next compartment. Mrs. Hansen merely confirmed her order to the waiter by lowering her eyes and settling her chin slightly. The woman decided to begin at the beginning, with soup. "Can't go far wrong with soup, can you?" she said.

"Don't wait, please," said Mrs. Hansen when the soup came. Her fish had not yet been brought to her.

The soup was watery, the woman said. Mrs. Hansen smiled her tragic smile indulgently. The woman decided that she'd keep Mrs. Hansen company and risk the fish, too. The fish, when it was brought, lay beneath a pasty blanket of white sauce, and while Mrs. Hansen calmly pushed aside the sauce and ate, the woman said, "There's nothing like the good, clean food cooked in your own kitchen."

Mrs. Hansen put a forkful of fish into her mouth and, when she had finished it, spoke at last. "I'm afraid it's been many years since I had my own kitchen for more than a month or two a year."

"Well, of course, if you go about a lot, you get used to strange food, I suppose. I find I can't eat half the stuff they put in front of you in hotels. Last time I was away, there were some days I didn't know what to have at all for lunch. I was in one of the best hotels in Durban, and all there was was this



"I thought you locked it!"

1
HERE
S!
SIGN COMPANY

2
HERE IT IS!
LAST CHANCE
GAS
SIGN COMPANY

endless curry—curry this, curry that—and a lot of dried-up cold meats."

Mrs. Hansen shrugged. "I always find enough for my needs. It does not matter much."

"What can you do? I suppose this sauce is the wrong thing for me, but you've got to take what you can get when you're travelling," said the woman. She broke off a piece of bread and wiped it swiftly around her plate to scoop up what was left of the sauce. "Starchy," she added.

The meals are always table d'hôte on South African trains. When the waiter brought the menu again, Mrs. Hansen ordered turkey, and after a solemn study of the choice of entrées the other woman asked for the item listed immediately below the fish—oxtail stew. While they were waiting, she ate bread and butter, and, shifting her mouthful comfortably from one side of her mouth to the other, accomplished a shift of her attention, too, as if her jaw and her brain had some simple mechanical connection. "You're not a South African, I suppose?" she asked, looking at Mrs. Hansen with the appraisal reserved for foreigners and the license granted by the tacit acceptance of old age on both sides.

"I have lived in the Cape, on and off, for some years," said Mrs. Hansen. "My second husband was Danish, but settled here."

"I could have married again. I'm not boasting, but I mean I did have the chance, if I'd've wanted to," said the woman. "Somehow, I couldn't face it, after losing my first husband—fifty-two, he was, that's all, and you'd have taken a lease on his life. Ah, those doctors! No wonder I feel I can't trust them a minute."

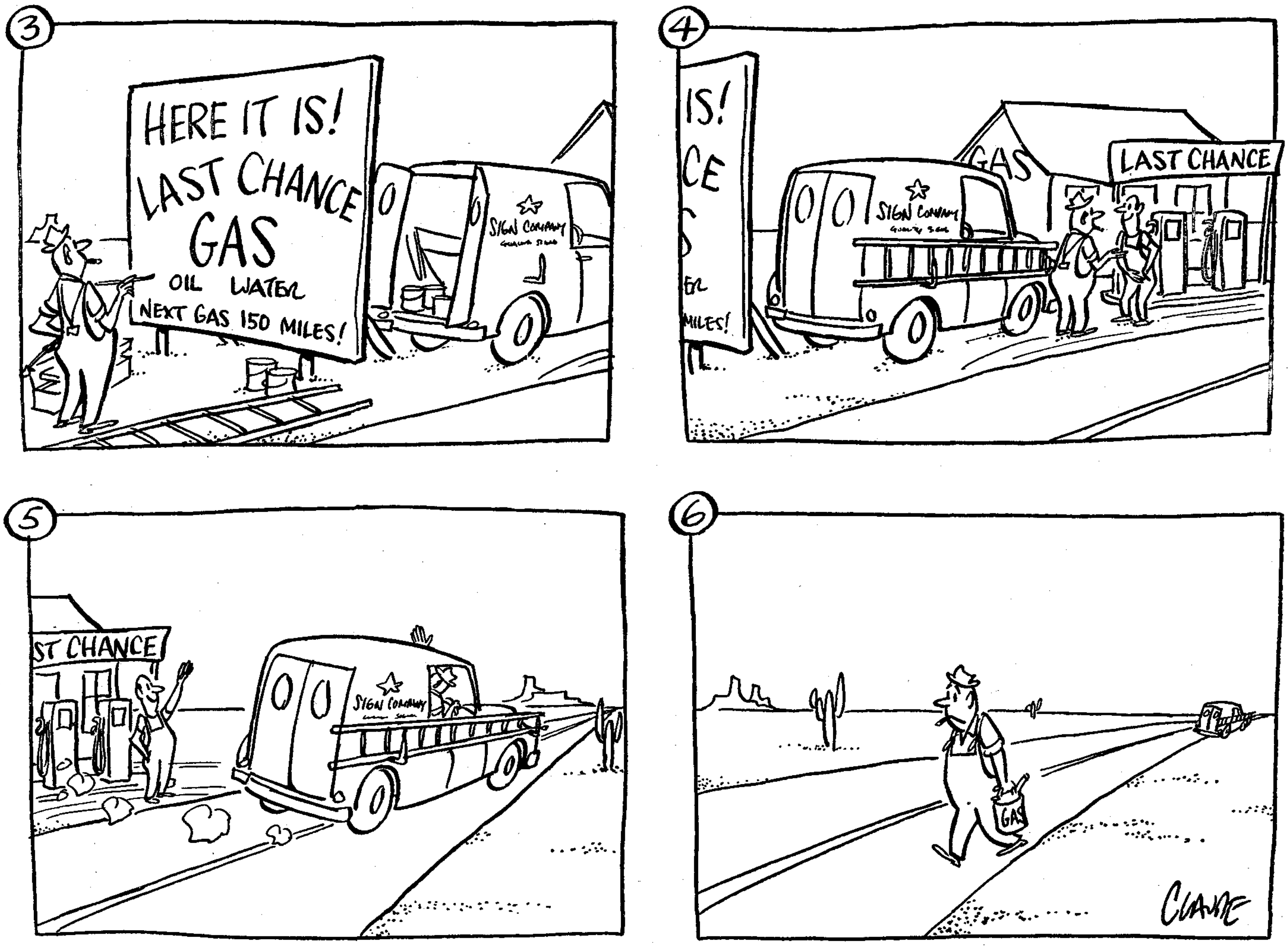
Mrs. Hansen opened the clasp of her large, elegant black bag to take out a handkerchief; the stack of letters that she always had with her—new ones arriving to take the place of the old with every airmail—lay exposed. Thin letters, fat letters, big envelopes, small ones; the torn edges of foreign stamps, the large sloping, and small crabbed hands of foreigners writing foreign tongues. The other woman looked down upon them like a tourist, curious, impersonally insolent, envious. "Of course," she said, "if I'd been the sort to run about a lot, I suppose it might have been different. I might have met someone really *congenial*. But there's my daughters. A mother's responsibility is never over, that's what I say. When they're little, it's little troubles. When they're grown up, it's big ones. They're all nicely married, thank God, but, you know, it's always something—one of them sick, or one of the grandchildren, bless them . . . I don't suppose you've got any children? Not even from your first, I mean?"

"No," said Mrs. Hansen. "No." And the lie, as always, came to her as a triumph against that arrogant boy (Old Fool persisted in thinking of him as a gentle-browed youth bent over a dachshund puppy, though he was a man of forty-five by now) whom truly she had made, as she had warned him she would, no son of hers. When the lie was said, it had the effect of leaving her breathless, as if she had just crowned a steep rise. Firmly and calmly, she leaned forward and poured herself a glass of water, as one who has deserved it.

"My, it does look fatty," the other woman was saying over the oxtail, which had just been placed before her. "My doctor'd have a fit if he knew I was eating this." But eat it she did, and the roast turkey that followed. Mrs. Hansen never knew whether or not her companion rounded off the meal with rhubarb pie (the woman had remarked, as she saw it carried past, that it looked soggy), because she herself had gone straight from turkey to coffee and, her meal finished, had excused herself before the other was through with the turkey course. Back in her compartment, she took off her toque at last and tied a gray chiffon scarf round her head. Then she took her red-and-gold Florentine-leather cigarette case from her bag and settled down to smoke her nightly cigarette while she waited for the man to come and convert her seat into the de-luxe bed Alfred had paid for in advance.

IT seemed to Mrs. Hansen that she did not sleep very well during the early part of the night, though she did not quite know what it was that made her restless. She was wakened several times—apparently by some noise that had ceased just before she was conscious enough to identify it. The third or fourth time this happened, she woke to silence and a sense of absolute cessation, as if the world had stopped turning. But it was only the train that had stopped. Mrs. Hansen lay and listened. They must be at some deserted siding in the small hours; there were no lights shining in through the shuttered window, no footsteps, no talk. The voice of a cricket, like a fingernail screeching over glass, sounded, providing, beyond the old woman's closed eyes and the closed shutters of the compartment, a landscape of grass, telephone poles, and night sky.

Suddenly, there was a terrific, reverberating jerk, as if the train had been given a violent push. All was still again. And in the stillness Mrs. Hansen became aware of groans coming from the other side of the partition against which she lay. The groans came, bumbling and nasal, through the wood and leather; they sounded like a dog with its head buried in a cushion, worrying at the feathers. Mrs. Hansen breathed out once, hard, in annoyance, and turned over; the greedy old pig, now



she was suffering agonies of indigestion—from that oxtail, of course. The groans continued at intervals. Once, there was a muffled tinkling sound, as if a spoon had been dropped. Mrs. Hansen lay tense with irritation, waiting for the train to move on and drown the woman's noise. At last, with a shake, which quickly settled into a fast clip, they were off again, lickety-lack, lickety-lack, past (Mrs. Hansen could imagine) the endless telephone poles, the dark grass, the black-coated cricket. Under the dialogue of the train she was an unwilling eavesdropper on the vulgar intimacies next door; then either the groans stopped or she fell asleep in spite of them, for she heard nothing till the steward woke her with the arrival of early-morning coffee.

Mrs. Hansen sponged herself, dressed, and had a quiet breakfast, undisturbed by anyone, in the dining car. The man sitting opposite her did not so much as ask her to pass the salt. She was back in her compartment, reading, when the conductor came in to take her ticket away, and, of course, she knew just where to lay her hand on it, in her bag. He leaned against the doorway while she got it out. "Hear what happened?" he said.

"What happened?" she said uncertainly, screwing up her face, because he spoke indistinctly, like most young South Africans.

"Next door," he said. "The lady next door, elderly lady. She died last night."

"She died? That woman died?" She stood up and questioned him closely, as if he were irresponsible.

"Yes," he said, checking her compartment number on his list. "The bed boy found her this morning, dead in her bed. She never answered when the steward came around with coffee, you see."

"My God," said Mrs. Hansen. "My God. So she died, eh?"

"Yes, lady." He held out his hand for her ticket; he had the tale to tell all up and down the train. With a gesture of futility, she gave it to him.

After he had gone, she sank down on the seat beside the window and watched the veld go by, the grasses streaming past in the sun like the long black tails of the widow birds that swung upon the fences in the wind. She had finished her paper and magazines. There was no sound but the sound of the hurrying train.

When they reached Johannesburg, Mrs. Hansen had all her luggage trimly closed and ready for the porter from the hotel at which she was going to stay. She left the station with him within five minutes of the train's arrival, and was gone before the doctor, officials, and, she supposed, newspaper reporters came to see the woman taken away from the compartment next door. What could I have said to them, she thought, pleased with her sensible escape. Could I tell them she died of greed? Better not to be mixed up in it.

And then she thought of something. Newspaper reporters. No doubt there would be a piece in the Cape papers tomorrow. The usual sort of headline: "ELDERLY WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN CAPE-JOHANNESBURG TRAIN." Of course, the woman's name and where she had lived would be published in the text below—or would they? It would be just like that woman to travel without the proper identification papers. And just for a moment, perhaps, someone might think . . . Who might, for in-

THE TRISTRAM PICNIC

The sky being blue, the air being sweet,
The prognostications favorable
(For so said Buttress as she set
The tea upon the bedside table),
Lady Tristram has decided
To accept the slice of sun provided
And take, for once in a long while,
A picnic in the English style.

She has chopped up sage and onions fine
And stuffed them in an Aylesbury duck,
The which, with lettuce, rolls, and wine,
Orange jelly, and eggs for luck,
She stuffs, in turn, into a hamper
With knives and napkins—all to pamper
The members of that curious species
Of human female known as nieces.

Then hamper, nieces, nephews too,
She finally packs into her chariot.
The coachman gets the *View-halloo!*
“Aunt Harriet has forgot the parrot,
But little else!” the nieces cry
As down the sunken lanes they fly
By gravels dappled green and blue
To reach the poetic rendezvous.

Now all you winds of south and west,
Run with your vacuum cleaners soon
To suck the greensward dry of dust
That Lady Tristram may sit down!
And all you trees like footmen stand,
A silver salver in each hand
Replete with cherries bunch on bunch
For Lady Tristram's picnic lunch!

You flowers that spring so carelessly,
Arrange yourselves in rows at once!
And all you birds upon the tree,
Practice more elegant antiphons;
Attempt to sing in tune at least
And peck away that little beast
Whose voice is breaking! All must go
That is not quite precisely “so.”

And you heavenly mansion-maids upstairs
That fall upon your knees to rub
The azure ballroom of the spheres,
Go careful with the washing tub
And do not spill the crystal slops
Lest any of the escaping drops
Should water down the *pleinairiste*
Delights of Lady Tristram's feast!

And when all's done, the duck is flown,
And wistful Lady Tristram lies
Full-length but gingerly upon
The sleepy grass and counts the flies,
And tries to count her precious nieces
Who are showing off their maiden paces
By races to the gramophone
(*So* difficult for the chaperone!),

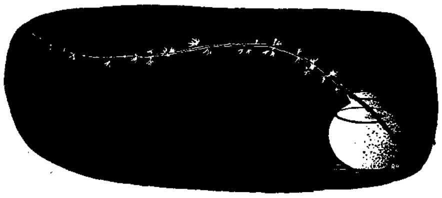
Be ready, all you blackberry bushes,
In case some subtler niece breaks through
And runs to you to hide her blushes
(And possibly a nephew, too);
Cling about her, breast and thigh,
Shield her from the telescope eye—
The parted lips, the tumbled hair,
And all her small disorder there!

Now in the west the lavender
Spokes of the evening gently twirl
As in the dusk the coach and pair
Along the misty byways hurl.
The horses sigh, the coachman dozes,
The sleepy children clutch their roses
And watch for home till, half awake,
They see its lights across the lake.

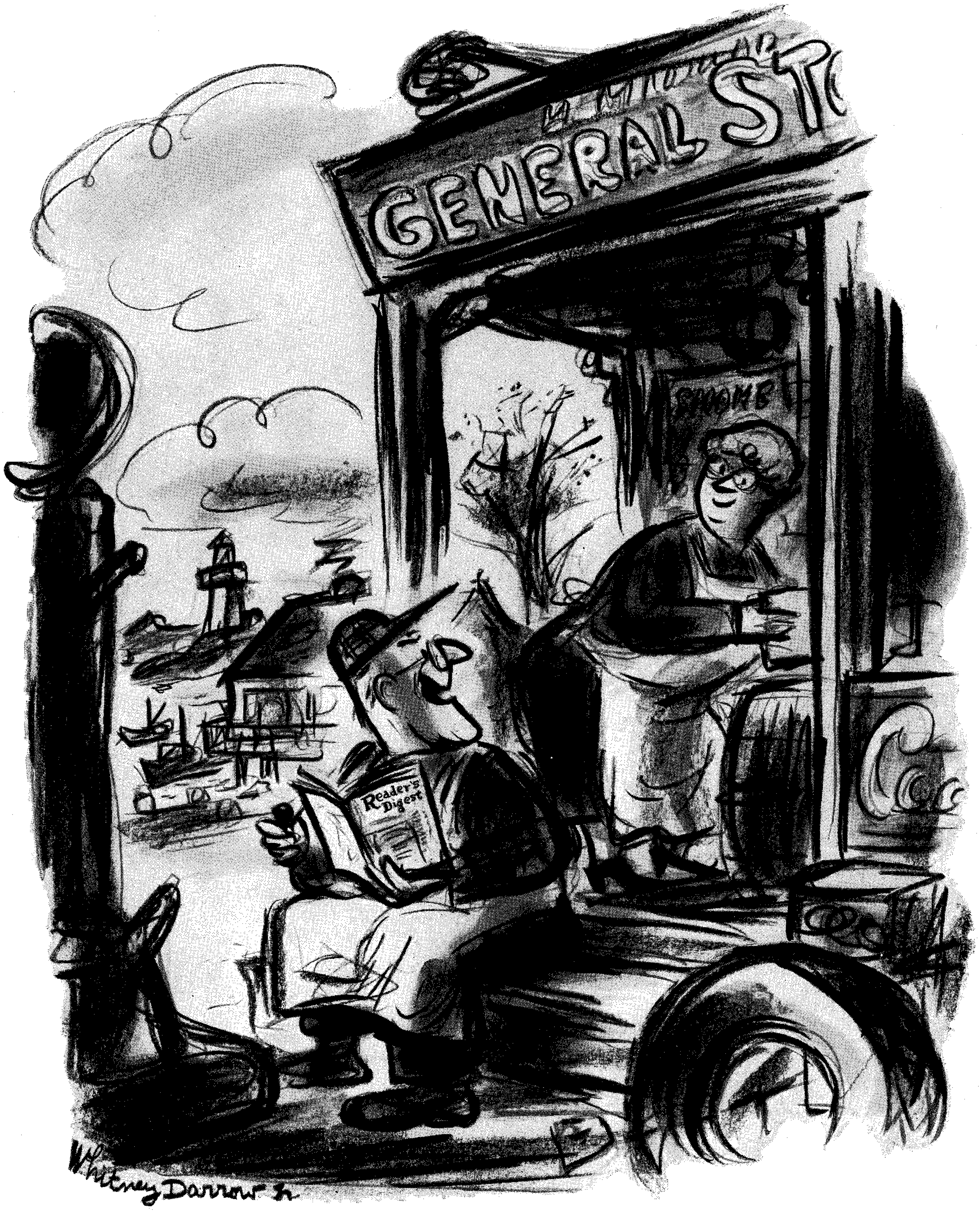
—HILARY CORKE

• •

stance? Well—Alfred. There was no one else. She had outlived all the others—outlived either their span or her need of them, which to her amounted to the same thing. Alfred. That devil, she thought with grudging pleasure. For ten years, they had watched each other in an equilibrium of mutual distrust, each keeping impeccably in his place, each waiting for the other to make the slip that would hand mastery to one of them. Alfred. If he did read the headline, and for that moment—ah, he'd get a shock to think that his joy-riding about in the car might have been cut short, that's all. Yet as soon as she had signed the register at the hotel, she asked for a telegraph form. She paused a moment, leaning on the marble-topped reception desk and looking out over the head of the clerk. Her eyes, which were still handsome, crinkled at the corners; her nostrils lifted; her mouth, which was still so shapely, because of her teeth, moved its sad corners slightly, in her reluctant, calculating smile. She printed Alfred's name and the address of the flat in Cape Town, and then wrote quickly, in the fine hand she had mastered more than sixty years ago, “It was not me. Clara Hansen.” No, that wouldn't do. Alfred would never understand her triumphant little joke. She tore the telegraph form into small pieces and dropped them into her handbag. The clerk behind the desk, who had been watching her solicitously, immediately handed her another form. She started to shake her head in refusal, but changed her mind and again printed Alfred's name and address, and then wrote, “Arrived safe. Comfortable journey. Clara Hansen.”



Closing her bag and gathering up her gloves, she said, “Please get this off immediately. They are expecting a message.” —NADINE GORDIMER


GENERAL STO
SMOKE
Reader's Digest
Whitney Darrow Jr.

"*Say, Martha, here's some good picturesque expressions to use on the summer people.*"

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

REVISITED

FRANCE: THE ROAD BACK TO PARIS—I

READING a French newspaper in a restaurant in Paris the other afternoon, I came upon a heading of a kind that would not ordinarily interest me—"Ventes de Charité." I had time to spare, however, having asked for my check while the waiter was skinning a *truite au bleu* for another customer, so I read the first item in the column. (After all, the waiter was quite right; the *truite*, if abandoned, would get cold, and the check wouldn't.) The item stated:

> The sale for the benefit of the Veterans of the 2nd Armored Division will open today in the salons of the Sorbonne (entrance: Rue des Ecoles). Presiding will be Mme. la Maréchale Leclerc de Hauteclocque, who will direct a booth devoted exclusively to souvenirs of the General. Numerous booths will be devoted to exotic products and artifacts. At the book booth, authors such as André Maurois and Louise de Vilmorin will autograph their works.

I divined without trouble that Mme. la Maréchale was the widow of General Leclerc, who had been made a Marshal of France after his death, in an airplane accident in Algeria, in 1947. Leclerc's name in obscurity, before he escaped to England to join General de Gaulle in 1940, had been de Hauteclocque—Philippe-François-Marie de Hauteclocque, to give him his full due. De Hauteclocque was a name that had marked him from school days as "*un aristo*." In England, taking a pseudonym to protect his family from reprisals, he had chosen a common French name, the exact equivalent of Clark. Changing from de Hauteclocque to Leclerc was like shucking tails for a sweatshirt. Once, in 1944, as a correspondent with the American First Army, I asked him what his real name was. It was an awkwardly worded question, because everybody knew by that time. All I really wanted was to verify the spelling; those two "c"s are tricky.

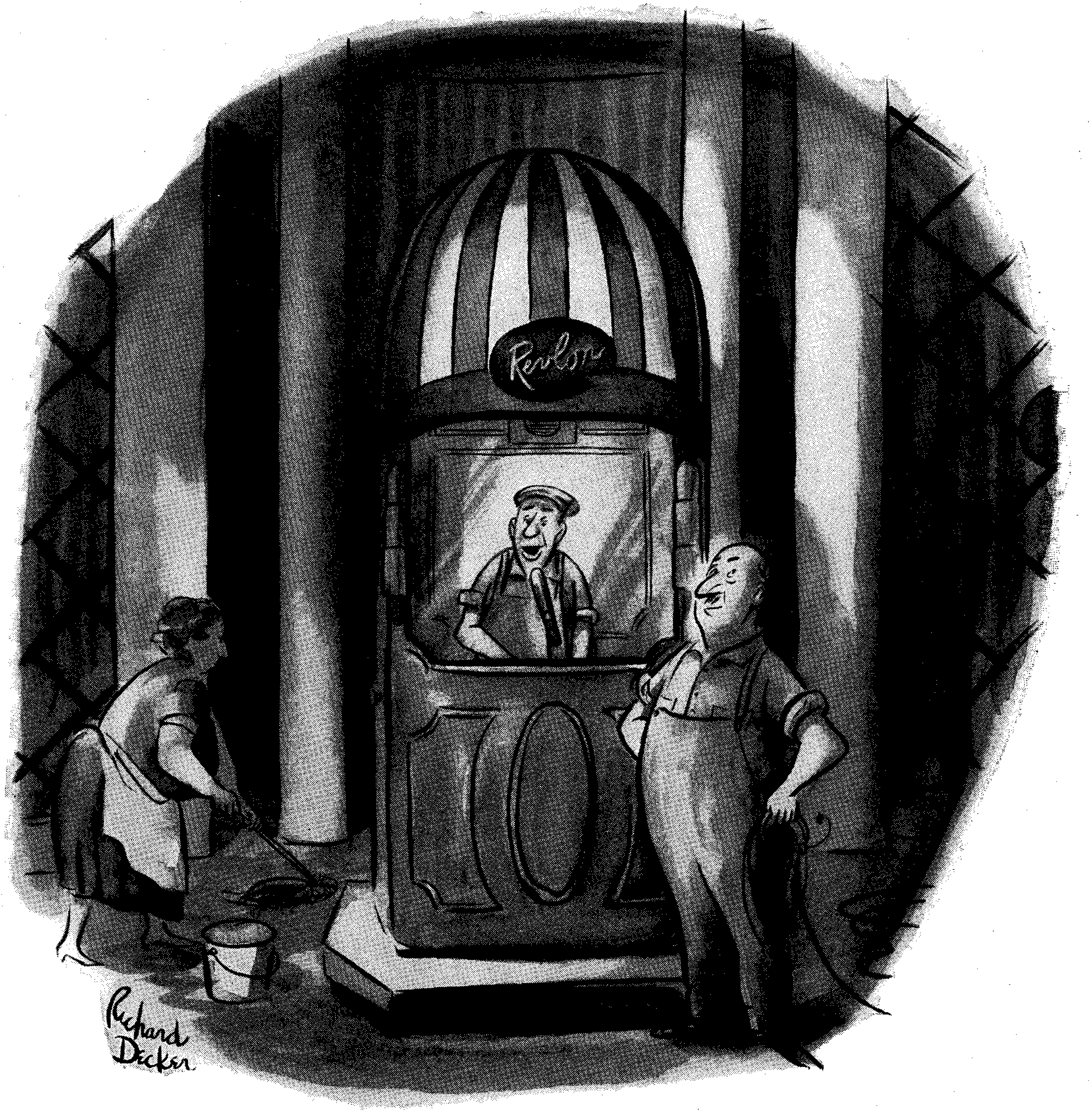
"What does my name matter as long as I fight?" he asked. He had been affable up to that point, or as affable as he knew how to be, but the question about the name seemed to nettle him. I thought that he was like the countless little boys who have wished, and have gone on wishing all their lives, that they hadn't been named Elwyn or Abbott.

We were in a field near Fleuré, in the Département de l'Orne, in Normandy, and all around us were vehicles that the Americans had supplied to the Deuxième Division Blindée, or D.D.B.—pronounced by the French as a single word, "Daydaybay." The Daydaybay was known to the American forces as the French 2nd Armored Division; there was an American 2nd Armored Division in western France, too. Fleuré, which is so small that if you are driving fast you are likely to miss it entirely, is near Argentan, which was then the southern jaw of the pincers that Bradley and Montgomery were trying to close on the escaping Visigoths of the Seventh Army and the Fifth Panzer Army. The Daydaybay, pushing out into the middle of the receding Germans, had joyfully managed to get itself surrounded and had killed a great many of the enemy before being called back to the American side of the gap. Leclerc, a red-haired little man with a long nose and a bristling red mustache, reminded me of an interrupted terrier that sniffs more rats under a barn door.

Like so many quests for simplicity, Leclerc's, I noted with regret while still awaiting the check for my meal, had ended only in further complication. As a surname, Leclerc de Hauteclocque is even more of a mouthful than de Hauteclocque. Moreover, I reflected, there is by now hardly a town in what became the Daydaybay's path across France—from the Cotentin to the Rhine—that is without its Avenue du Général Leclerc (in Paris it is the one that used to be the Avenue d'Orléans), a nomenclatural inaccuracy that is perpetuated because "Avenue du Maréchal Posthume Leclerc de Hauteclocque" just won't fit on a street sign.

Then, remembering a journey I had once made in attendance upon the Daydaybay, it occurred to me that I might as well go over to the Sorbonne and spend a few francs with my old fellow-travellers. I had nothing else in the world to do except go back to my hotel room and work, and I hate that. When I had at last been allowed to pay for my simple repast—a dozen oysters followed by a pair of thrushes roasted with juniper berries—I decided to walk to the Sorbonne in order to prolong my respite. I find it hard to deter

myself from walking in Paris, with or without a pretext. There was a time when I thought I might never walk in Paris again, for it had fallen under a spell that was supposed to last a thousand years, and now, I suppose, I walk its streets for reassurance.



"Testing! 'Patroon' was the name applied in early Colonial days to certain charter members of the Dutch West India Company. Hear me O.K., Joe?"

• •

FROM the restaurant, which is at the Fontaine Gaillon, I walked up the Rue Saint-Augustin and turned down the Rue de Richelieu, a narrow gulch of one-way, hornless traffic these days, where, if you step off the meagre sidewalk to let an old woman with a market basket pass, you risk silent obliteration by a motorized baby buggy magniloquently called an automobile. One of the unadvertised benefits of the law forbidding Parisians on wheels to sound their horns is the increased pleasure of the driver, who is now under mandate to sneak up without warning on his prey. This swells his *tableau de chasse*, or total bag. (The highest award of the Friendly League for the Ecrabouillement Piéton, or Squashing of Pedestrians, goes to the member who succeeds in killing a man with a motor scooter, which is considered comparable to getting an elephant with a bow and arrow.) I followed the street down past the discouraging baroque bulk of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the charming front of the Hôtel de Malte, which received its first guests in 1777. As I approached the Rue de Rivoli, I passed under the colonnade of the Comédie Française, with its wall medallions of Molière, Racine, and the rest, in a National Biscuit Company style of sculpture, and its yellow *affiches* announcing the casts of next week's "Cinna"s and "Athalie"s. Coming out from under the colonnade, I paused in front of a bust of Alfred de Musset to read again on its socle one of my favorite cheer-up bits of literature—

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus
beaux,
Et j'en sais d'immortels, qui sont des purs
sanglots—

which might be freely translated as

The most utterly lachrymose lyrics are
frequently good jobs,
And I could cite some deathless instances
that are unadulterated sobs.

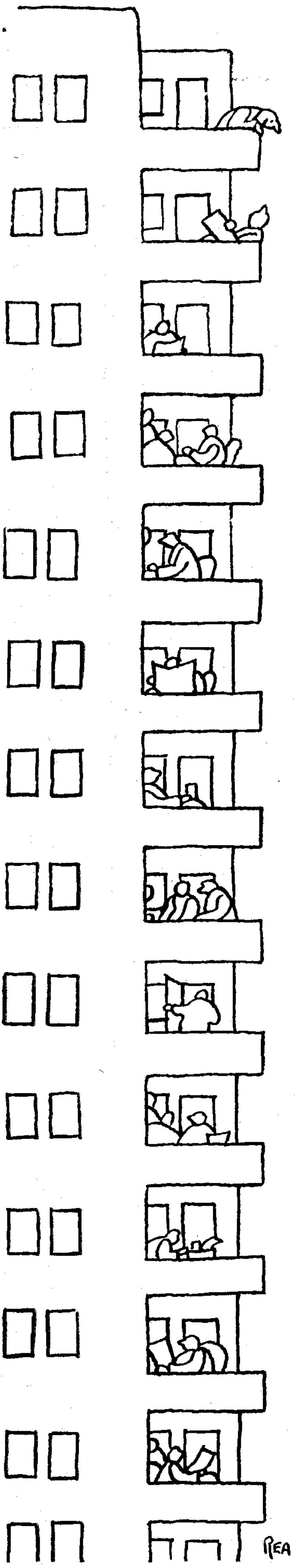
I repeat the couplet to myself when I am feeling low, and it works as well as three fingers of bourbon.

On reaching the Seine, I walked past the fishing-tackle shops and the bird stores to the Pont au Change, at the Châtelet, and then across the Ile de la Cité, past the Prefecture of Police, where the Paris police barricaded themselves against the German garrison and raised the tricolor on August 19, 1944, setting off the week of insurrection. When I got over on the Left Bank, I ascended the Boulevard Saint-Michel as far as the big, brassy Restaurant Dupont, at the corner of the Rue des Ecoles. The Dupont never fails to enrage me, because it occupies the disfigured former premises of the Taverne Soufflet, an establishment of majesty and tranquillity, which in 1926, when I first stayed in the Latin Quarter, as a casual student at the Sorbonne, was still the exact image of the French cafés Maupassant had taught me to expect.

In the Soufflet, the long banquettes

were upholstered in garnet plush, with backs topped by a manger of brass rails, into which the customers tossed their overcoats after crumpling them up into the smallest possible bundles. The tables in front of the banquettes had white marble tops and were placed end to end, with no space between. There were vast mirrors, which permitted refracted flirtation. The waiters were individualists who improved on acquaintance; they had little use for a newcomer until he had been in the Quarter long enough to achieve their own cultural standing. The girls who frequented the Soufflet did not frequent the Café d'Harcourt or the Source, farther up the Boulevard, nor did the demoiselles of the d'Harcourt or the Source invade the Soufflet. Each habitual customer at the Soufflet had his table, and each girl had hers. There she would arrive in midafternoon and begin to write on stationery furnished by the house. The girls were as prolific as a pack of Mme. de Sévignés, but none of them was ever seen affixing a postage stamp to an envelope. Perhaps they were diarists. Any one of them could nurse an infusion of peppermint through a long afternoon; it was the *consommation* that she felt the least temptation to finish, and so the one that enabled her to hold the franchise longest. Male acquaintances would pause by the girls' tables to shake hands, to chat, and, rarely, to stand treat. The girls knew the limitations of the academic budget. They snubbed nobody because he bought seldom. They were young, averaging only a year or two older than the students, and not particularly pretty.

The students in the cafés were exclusively male. A number of co-eds attended lectures, but they used no make-up, wore cotton stockings, took masses of notes, and disappeared as soon as class was over. They went straight home, I imagine, or else to a room in some dark and hideous *pension de famille*, with a window giving on a court into which boys threw lynched cats. I used to suspect that in order to win their parents' consent to such unwomanly careers the co-eds had to make a show of being completely uninterested in sex, like nuns, and that in default of a habit they utilized steel barrettes and straight hair. Nowadays, there are almost as many *étudiantes* as *étudiants* in the cafés of the Quarter—a lot of them married and living with their husbands, and others still single but living *en ménage*. The *petites femmes* of the kind I remember, a species peculiar to the environs of the university, have been eliminated, like the Soufflet.

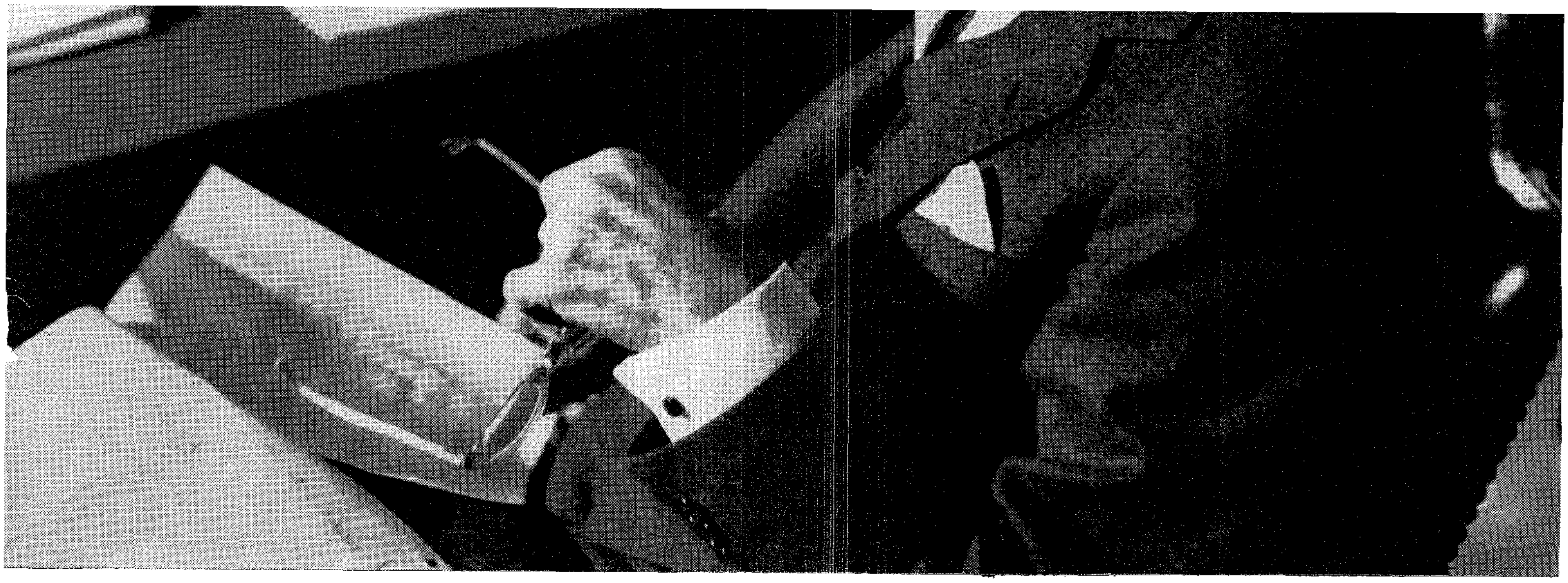


"It's a gorgeous sunset. Pass it on."

Many of the women students today are prettier than the Soufflet girls, but they are more intimidating.

"Ce n'était pas vraiment du vice," a very old friend of mine who still inhabits the Quarter said recently, reminiscing. *"C'était une espèce d'artisanat."* From the point of view of the bashful foreigner, one advantage of the *petite* who could always be found in the same place was that he could observe her at leisure—for several evenings, if he chose. He might learn to like the way she looked up to greet fellows she knew, or the way her head sat on her neck or her neck on her shoulders. That would achieve what Stendhal baptized the "crystallization." By the time the young man approached a *petite*, he felt that he knew her as well as he knew the girls in his high-school class, whom he had first observed in the same manner. He would find her receptive but not precipitate, practical but not rapacious. The greatest treat he could offer, within what the boys on the quarterlies would now call the Soufflet's frame of reference, was the *prix-fixe* dinner on the wide balcony that overhung the *grande salle*. (It was not reasonable to assume that a customer who could afford better would be at the Soufflet at all.) The *prix fixe* did more than nourish the girl; it raised her standing with the management and with her other male acquaintances. Best of all, it infuriated her colleagues who had not been invited anywhere and who bitterly watched her as they masticated the sandwiches that hunger had at length impelled them to order grudgingly for themselves. The *prix fixe*, at sixteen francs, comprised a choice of soup or a spectacular *hors d'œuvre varié* and then fish, entrée, vegetable, salad, and cheese and fruit or dessert. Wine was included, but coffee wasn't. The franc was twenty-five to the dollar.

I cannot truthfully say that I think of all these details specifically whenever I see the Restaurant Dupont on the site of the Taverne Soufflet, but I have thought about one or another of them so often on reaching that corner that the memory of the whole scene hits me ready-blended, like a smell. As for the Dupont, it is one of a chain of restaurants, all flaunting the disputable slogan "Chez Dupont, Tout Est Bon." It has fluorescent lighting overhead and electric lamps, with candy-striped shades, on wall brackets. The walls are further decorated with posters displaying offensive colored photographs of fried eggs and blobs of pink ice cream and conveying such inspirational mes-



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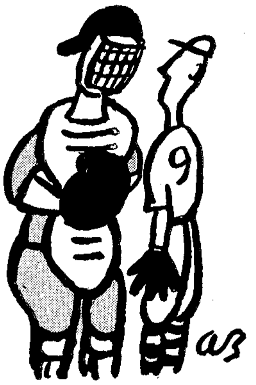
sages from the management as "Eat Oysters—Good for Your Health" and "The Management insists upon impeccable courtesy and compliance on the part of its employees—Messieurs les Clients are urgently recommended to report with exactitude any infraction of servility." The Dupont waiters, naturally, pay no attention to the latter poster, but they tolerate it. Those of the old Soufflet would have ripped it from the wall and made Messieurs les Clients eat it.

In front of the Dupont, I paused to look across the Boulevard Saint-Michel at the *pâtisserie* in the building that, shaped like a flatiron, stands where the Rue Racine and the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine converge. The *pâtisserie*, which used to be open all night, closes early now, but it is still there, and that is something. Above the bargain bookstore in the acute angle the Rue Racine makes with the Boulevard is the Hôtel de la Faculté, where, in the fall of 1927, I last saw Angèle, one of the pleasantest girls at the Soufflet. Angèle was twenty years old and chunky, and she had a snub nose. On this occasion, she complained of having a fever and said she was going to die. Three or four of us from the Soufflet, sitting on her bed, assured her that she would be up and around in a few days. Shortly thereafter she died, and since then I have wondered sometimes what a girl with a snub nose has to do to be taken seriously. In the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, from which the Medical School has departed, is a plaque marking the birthplace of Sarah Bernhardt, who made hundreds of thousands of people cry by merely pretending to die. She had the profile for it.

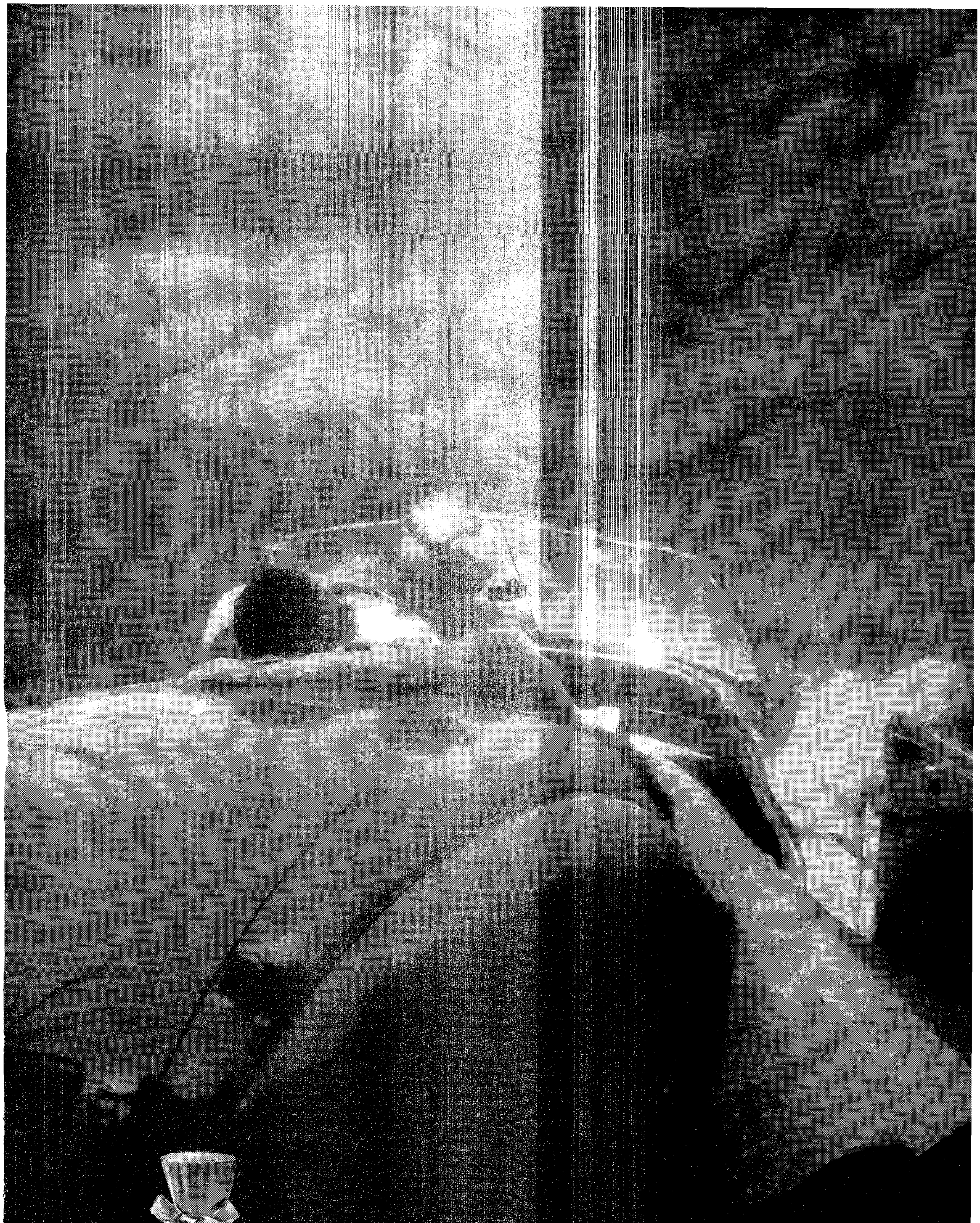


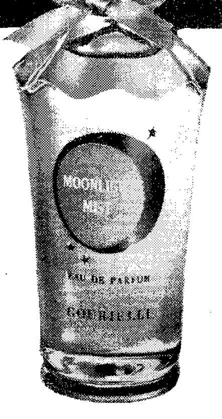
WHEN I had had my look, I turned, entered the Rue des Ecoles, and walked on, past the entrance to the narrow Rue Champollion and past the Brasserie Balzar, another surviving landmark. Outside the Sorbonne I saw posters bearing the emblem of the Daydaybay—a white silhouette map of France with the Cross of Lorraine on a blue field superimposed. A blue banner hung above the door, and on the wide steps in front of it there was a double stream of well-dressed people, some making for the entrance and the others leaving it. Those going in were empty-handed; those coming out carried amateurishly wrapped packages. Inside the door, I found myself in the high marble vestibule at the foot of the Grand Escalier of the Sorbonne, a place I hadn't been in for nearly thirty years. It looked just about the same.

In 1926, all an American needed in order to matriculate at the Sorbonne was a diploma from an American university. The old fellow who took your minuscule matriculation fee wouldn't even make you unroll the diploma. "Ahbay?" he would ask, signifying Bachelor of Arts, and if you said "Ahbay," he would nod knowingly and extend to you the privilege of listening to the big-league medievalists. (At least, that was the privilege I was interested in.) Ahbay was the only American degree the old boy had heard of, and it served no useful purpose to open your diploma and explain that it was Bay anything else.

M. Ferdinand Lot, the professor who in those days taught the Dawn of the Middle Ages, gave out a bibliography as long as my two arms. When I went to the library to get started on it, I saw a considerable number of my fellow-students—who, unlike me, were working for degrees—standing in line and waiting for books that other students were reading, several of them sitting on the floor, for lack of seats. This made me feel guilty, so I bought some of the books from dealers and took them to my room to read, and soon I stopped going to Professor Lot's lectures. I was afraid of being found out as a dilettante. Another of my lecturers was Professor Antoine Thomas, who taught Old Provençal. I remember that he had a spade-shaped white beard and that he accused Professor Anglade, of the University of Toulouse, his rival in their common field, of approaching the origin of a verb I have forgotten "*avec sa légèreté coutumière*" ("with his habitual frivolity"). What an epithet can be derived from that—"Frivolous philologist!" For thirty years I have been waiting for a chance to use it, but every time I get into an argument with a savant he turns out to be of some other persuasion—a psychologist, perhaps, or a podiatrist. The neck my coup de grâce would fit has never presented itself.

When I had whiffed all these matters, in the same manner that I had my memories of the Soufflet, I climbed a





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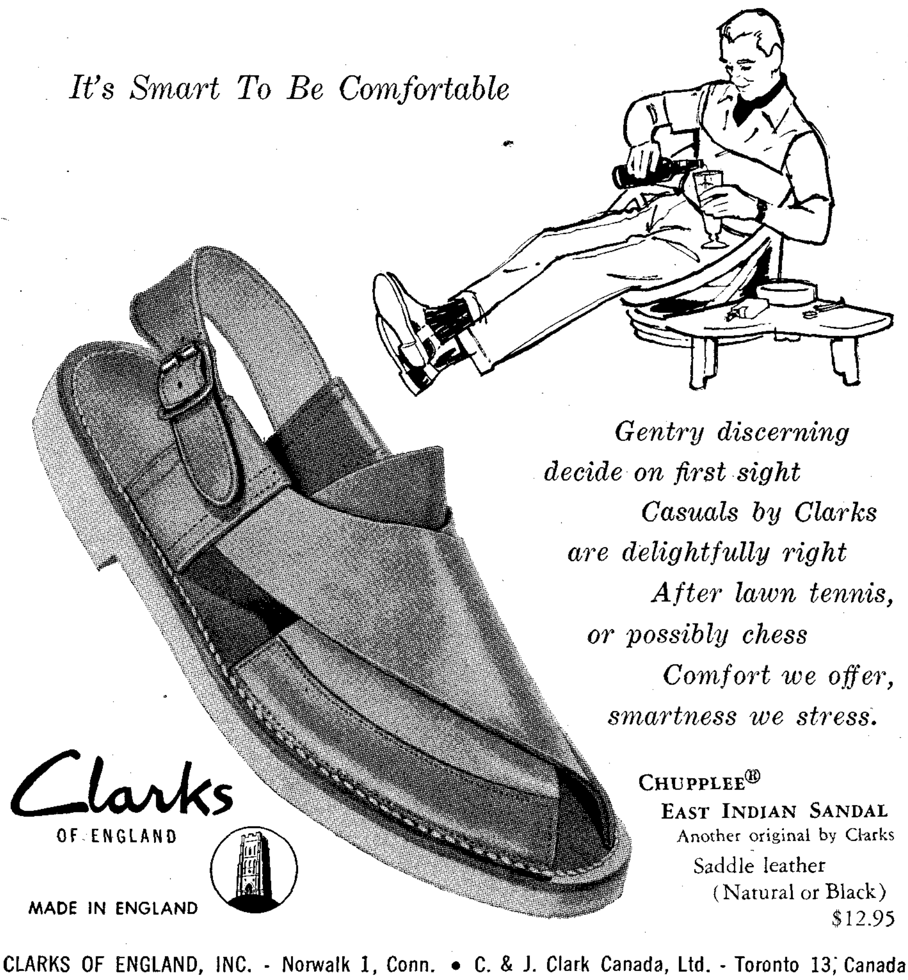
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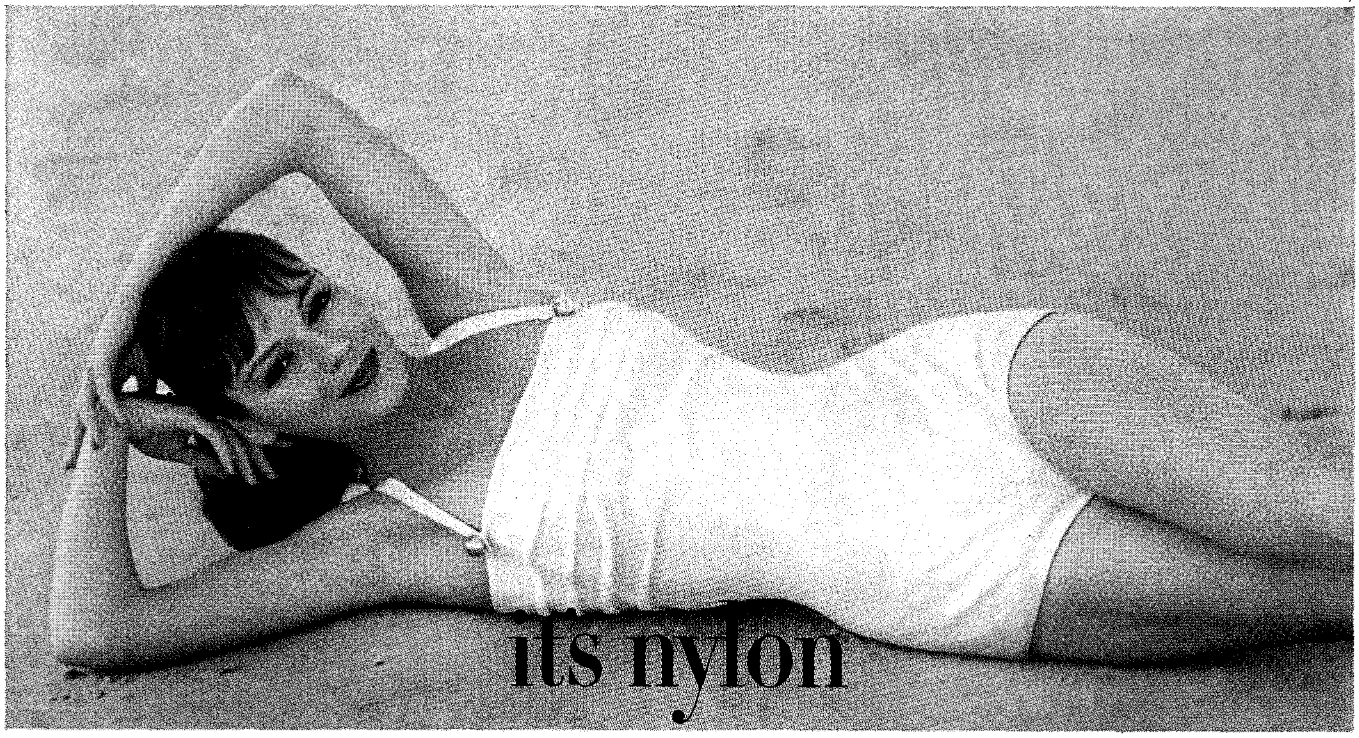
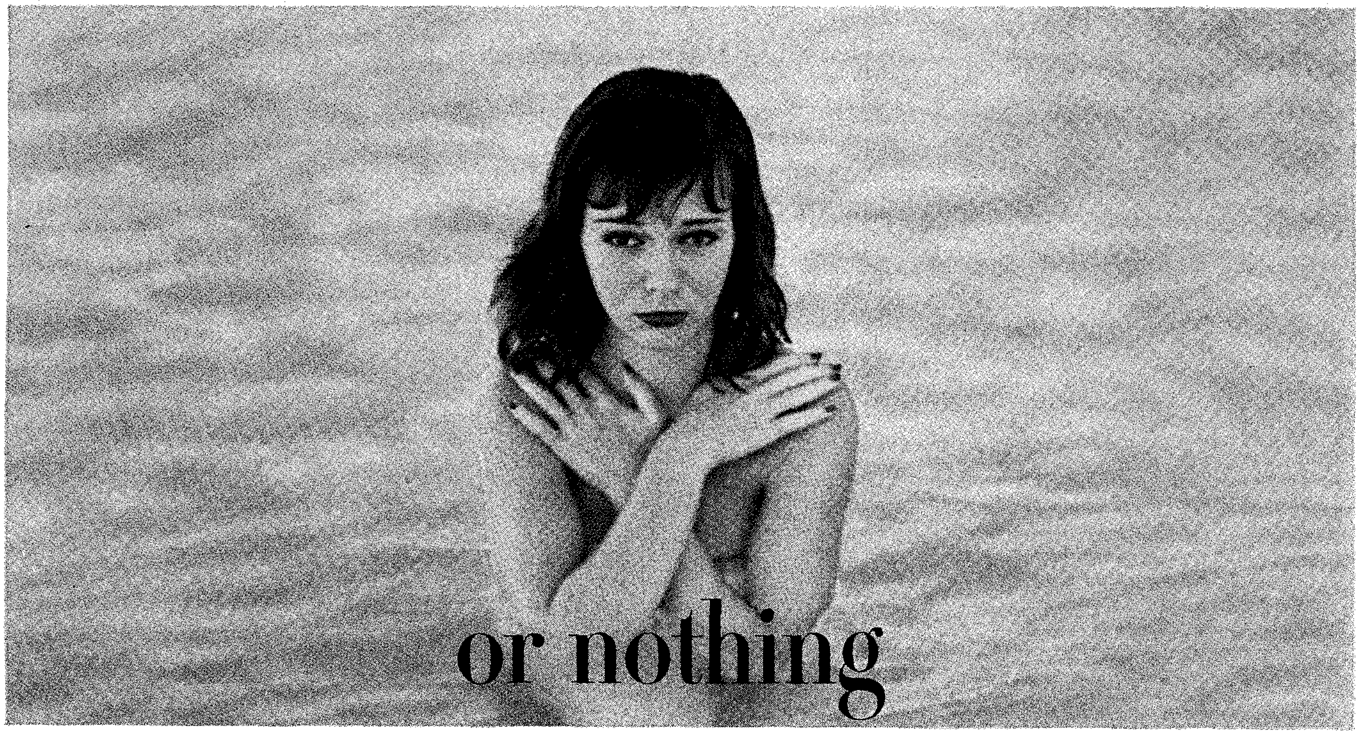
flight of white marble stairs that leads off to the left of the Grand Escalier and takes one to the salons where the charity sale for the benefit of the Daydaybay was being held. The salons of the Sorbonne are a set of high-ceilinged rooms, each about forty feet by sixty, arranged *en suite* for exhibitions and academic receptions. Outside the entrance to the sale, I perused a panel listing the maids and matrons who were serving at various booths and counters. A high proportion of the names were *en courants d'air*—spread out in bits, with drafts through them—like Leclerc de Hauteclocque. I could see that Mme. la Maréchale had built up a social cachet for the Daydaybay in the years following the General's death. I observed none of the Corsican, Mussulman, and Jewish names that had been so common in the ranks. Nearly every counter—toys, comestibles, books, perfumes, yard goods, flowers—was garrisoned by women with horse-cavalry surnames, usually a promise of a high standard of good looks.

Inside, I made a clockwise tour of the counters, and bought a book, entitled "Leclerc et Ses Hommes" and illustrated in color, from its tall and distinguished-looking author, identified by a card on the table in front of him as Pierre Nord. I told M. Nord that I had accompanied the Daydaybay into Paris on August 25, 1944, the day of the Liberation. M. Nord informed me that he was a colonel in the Regular Army, and that Nord was a nom de plume. He is not the sort of author who dismisses customers with a mere signature, and after a moment of thought he wrote in my book, "In homage to a sincere fraternity of arms, to the American friend and war correspondent of our difficult years. Faithfully, Pierre Nord (Colonel Brouillard)." It made me inflate my chest, and I went and bought a flask of white pepper, a carton of matches, and a can of pineapple, each from a different pretty girl. The salons were crowded, and the warm air, heavy with the evaporation of samples at the perfume counter, made me sweat; I took off my hat, which happened to be what elegant Londoners call a titfer (tit fer tat, bowler hat) and the French a *melon*. Try, sometime, taking off a hard hat, holding it, and wiping your brow with a handkerchief while grasping a book and a flask of white pepper in one hand and a can of pineapple and a carton of matches in the other. Of course, the dicer fell to the floor, where it rolled between a woman's feet. In attempting because I want my swimsuit to have (and to hold) a magnificent shape...





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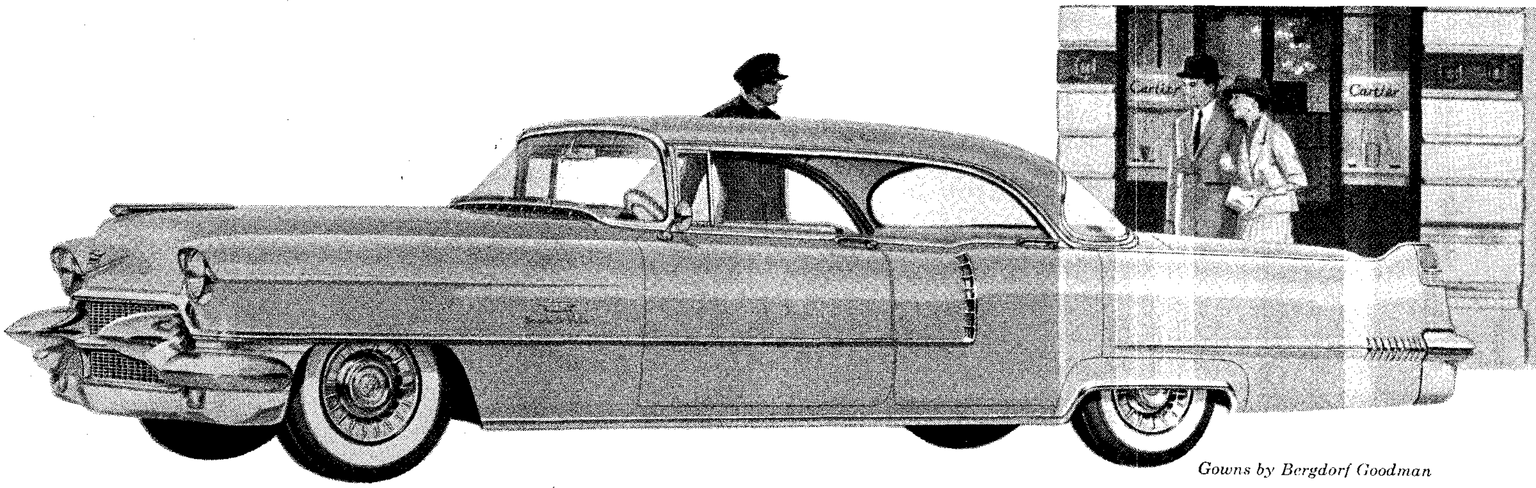

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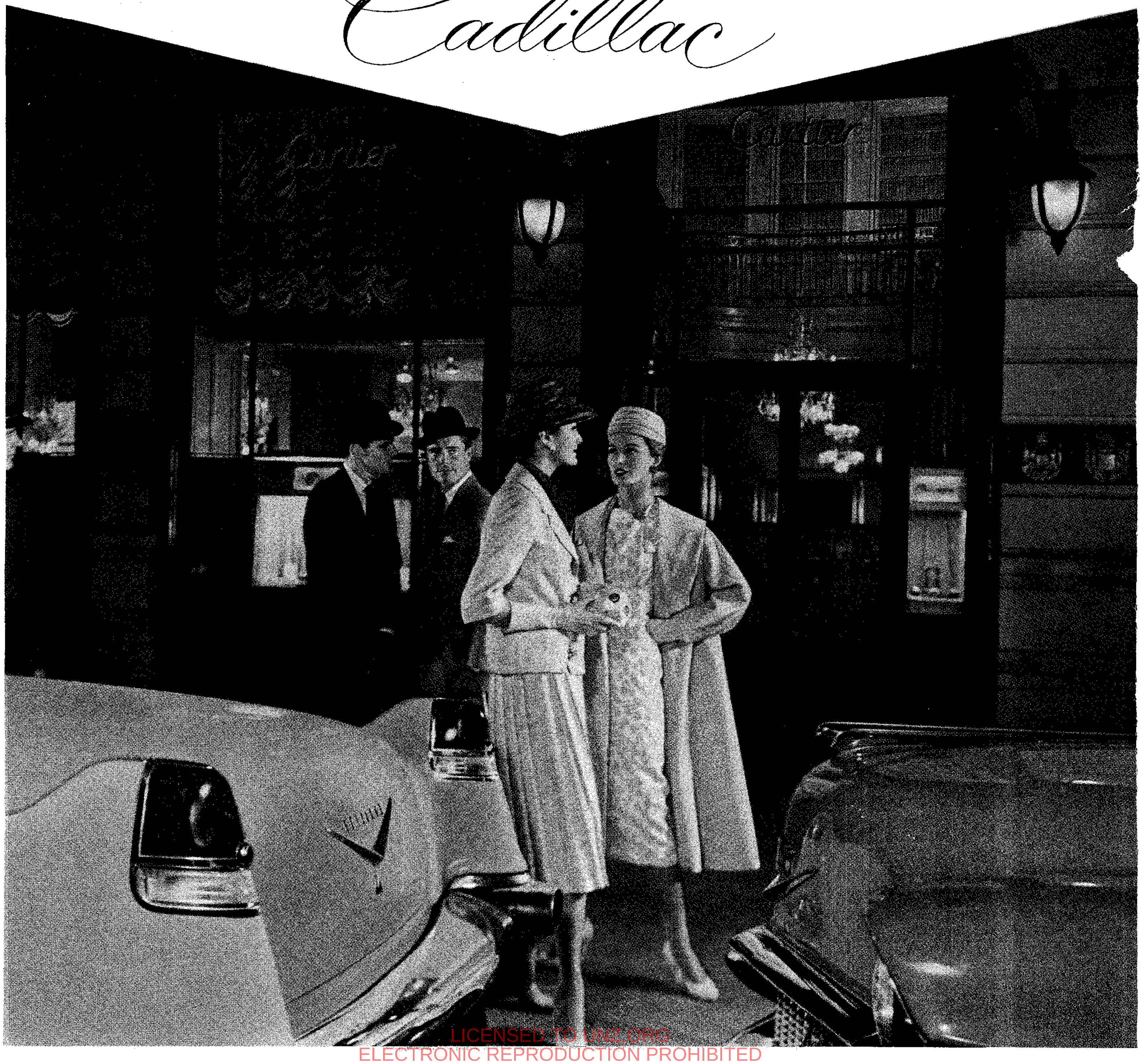
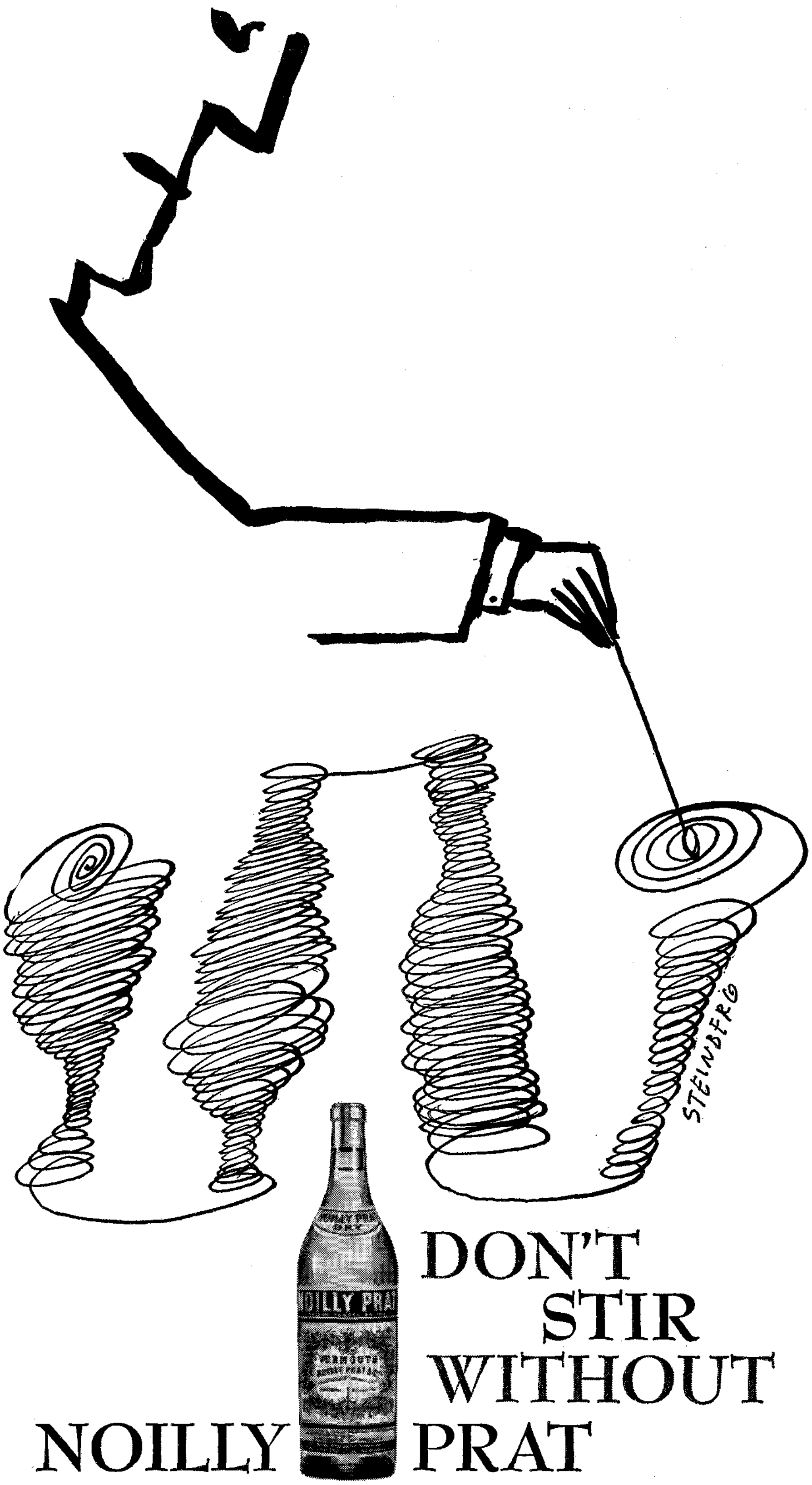


to get to it, I bumped into her. "*Polisson!*" she said firmly.

The situation was saved by a one-legged chap on crutches, who swung down like a bird from a perch and retrieved my hat for me. He was selling copies of a publication entitled *L'Amicale Sportive des Mutilés de France.* I bought one, and asked if he had been with the division at the Liberation. "No, Monsieur," he said apologetically. "I joined up after the division got here. I was wounded in front of Strasbourg." He was embarrassed at not having lost his leg soon enough.

I had somehow had an idea that the benefit would be like the reunion of an American division, with a lot of old noncoms lined up at a bar to exchange lies, and, as a possible French variant, a continuous raffle for ducks and geese. But the *vente* for the Daydaybay was exactly like a *vente* for any other charity that has excellent social sponsorship. Except for a number of amputees selling *L'Amicale Sportive,* there was nobody present who looked to me like a former noncom or enlisted man. That is probably the way a charity sale should be in order to turn a profit for good works, but it did not correspond with my recollections of hot roads, dead Germans, and cheering crowds. I therefore descended the white marble stairs, carefully reënthroning my titfer when I got beyond jostling range, and walked over to a place called L'Alsace à Paris, a few blocks away, which has nothing in particular to recommend it except that the proprietor, Robert, used to be the *patron* of the Taverne Soufflet. The waiters, who are not Alsatians, wear red waistcoats, as in all Paris Alsaces; the prices are fairly stiff and there are no little women. "This is a more serious affair than the old place," M. Robert says. He still has the same students among his clientele—students of the twenties, grown into bald dentists and sedate *avocats.* I ordered a *formidable,* which is a litre of beer in a stone mug, and, while rehydrating, reviewed the recollections that my late experience did not correspond with.

ON Monday evening, August 21, 1944, I attended a press conference that was addressed by the then Lieutenant General Omar Nelson Bradley at Laval, a town in the Département de la Mayenne, in western France. General Bradley, whose infrequent lectures I had been following with rapt attention ever since he took over II Corps in North Africa, in April, 1943, had in sixteen months



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progressed from the command of a corps through that of an army (the First) to that of an army group (the Twelfth), but his manner—benevolent, pedagogical, and slightly apologetic—had not changed. A month before the Laval press conference, I had listened to him in a shed behind a farmhouse at Vouilly, in Normandy, as he outlined to correspondents the plan for the First Army's new offensive. He had said then that he might be sticking his neck out in predicting that the venture would get anywhere at all, and that his face would indeed be red if it didn't. Before that, I had heard him at Béja, in Tunisia, explaining how he was going to try to take Bizerte, and then in Bryanston Square, London, offering his opinion, take it for what it was worth, that we would get ashore in France. At Laval, everybody knew that the most recent effort, like the ones previously adumbrated by the General, had come off nicely. It had been set back a couple of days by rain and had then wheezed a bit when the most impressive assemblage of air power ever up to then on view outside a Howard Hughes production flew over from England and, getting mixed up, dropped a lot of its bombs on the American 30th Division instead of on the Germans, just beyond. But, once under way, the offensive had discombobulated all the German defensive arrangements in the West and had changed the war of position into one of pursuit, with the First, now confided to Hodges, sweeping north behind the German Seventh Army and Fifth Panzer Army and joining the British, Canadians, and Poles in a grand *battue* of fugitives at the Argentan-Falaise escape gap while Patton's newly activated Third, subcutaneously injected into the Hitlerian *corpus morbosum*, dashed southwest and then east.

As Group commander, Bradley controlled both the First and the Third, and he had selected Laval as the headquarters of the moment because it was approximately behind the point where the zones of the two armies overlapped. Laval was a good long jeep ride from First Army Headquarters and press camp, at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, in central Normandy. It was equally far, I suppose, from Third Army Headquarters, although I have no idea where the Third was. (To judge by the telling of it by Third Army correspondents, its advance elements were already on the outskirts of Vienna, but you couldn't believe everything those fellows said.) As the conference wouldn't be over until after dark and none of us First Army correspondents wanted to ride any farther than we had to on a road full of blacked-out trucks and tanks, my colleagues had entrusted me with the mission of reserving promising billets for them in hotels and inns along the way back to Bagnoles-de-l'Orne. I had done that, saving for an officer friend—Lieutenant Roy Chitterling—and myself accommodations in a small town called Ernée, whose hotel looked too comfortable to tell the others about.

It was the most cheerful briefing I had yet attended. Tall, bespectacled, and Missouri-speaking, Bradley had the pleased look of a Sunday-school superintendent announcing that the cake sale had brought in eleven dollars and fifty cents more than anticipated. The German Seventh Army was in a satisfactory state of disintegration, he said, although "annihilation" might be too rosy a term to use in describing it yet, since a number of its men, abandoning their equipment, had made their way out through the gap. A part of our First had crossed the Seine between Mantes and Vernon, northwest of Paris, and the Third was hooking around Melun, south of Paris. We all knew there had been an American landing in the south of France on August 15th, and we assumed that up north Montgomery's Britons and Canadians were barrelling along at last. They constituted the Twenty-first Army Group, and Bradley's briefing did not cover them.

The General said, with a smile, that he knew what we all wanted to find out was when did we get to Paris. Well, the important thing was to destroy the German armies, and the next after that was to secure Paris as nearly intact as possible. So we would just hook around Paris, north and south, he said, and the German garrison would probably pull out to avoid capture, since, with Americans across the Seine both above and below the city, it would have no military usefulness, as the Germans were sure to see. A Third Army correspondent said that General Patton had bet him five dollars the Third would be in Paris before the First, and General Bradley remarked that he might just take it into his head to tell General Patton to go someplace else. First Army people present regarded this as a good omen. One thing we could be sure of, Bradley said—we weren't going to make a rush for Paris.

Bradley has what psychiatrists call a therapeutic personality. We all shook hands with him after the briefing, like members of a congregation shaking

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hands with their minister, and one of the First Army correspondents said, "General, I'm always glad to see you, because you always make me feel good." Then Chitterling and I got on the road at the head of our motorcade, and started dropping jeeps off a couple at a time—each jeep containing three or four correspondents and a driver—as we came to the various *auberges* in which we had booked rooms. After we had dropped the last one, we pushed on to Ernée. Since General Bradley had assured us that there was no hurry about Paris, Chitterling and I played hooky the next day, pursuing some projects that failed to pan out, and did not get back to Bagnoles until Wednesday. There seemed to be no reason for haste; from a journalistic point of view, the war was marking time. You could drive in a jeep all day without finding any rational German resistance, although you might run into a band of vindictive fugitives and so get yourself shot. Or you might find isolated groups shooting away their stocks of ammunition because their commanding officers had listened to too much Wagner, like the drunken *Kommandant* of the fort at Saint-Malo, who had made a senseless four-day stand against an all-out barrage and had then capitulated, contrary to the orders of the Führer. But such episodes were anodyne after the events of the breakthrough; the next big story coming up was the redemption of Paris, which the General had told us wouldn't occur immediately. It would be the biggest story of all for me, because I had left the city on June 10, 1940, when crowds of would-be refugees were overflowing into the streets around the railway stations. In my mind, the war would pretty well end with the road back to Paris. The rest would be epilogue.

I was bowled over, therefore, when, on returning to the press camp Wednesday afternoon, Chitterling and I found that it had been deserted by the other correspondents. Bagnoles-de-l'Orne is a summer resort of the most grisly vintage and variety, encumbered with great clapboard-and-stucco hotels of the early days of the Third Republic. The hotels are built around shallow lakes, which, while the press camp was there, at least, were so choked with the stems and leaves of water lilies that they were no good for swimming. I believe that when the place is operating normally, the guests at the hotels partake of purgative waters and talk about their insides, but by the time the First Army reached the town, in

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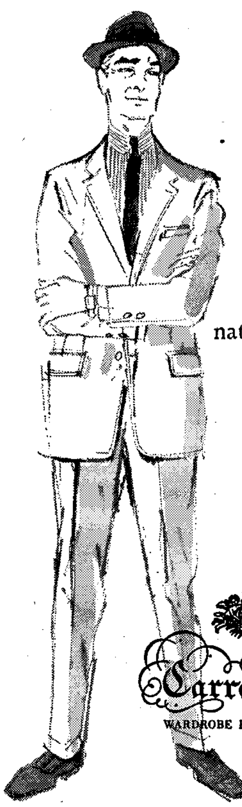

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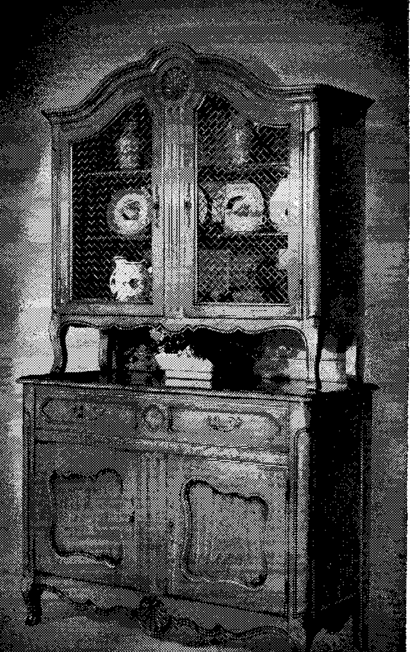

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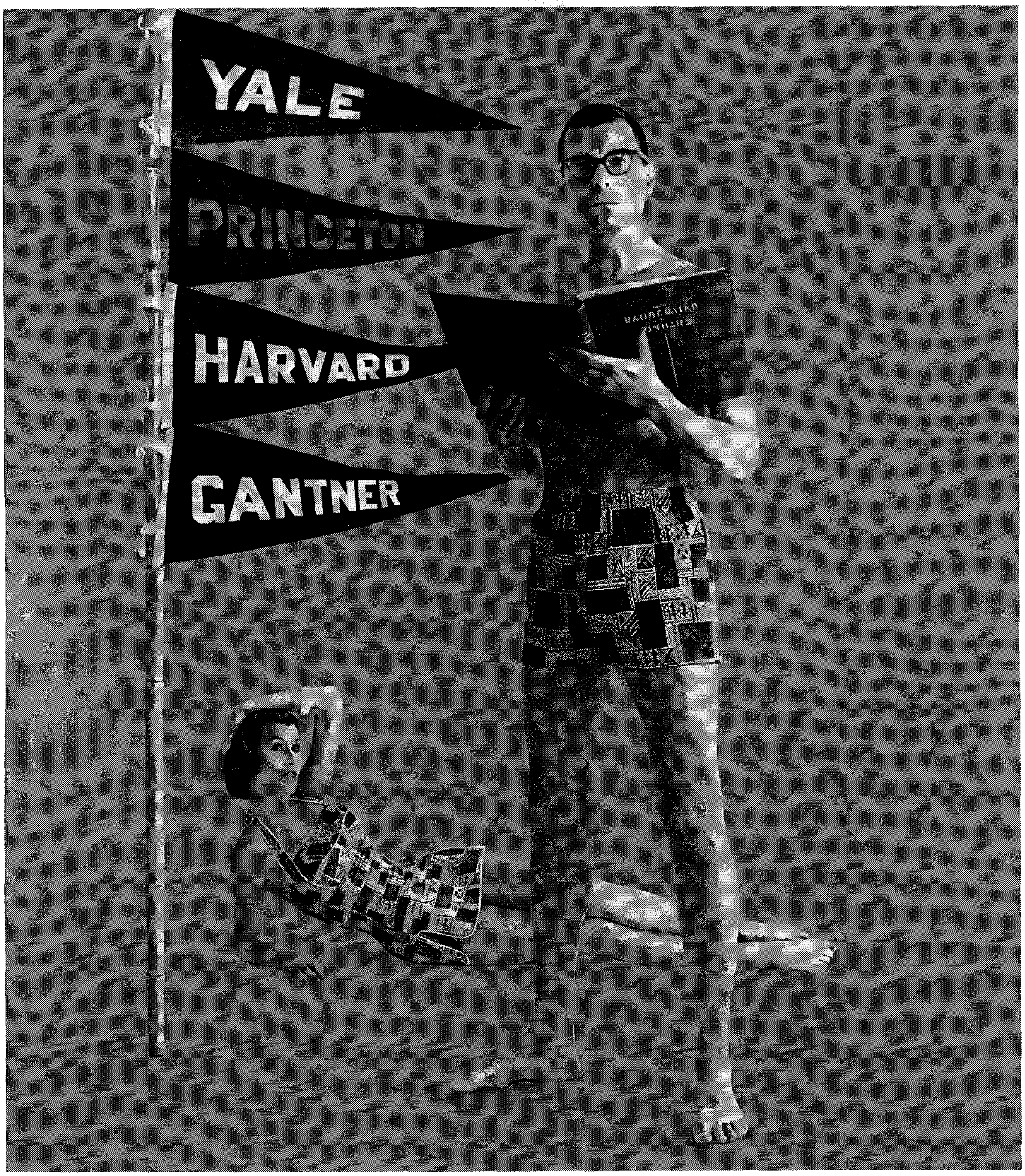

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the summer of 1944, the hotels had been abandoned, and we roosted in them, doubly depressed by the lack of running water because the bathtubs reminded us of comforts we had almost forgotten.

Now only a few of the officers and enlisted men in the press-relations detachment were still around, and they were packing. In a few minutes, they informed Chitterling and me, they would be off for Paris, where they were to set up a new press headquarters in the Hôtel Scribe, near the Opéra. All my fellow-correspondents, they further related, were probably there already. What had happened, we gathered, was that the forces of the Resistance had unexpectedly risen in Paris and thrown the Germans out. They had then sent a messenger to Bradley asking him to come in fast and save them from the kind of revenge the Germans were currently visiting on Warsaw. The road to Paris was clear. The messenger had arrived in Laval after we left, and the General had revised all his thinking about Paris. I was consequently in a fair way to being scooped on the story I had been looking forward to for four years, two months, and thirteen days. As for Chitterling, my fellow-sybarite, he not only had missed the takeoff but was in Dutch with his superior officers.

I ran upstairs to the room I had shared with another correspondent, grabbed my sleeping bag off the floor, tied up all my junk in it, and came down demanding instant transportation to Paris. Chitterling would have been glad to take me, but, being in the doghouse, he had already been condemned to some menial task like checking the inventory of bales of carbon paper. There was, however, a young first lieutenant named Jack Roach, formerly a press-association reporter in Philadelphia, who controlled, on a provisional basis, a magnificent conveyance—a Chevrolet touring car built in Belgium before the war. It had been liberated from the Germans, and somehow or other Roach had got it. I can't for the life of me remember who was in command of the rear echelon of First Army Public Relations, which was rapidly dwindling as its officers, in order of seniority, provided themselves with missions to Paris. The command may have got down as far as Roach himself by that time.

AT any rate, Roach and I took the Chevrolet and set out for La Ville Lumière, figuring we ought to hit it that evening if the roads ahead were as clear as had been rumored. That, I

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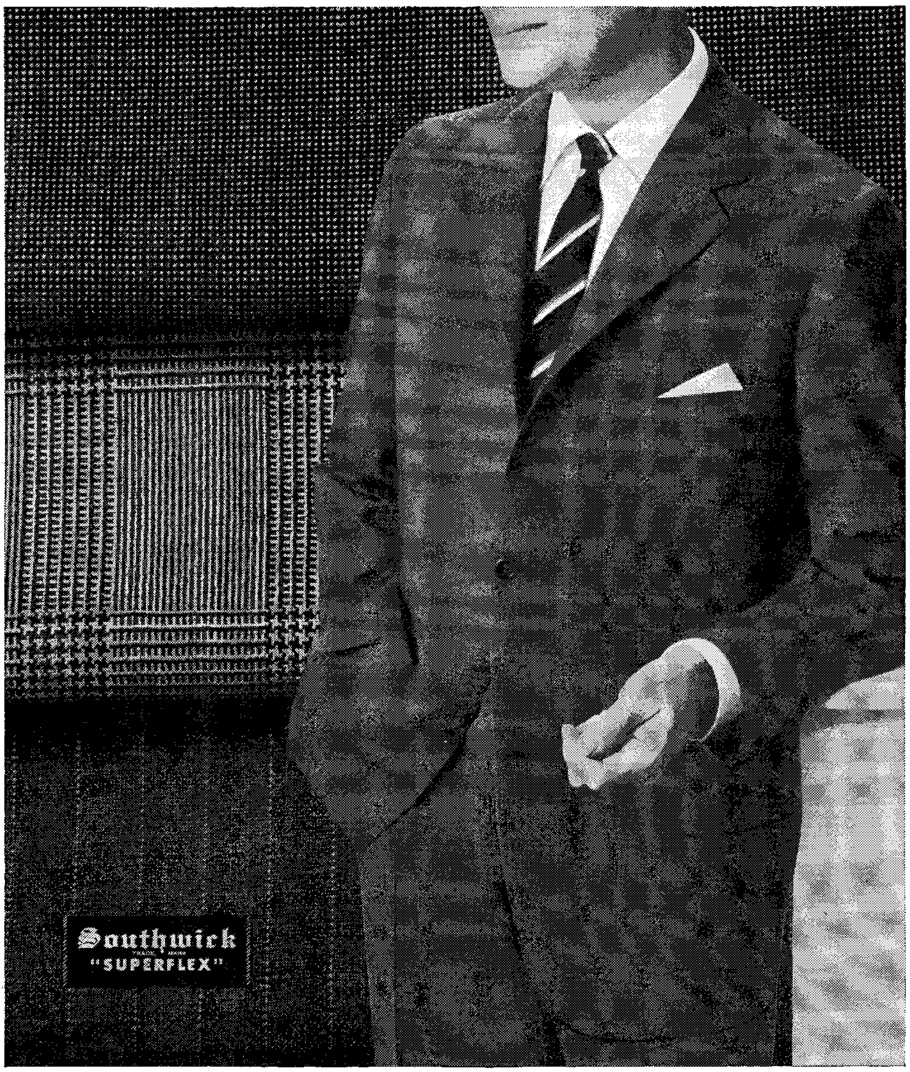
thought, would not be too late for the best of the celebration. We were intensely excited. How many times in his life does a man start out for what he is certain is going to be a phenomenally happy occasion? I don't think that Roach, who was in his middle twenties, had ever been in Paris, but that gave his anticipation a special quality. And for me, at forty, and with nearly half that many years of scattered memories of Paris behind me, it was like finding my Annabel Lee again. All the previous spring, in London, I had been reading clandestine newspapers smuggled out of France. I had cried over them. I do not regret my sentimentality; I wish I had something now that I could be as sentimental about.

When Roach and I had gone a fair piece of the way, we realized that we had brought no food along, either for ourselves or for hungry people we might meet. Living off the country was all very well in Normandy, Brittany, and Anjou—rich farming provinces unable to reach their customary markets and surcharged, like unmilked cows, with their own products. But Paris, we expected, would be short of food. We found the solution of our supply problem on the road ahead of us: a two-and-a-half-ton truck stacked high with cases of K rations, which were flat waxed-cardboard packages—thirty-six to a case—each containing the ready-to-eat components of a nourishing, harmless, and gastronomically despicable meal, calculated, I always supposed, to discourage overindulgence. (Among troops actively engaged, a K ration beat nothing to eat, but it was a photo finish.) These components were a round tin of alleged pork and egg, ground up together and worked to a consistency like the inside of a sick lobster's claw, and tasting like boardwalk cotton candy without any sugar in it; a few sour balls or other boiled sweets (I remember one particularly horrid variety that was flavored with root beer); four cigarettes; and a pinch of soluble coffee, dehydrated vegetarian bouillon, or lemonade powder. You sometimes had to open six packages to find one with coffee in it, and smokers had to open five to get the equivalent of a pack of cigarettes. The rest of a K ration so opened was then chucked away, except in Arab countries, where it could be traded for shell eggs, fowl, or little girls.

Atop the stacks of cases on the truck, at least ten feet above the road, stood a Negro soldier of the Quartermaster Corps. The crown of his helmet was a good sixteen feet above where he



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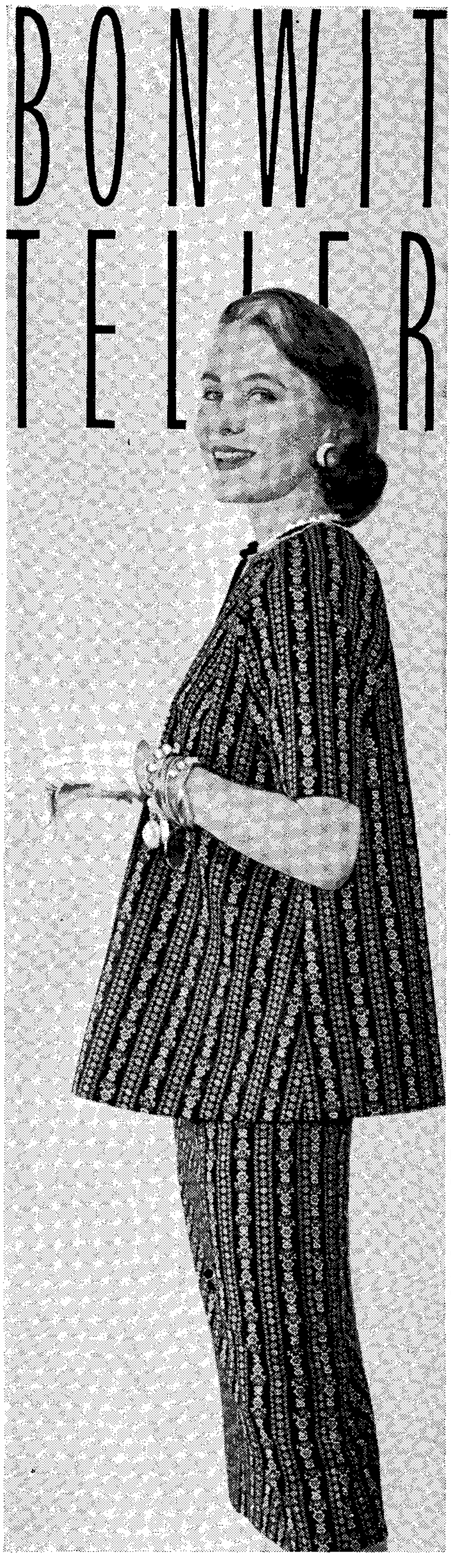
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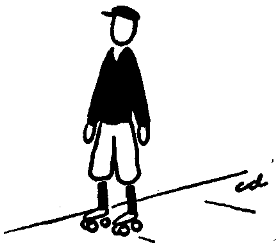
would land if he fell. His driver, I saw when we had overtaken the truck and were passing it, was another Q.M.C. soldier. But we did not overtake it until we had witnessed an extraordinary spectacle. There were a lot of jeeps on the road whose occupants had taken off, like us, *à l'improviste*, and as these vehicles passed the truck, the soldier up top would throw cases of K rations down into their rear seats. It was the way he did this that was remarkable. The truck was going about forty miles an hour, and a jeep would pull up on it, going about forty-five. As it did so, the soldier, standing up there, facing the rear—his feet spread wide apart to brace him on his gradually diminishing platform—would yell "How many?" and the jeep driver would hold up one, two, or three fingers, usually three. The soldier would have the first case already in the air, leading the driver, who would instinctively hunch forward over the wheel. But the case would fall harmlessly behind him every time. The second would land right on top of it. The third might land a couple of inches farther back, or even hit the stern end of the jeep and carom in, since by now the Q.M.C. bombardier would have to twist and throw it after the passing vehicle. These near misses must have pained him, for he was clearly a precisionist. He raised each successive case high above his head before he sent it crashing down, like an Old Black Jove hurling well-meant thunderbolts. I watched him until we had got our share, and then I turned my head and looked over my shoulder until we lost him from sight, some time afterward, and I never saw him conk anybody or throw any groceries out into the road. The driver was good, too; he held the same even course and pace, like a well-trained circus horse. It was, of course, a wholly unauthorized distribution of Army supplies, and maybe when that talented team reached the end of their run, some niggling Quartermaster lieutenant chewed them out because they were a few hundred cases short, but I would have given them the Legion of Merit. Their gesture was so lordly that when I heard our cases crash behind me on the floor of the Chevrolet, I momentarily believed that they might contain fresh caviar, *écrevisses à la nage*, and a covey of smoked partridges.



I remember no other incident between Bagnoles-de-l'Orne and Chartres, a journey that, as the *Carte Michelin* reminds me now, is about a hundred and sixty kilometres, or a hundred miles. All the way to Chartres, we accepted our hot tip at its face value and assumed that we were going straight through into Paris that night. I recall the excitement of seeing the first stone road markers that gave the distance not only to Alençon and Chartres but to Paris. The excitement increased as the number of kilometres decreased. When we reached Chartres, we were nearly two-thirds of the way from Bagnoles to Paris and we had a couple of hours of daylight left, but there we were held up. Army was moving divisions from north to south and south to north, passing them through each other like a dealer giving cards a fast shuffle—the kind of *passe-passe* that is a good G-3's delight and that it sometimes seemed to me the boys did just for the hell of it. To Roach and me, it was like being caught on the wrong side of a St. Patrick's Day parade. Then, in the mixed crowd of soldiers and civilians that was packed around the principal *carrefour* of the city, half a dozen blocks from the Cathedral, I noticed a small private, first class, gesticulating and running toward us. As he approached, I saw he was Allan Morrison, a soldier-reporter for the *Stars & Stripes*, who has since become New York editor of the picture magazine *Ebony*, an ameliorated Amerafrican version of *Life*. He was the diagnostician who first divined the reason for the protracted resistance of the fort at Saint-Malo. "The C.O. is loaded," he said. "When he finishes his last bottle of sauce, they'll run up a white flag."

Morrison was hitchhiking, so I beckoned him aboard, and he climbed over the side and perched on our stack of K rations. A moment later, I recognized the lieutenant colonel who was out in the middle of the *carrefour* directing traffic, and I was able to surmise, correctly, that the shuffling of troops was not being run off in strict accordance with standard practice. The lieutenant colonel was a 1st Division fellow named Chuck Horner and he was letting an endless column of his own people through; the only trucks that were moving were full of 1st Division soldiers. This was an old 1st Division trick. The M.P.s were supposed to handle such matters, but those assigned to the task were usually enlisted men. If one of them showed up and tried to stop a 1st Division column to let the vehicles of some other outfit through for a while, a 1st Division lieutenant colonel, or even a higher officer in the outfit, would pull rank on him. I knew a 1st Division colonel who became a major general and got a division all his own. Once, when I was stuck for half an hour in a column halted at a road intersection, I got out of my jeep and walked up ahead to see what was happening. It was the major general personally passing his whole division through. I was glad he had not acquired a corps.

I had last seen Horner in North Africa hunting for enemy parachutists, who turned out to be soldiers of the Twelfth Air Force shooting tracers to celebrate Christmas Eve. ("It's the Air Force mentality," Horner said when he had finished his reconnaissance. He was very vexed.) I now reminded him of the occasion, and he agreed to let us through the 1st Division column. The 1st was not going into Paris, Horner told me; it would cross the Seine farther south, where there was still serious opposition. "Wouldn't you know it?" he said. "The bad divisions always get the soft jobs." The 1st pitied itself for being indispensable.

AFTER we got on the Paris side of Chartres, traffic thinned out, and before long we were alone. "If everybody is going into Paris, I don't see why we're the only ones on the road," Roach said, with what made excellent sense. Morrison gave us the benefit of his inquiring reportorial mind by asking, "Who told you the way was clear all the way into Paris?" When we replied that everybody at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne had said so, Morrison asked, "Who told *them*? That's a long way back from here." Roach, who was not going to succumb to a climate of anxiety set up by an enlisted man, said, "Well, if the other correspondents didn't go into Paris, where are they? We haven't passed any on the road." This prompted Morrison to remark, "Maybe some prison-camp paper in Germany is going to have a hell of a staff." Twilight was coming on, and it suddenly seemed to me that my conversation with Lieutenant Colonel Horner had been a long while ago. There have been times in my life when I have missed the 1st Division more than anybody else on earth.

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"WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?"
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Library, I enjoyed reading about Jeb Stuart and imagining myself in his position, but by 1944 I no longer thought of myself as a man to lead a raid behind enemy lines, and our 1937-or-so Chevrolet was no armored division. As an assimilated captain (the grade bestowed on all war correspondents), I was the senior member of the expedition. Lieutenant Roach, the ranking active soldier, had received most of his battle training in the Philadelphia Bureau of the United Press, and his combat effectiveness was not enhanced by an oversized helmet that was likely to fall over his eyes if he moved suddenly. Pfc. Morrison's attitude was that of an objective observer, exactly as it is taught in schools of journalism. He was our whole enlisted strength.

"If we keep on going, we're bound to meet someone," I said decisively.

"That is exactly what I am afraid of," Morrison said.

To turn back was unthinkable, but we continued in a mood of modified rapture. I remember getting to a spot where a road branches north toward Rambouillet. That, we later learned, was the way most of the correspondents ahead of us had gone. But we held straight on. After a while, we came upon a couple of American soldiers in a jeep, which encouraged us. They said they were members of a troop of motorized cavalry belonging to the 7th Armored Division and that their outfit was a couple of miles down a side road, preparing to spend the night there. Roach said their commanding officer ought to be able to give us some dope about what lay ahead. If the cavalry, which was made up of reconnaissance troops, was bedding down forty or fifty miles short of Paris, it hardly seemed likely that anybody had gone into the city by that route. We thought we might as well ask, though, so we turned down the side road and found the outfit, with its vehicles dispersed in a field.

"How much of our stuff is there out ahead of us, Lieutenant?" I asked the boy who was in command.

"Nothing," he replied. "Why would there be?"

I felt as mad as a man who is about to take a dip in a swimming pool and discovers that somebody has let all the water out of it. "Then why isn't there a sign on the road, or an M.P., or something?" I demanded. "After all, somebody might get captured this way."

"Ain't no Germans, either," the lieutenant replied reasonably. "We've had

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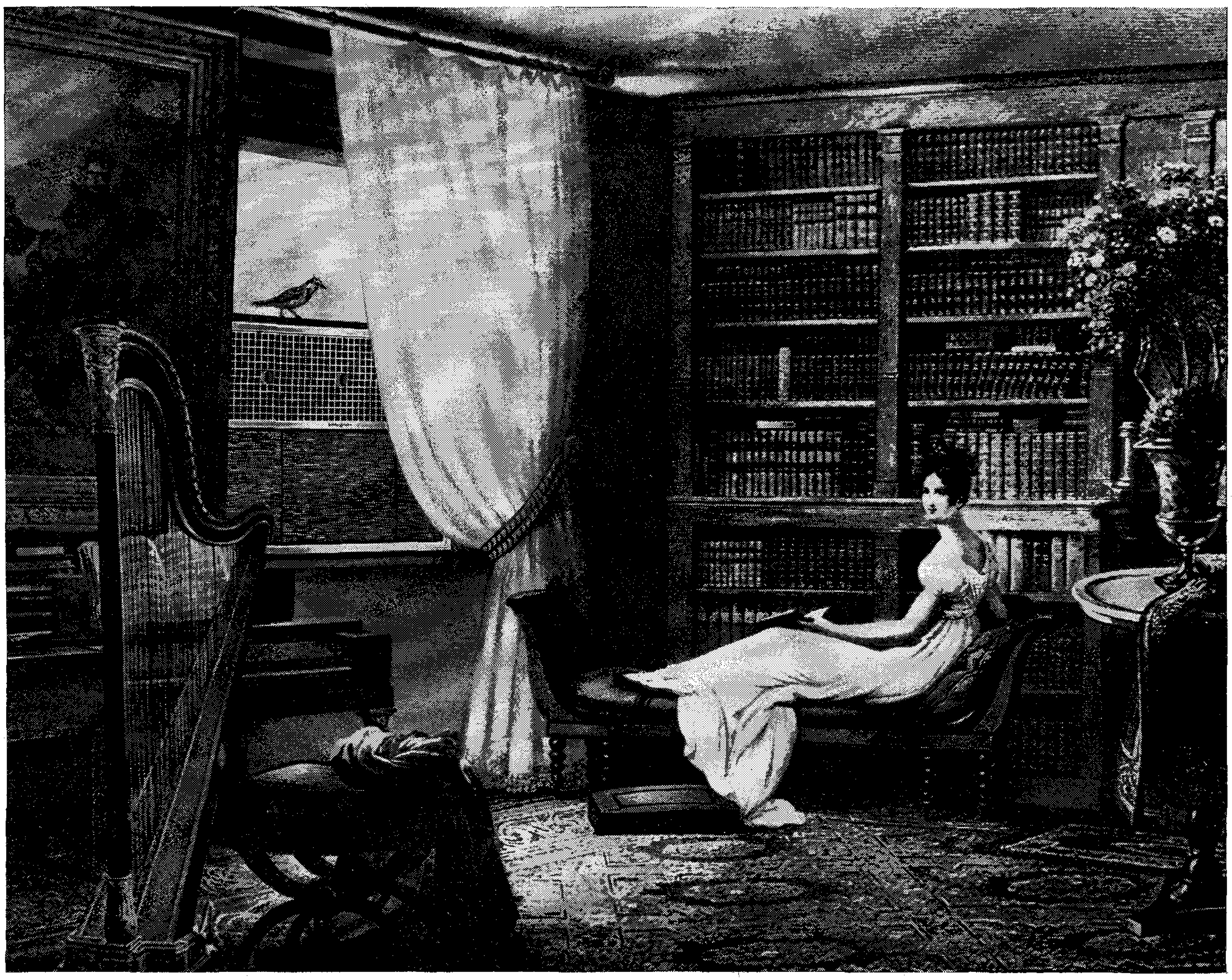

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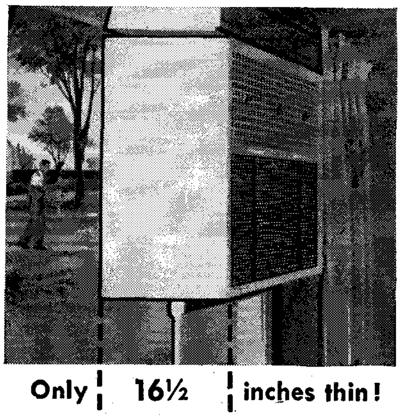

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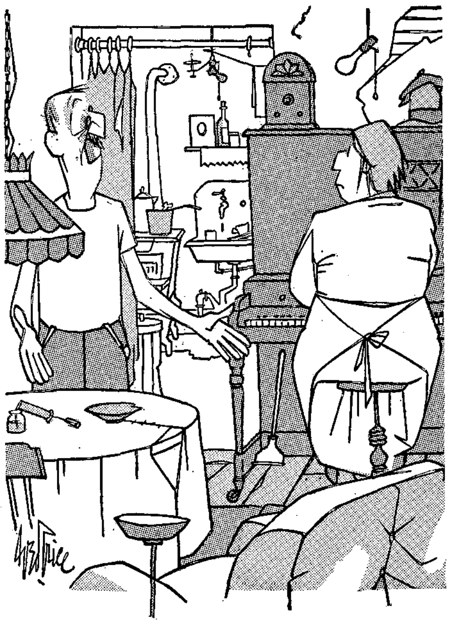

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patrols up that road twenty miles. Can't find any."

"Well, it's a hell of a way to take Paris," I said. "Back at Bagnoles, they told us we were going right into Paris today."

"Bagnoles?" the lieutenant said. "Where's that? I'd like to go to Paris myself someday. Always heard it well spoken of."

"It's all right to go on, then?" Roach asked.

"You'll be safe enough along the main road," the lieutenant replied. "But don't go down any of the side roads, because there might be stray krauts along them, trying to escape. And don't try to drive after dark, because the country is full of F.F.I. [Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur] and they shoot at everything."

It was nearly dark by then. We could have slept out in the field, but there didn't seem much point to that when we could probably find beds at some hotel a little farther along the highway. Besides, I wanted to be as close up as possible in order to rush into the capital the next morning. So after we got back on the highway, we pushed on as far as the first crossroads agglomeration—I think the town was called Bonnelles—where there was a building that we thought might be a hotel. It was blacked out, of course, but light leaked defiantly from around every door and window. As soon as we got inside, we could see that we were in the provinces no longer but within the Sunday-outing belt of a big city. The name of the hotel was something like Au Retour de la Chasse et Rendez-Vous des Pêcheurs à la Ligne. There was a big, bare, partly dismantled *salle à manger* that was really just a boarded-in porch—obviously designed for use only in summer, the season of *boulistes* and lovers. There was also a bar, the full length of which would be required only on Sundays during the hunting (rabbit) and fishing (carp) seasons, when the sportsmen returned to discuss their evil luck over a *pastis* before reintegrating with their socially mediocre *arrondissements*. (The huntsmen and fishermen of the better neighborhoods miss bigger game with more expensive weapons at a greater distance from the city.) Since neither ammunition nor gasoline had been available for recreational purposes during the four years of the Occupation, business had been subnormal, and the place looked it. The barnlike ground floor was overrun with young men and women wearing the tricolor armbands of the Resistance. Each of the fellows had one or two

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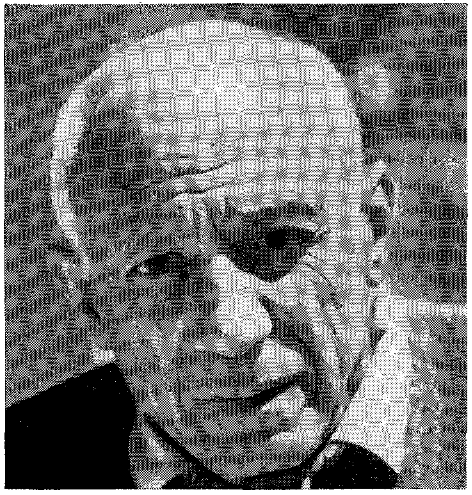
CHARLOTTE BROOKS, LOOK, FEBRUARY 21, 1956

Thought of mother . . .

LOOK, JANUARY 10, 1956



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weapons; German pistols (stolen) and tommy guns (parachuted) predominated. We got a big welcome.

Part of the difficulty of trying to reconstruct the days preceding the Liberation is that one now knows too much; I have since heard and read so often about what happened in Paris between August 15th, when the police went on strike, and August 25th, when the German garrison surrendered, that it is hard to recall the state of ignorance in which Roach and Morrison and I approached the city. It must have been there at the crossroads hotel, on the night of Wednesday, August 23rd, that we first heard any of the details. There were still some organized groups of Germans in the suburbs between where we were and Paris, the F.F.I. people told us, but there was no continuous line, and some of the kids we talked with had been in and out of the city several times during the past week, to help in the fighting and share in the excitement. News of the battle was on tap in the hotel twenty-four hours a day, the very shapely sweater-girl daughter of the proprietor informed me, since the telephone lines into Paris were still open; all you had to do was call and ask the *téléphonistes* what was happening. The German officers in control of the French telephone system either had skipped or, in the confusion, had lost track of which telephone centrals were now outside the rapidly shrinking Wehrmacht orbit. It must have been at the hotel, too, that we first heard how open fighting had begun in Paris on the previous Saturday, when the Germans gave the order to disarm the French police. The latter, refusing to be disarmed, had begun the defense of their headquarters, on the Ile de la Cité. Resistance groups had seized several other strong points, and the garrison had besieged them. On Monday, it seemed, there had been an abortive armistice. A distorted account of this development, trickling through to Bagnoles, may have given rise to the report that the road was clear. But the fighting had continued, and now, as the Germans were pulling out, leaving only a rear guard, the Resistance, in turn, was besieging these hind-end Charlies.

"All these years, I have dreamed of seeing my first Allied soldier," the proprietor's daughter said. "This morning I saw him. He was alone in a jeep—a scout. He stopped in front of the door to ask directions. I rushed out, I precipitated myself on him, I threw my arms around him, I kissed him. I broke his glasses. He was furious."

That night, Roach, Morrison, and I slept in beds. The young F.F.I.s stayed up, because they were too excited to sleep, like children on the night before Christmas. They didn't even have a collaborator to shoot as a means of passing the time, an F.F.I. lieutenant told me shortly before I retired. "This is such a dreary little place," he said apologetically. "We had only a few *collabos* to start with, and now they've all skipped."

I shared the young F.F.I.s' excitement, although I realized how irrational it was, for, no matter how delighted, I was still capable of realizing that the Liberation of Paris would not solve all the problems of the world, or even terminate the war. Nevertheless, before I fell asleep I saw American planes burning on the ghostly hills above the phosphate mine at Metlaoui, in Tunisia, and found myself remembering the pilots who had been in them. Our side had come a long way around.

WHEN I went downstairs next morning, a couple of jeeps bearing the emblem of the Daydaybay were parked in the garage with our Chevrolet. A French captain, a medic, was shaving painstakingly, a basin of hot water on the hood of a jeep in front of him, his field mirror hanging from a nail on a post. The captain said the Daydaybay was going to liberate Paris. When the Allied command advanced the date of the Liberation, the Daydaybay, officially attached to V Corps of the First Army, was resting after some hard fighting at the Argentan-Falaise gap, which it had helped to seal. The Daydaybay had been on the road all night long, the captain said, and by now its tanks were up ahead of us. The captain's report banished any misgivings I may still have had about those groups of Germans between us and Paris, and also explained the paucity of American troops on the Paris side of Chartres. It was through the captain that I got my first hint of the Allied command's decision to have the only French division in the north rescue the capital, instead of having an American division push straight in. It was one of the wisest decisions of the war, helping to compensate for a thousand wounding stupidities in Anglo-American relations with the French. For all practical purposes, it constituted recognition of General de Gaulle's Provisional Government as the government of France, because Leclerc was more Gaullist than his chief. The presence of the Daydaybay in Paris would preclude any last-

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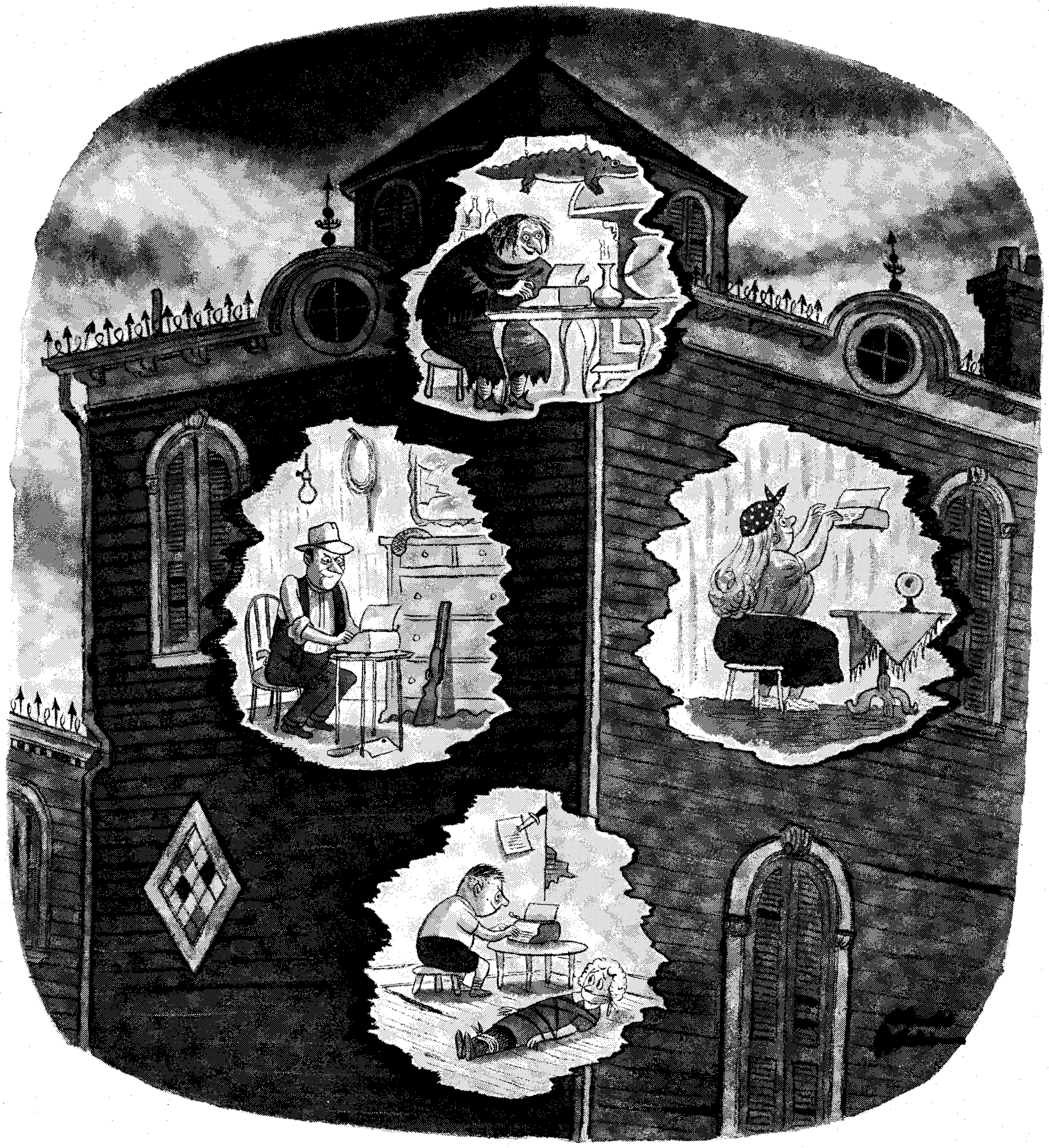

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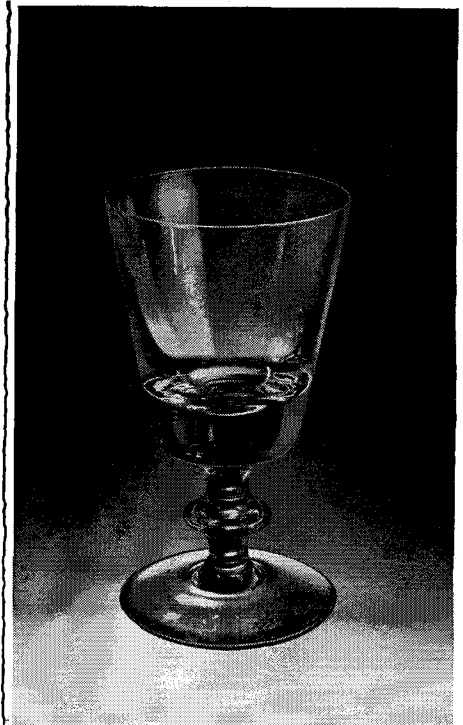
minute State Department-Foreign Office deal with collaborationists anxious to hedge their bets, like Darlan in Africa. Our side had nourished angry suspicions of such a deal by declining to recognize the Provisional Government officially, and it did not follow up very well in the sequel, when it caused irritation by withholding the protocolary nod for a month or so longer.

The captain was making a careful toilette for his *rentrée* into Paris, which he expected to celebrate that evening. He was a specialist in colonial medicine, he told me, and at the time Paris fell, he was in Equatorial Africa, whence he had returned by easy stages—Lake Tchad to Fezzan, Fezzan to Tunisia, Tunisia to Morocco (where the Daydaybay was put together and given its equipment), Morocco to England, and England to Bonnelles. All these steps had been made in the train of Leclerc, who had accumulated rank and firepower as he moved along, beginning as a thirty-eight-year-old major and winding up as a forty-one-year-old general of a division. Leclerc and the captain had left Tchad in 1942 with the equivalent of one weak regiment—thirty-five hundred men in all, including three thousand Central African Negroes. Now they were on the outskirts of Paris surrounded by a magnificent division. It was a unique example of attrition in reverse. The captain's and my routes back to Paris had coincided once before. That was at Enfidaville, when the Allies were beginning their final drive to Tunis and Leclerc's troops were attached to the 4th Indian Division of the British Eighth Army. At Enfidaville, I nearly had my first encounter with Leclerc, who was sleeping in a Ford sedan out beyond his front line—"*pour être tranquille*," his aide informed me—while mortar shells burst on all sides of his improvised dormitory. The aide said that if I wished to wait around until the General awoke, he would be glad to talk to me. I replied that I had nothing important to discuss, and went back to have tea at Division.

Leclerc had brought his officers and noncoms along with him to stiffen the cadres of his new division, but he had left his black soldiers in North Africa. Although there were thus only a few hundred Tchadians in the Daydaybay, it remained, in the popular imagination, "Leclerc's Army from Tchad." I had seen the division on the road above Avranches on August 8th, on its way



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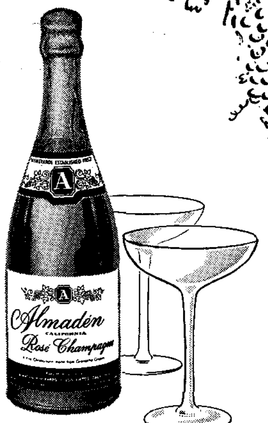

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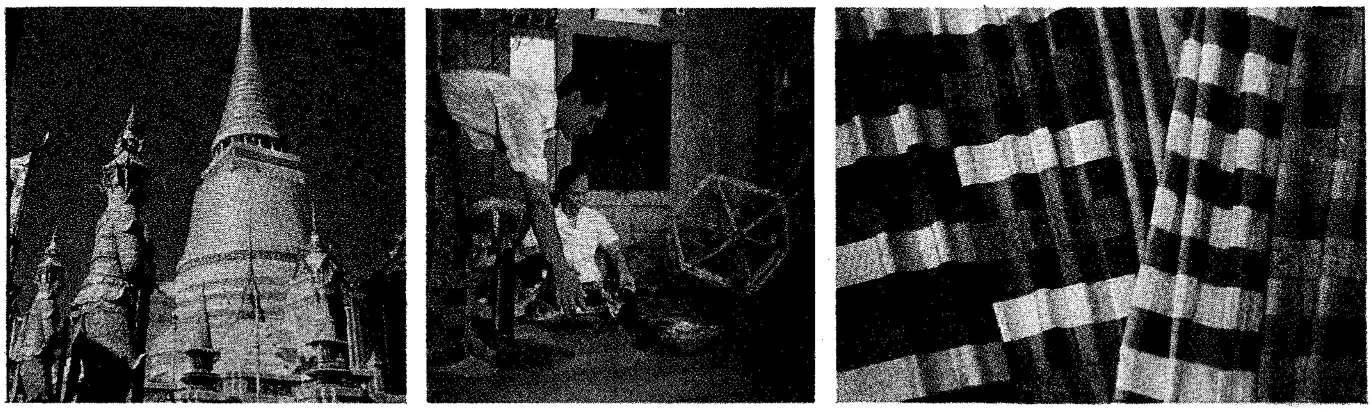

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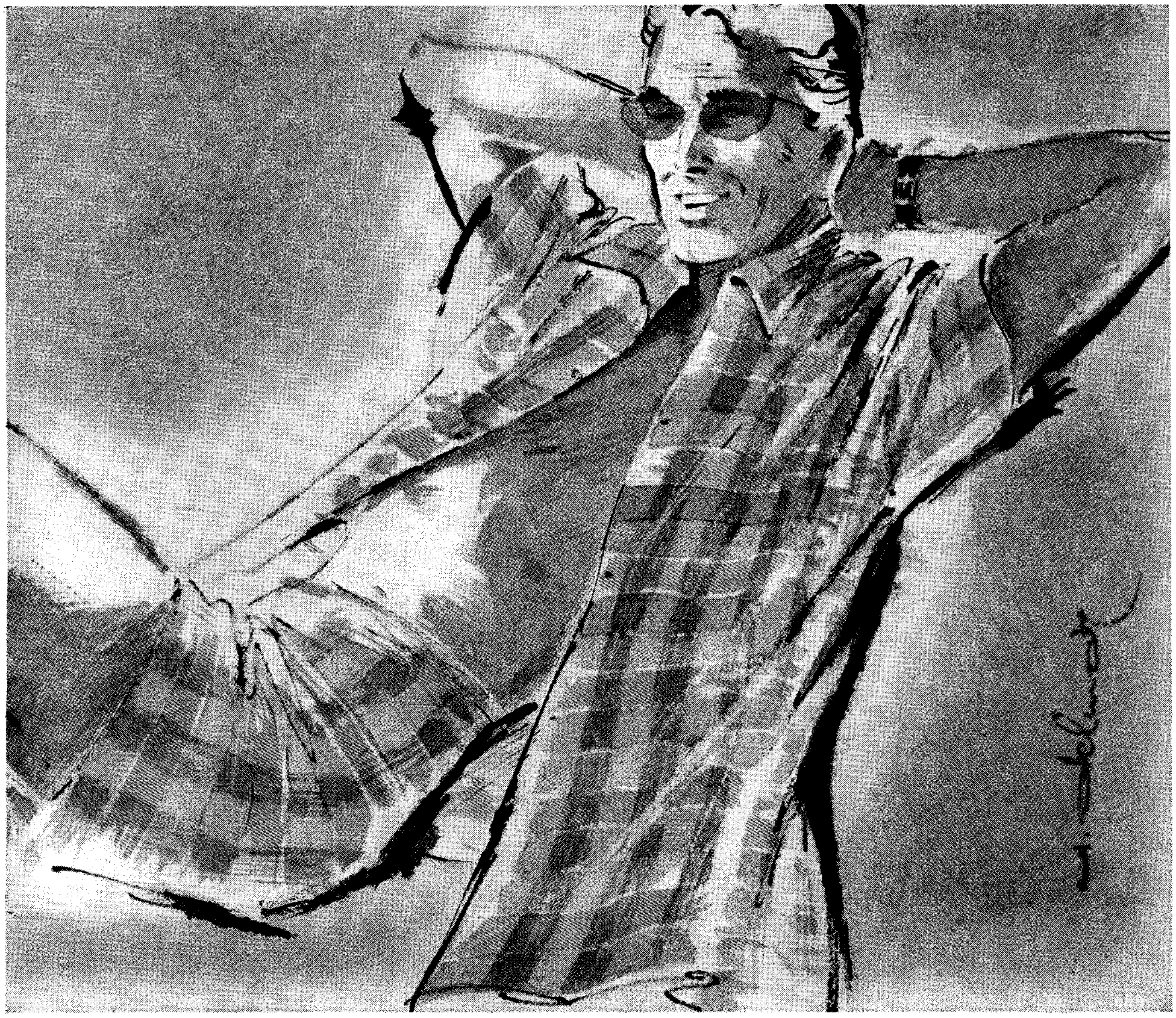

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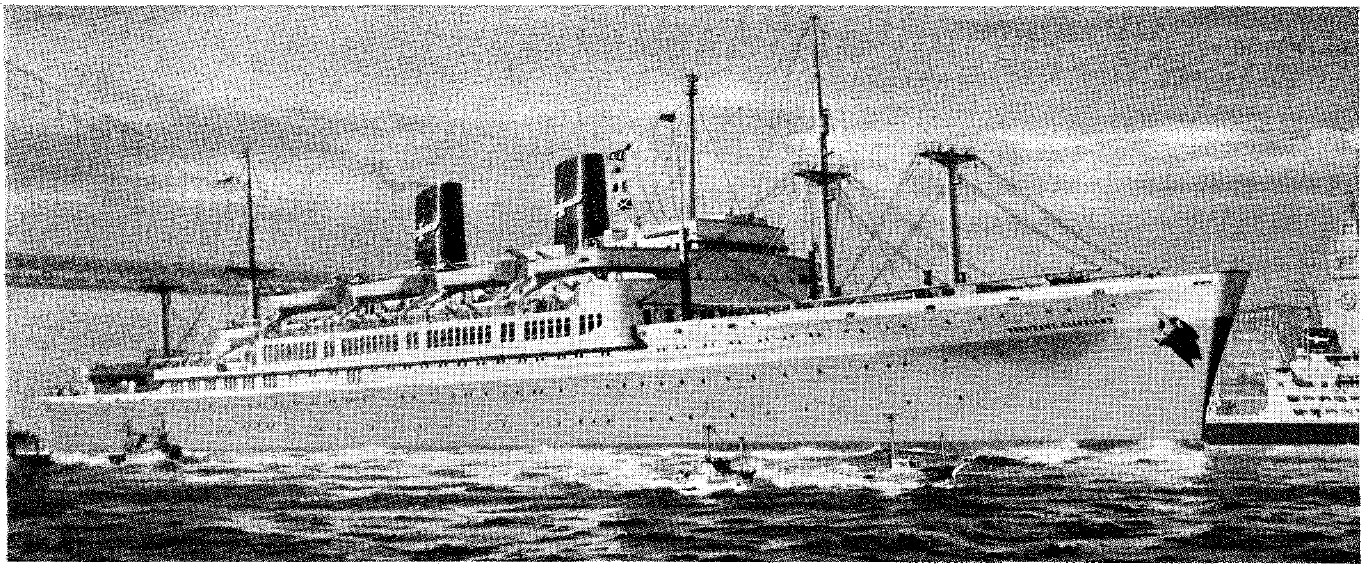

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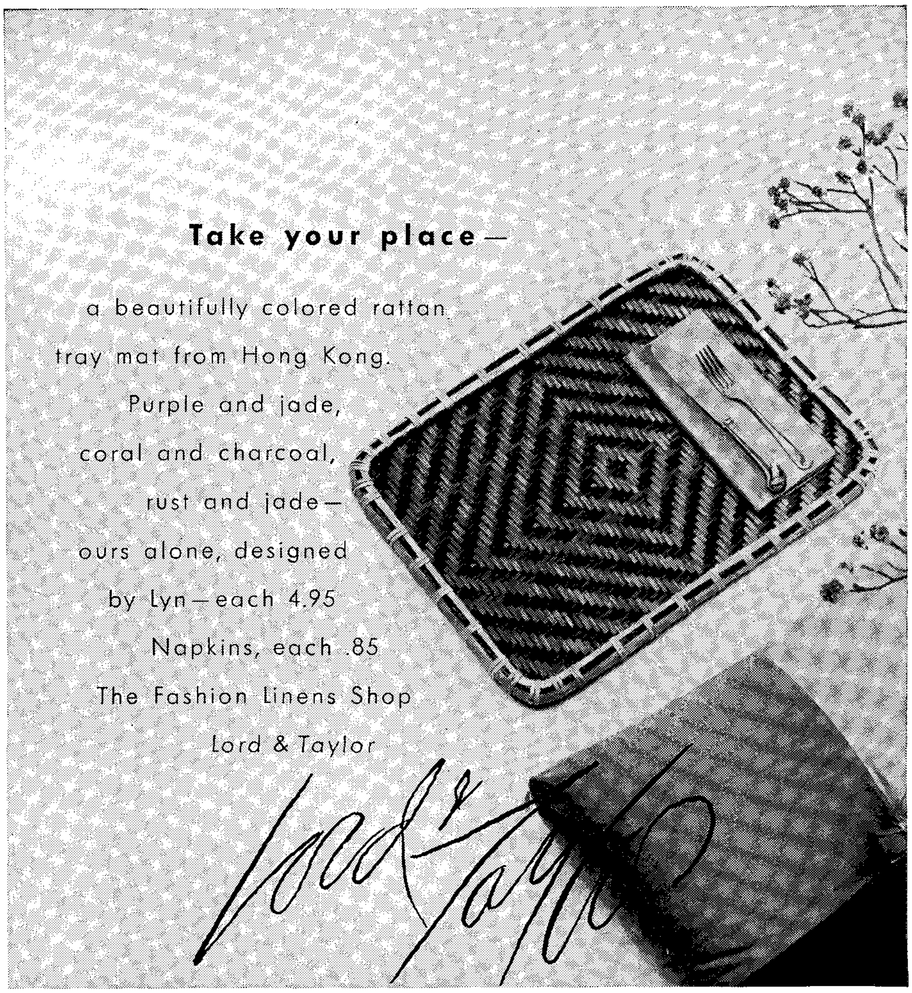
to the front. The men were exuberant, sprawling over their tanks—all span-new Shermans—like kids on a hay ride. They had painted the sides of their vehicles with the names of French towns, regions, and rivers (Tarbes, Cévennes, Moselle, La Villette, and so on), and had topped their tankers' uniforms with the forage caps of their former branches of the service—red for the artillerists, blue for the chasseurs and marines. They were all volunteers, and, on the entire western front, they were the only soldiers in either the Allied or the Axis armies who were fighting on their home territory. They were also the only ground soldiers I remember having seen during the war who were eager to fight. Ten days after I came across the division near Avranches, I had my talk with Leclerc in the field at Fleuré. In the meanwhile, the Daydaybay had flung itself in the path of the retreating German armies, got itself surrounded, cut its way out again, sunk its teeth in their hams, and kicked them in the ankle. It was the occasion when I asked the General about his name. I also asked him how his fellows compared with the blacks he had left in Africa. He replied that they fought as well but had less discipline.

When Roach and Morrison and I got out on the road that morning, we found ourselves in the midst of the armored infantry regiment of the Daydaybay, which was travelling in open half-tracks. Now that the tanks of the Daydaybay had gone through, the citizens of the populous countryside had no fear that the Germans would return, and so they turned out en masse to line the road as their men rode by. We were in the truck-gardening belt that surrounds Paris, and, *vu la saison,* about all the inhabitants had to offer their liberators was tomatoes. While I know of few simple gastronomic pleasures comparable to a raw ripe tomato, I will concede that eight or ten such vegetables, coming at a soldier simultaneously from different directions, soon detract from his military appearance, and this the troops in the half-tracks, though appreciative of the generous spirit behind the gesture, were discovering.

Above Arpajon, where the long snake of vehicles from the west debouched into the north-south highway that connects Paris with Orléans, we passed a middling-pretentious villa, set back from the highway. A long-legged young woman in a bathing suit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was lounging in a deck chair by the front door, her bare toes pointing at the oncoming column as she waved a promise—purely symbolic, of course—of what the young men in the half-tracks had been dreaming for four years of getting back to. Three small children clustered about her knees, discouraging a too personal reaction. The Daydaybay crawled by—fifteen thousand men on a moving belt of appetite.

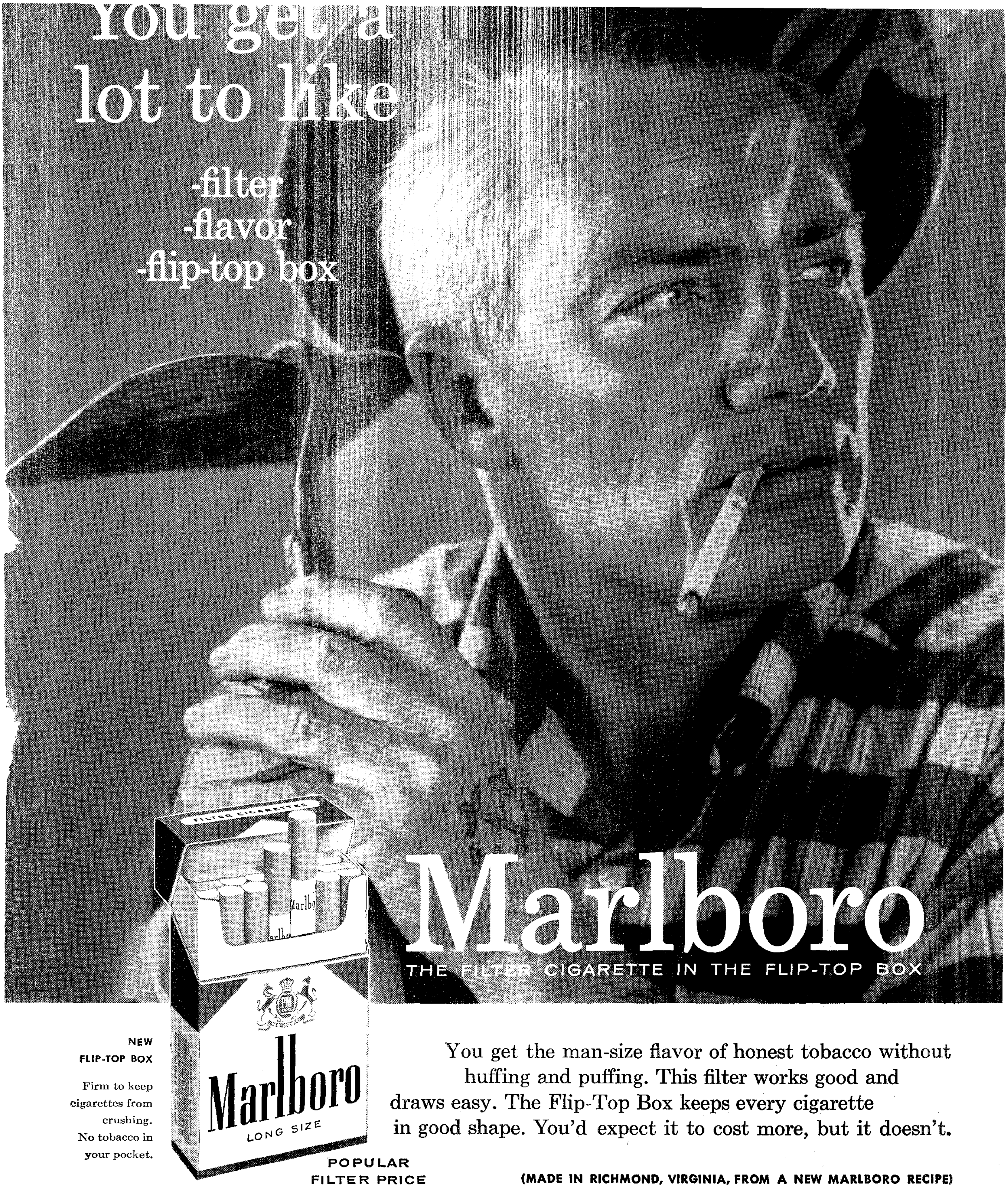
I have read since that it rained during the night and early morning, while the Daydaybay was moving toward Paris. But mood and weather were in accord now, and the three of us in the Chevrolet tried to get along to the homecoming celebration quickly. Since we were attached to none of the division units, we were not obliged to stay in place in the line, so Roach began to weave his way forward, at first past half-tracks and then past tanks, scooting along the shoulders of the road when there were any and then ducking back to travel in the wake of the armor until another opportunity presented itself. Our appearance helped. We were Americans, and Roach's First Army shoulder patch and my correspondent's green flash gave the impression that we were on an urgent mission. I encouraged this by asking French M.P.s along the way where General Leclerc found himself. Every time I asked, they waved us forward, which didn't surprise me, in view of my near encounter with him at Enfidaville.

The solidity and nonchalance of the column, now within twenty miles of Paris, convinced me that the Germans had simply skedaddled. I surmised that as we entered the Porte d'Orléans, they would be going out the Porte de la Villette, on the other side of town. I have always preferred to enter a beleaguered city in this fashion. Violence interferes with the enjoyment of the sentiments appropriate to such an occasion; shooting, if bilateral, spoils everything. As we skittered happily along in the Chevrolet, the only question in my mind was whether Leclerc would retain enough sense of noblesse oblige to share with those American allies who found themselves by chance in his immediate vicinity the *vin d'honneur* that was sure to be offered him as he entered the city.

We passed the tank that was leading the procession, and Morrison, from the rear seat, asked me if I didn't think I might have received another wrong steer. For some time, as we pushed along, the welcoming throng had been thinning out, and now it had dwindled to nothing. This, of course, is always an ominous sign. No one had thrown a tomato to us for a couple of miles when, suddenly, we spotted two jeeps ahead of us, one of them flying a general's fanion. "Don't get ahead of him," I told Roach. "He might be offended." Just as we began to pull up on the jeeps, they stopped. There was the sound of an *arrivée*—an incoming shell—and then a spout of dirt and smoke two hundred yards to the right of the highway; it had clearly crossed over the road between us and the jeeps. Leclerc got out of his jeep—we knew it was he because he carried a cane—and began to look about him with interest. He did not look long; within a few seconds we saw him wave his cane, like a pointer, in the direction he evidently thought the shell had come from. Then he hopped back into his jeep, and both vehicles turned around and started toward us, the General undoubtedly pleased as Polichinelle at having spotted an anti-tank gun before it could hurt one of his cherished armored vehicles. He was the only divisional commander I have ever seen use himself as a decoy to draw fire. Roach asked if I thought Leclerc would be angry if we preceded him back down the road. I replied that in retreat the place of honor is in the rear and we might as well leave it to the General.

We soon reached the main body of vehicles again, and saw that the parade had been temporarily disbanded; deploying from the Paris-Orléans highway, the tanks were taking off along feeder roads and the half-tracks across fields, as if preparing to pinch in on the point of resistance. Leclerc, after a brief pause at the first tank he came to, headed down a tarred crossroad. "Maybe he's going to try another way through," Roach said. "Let's follow him." Not being able to read Morrison's mind, I couldn't tell whether Roach's proposal represented the inclination of the majority, and I was ashamed to suggest putting the matter to a vote. So we hustled along after the General.

I have no coherent recollection of the next few hours, which we spent running up and down crossroads, hoping they would lead us to a nice, clear, Franco-American-held path into Paris, or else following half-tracks loaded with infantrymen along minor lanes that ran parallel to the main highway. The men in the half-tracks were passing wine bottles from hand to hand, for the inhabitants of the region, having run out of tomatoes, had levied on their cellars to produce new offerings, and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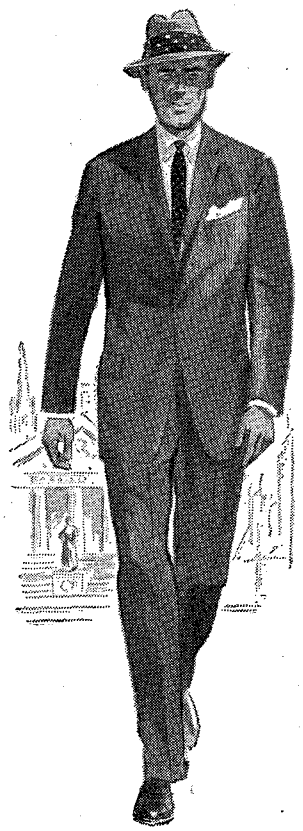

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there was a festival atmosphere. Each time we attached ourselves to a company of vehicles, one of us would say, "Maybe this outfit will go all the way through," but each time, after a mile or two, there would be a barrage of anti-tank *arrivées* and the vehicles would stop and fan out from the road.

An armored division is a superior instrument for long sweeps across open country but ill-adapted to fighting in the suburbs of a great city. Between Arpajon and Paris the terrain is finely veined with roads and closely dotted with villages. Roads converge upon each village, and every village crossroads offers an ideal emplacement for a concealed anti-tank gun, which an approaching tank, hemmed in by buildings on either side, must face head on. In such circumstances, the safe, cautious procedure is to stop the tanks, call up the half-tracks, and deploy infantrymen around each strong point, but there were two persuasive arguments against such strategy on that August 24th. One was that there were so many anti-tank emplacements and so few infantrymen—since the Daydaybay, as an armored division, carried with it only one infantry regiment—that the thrust would have slowed to a crawl, and the other was Leclerc's and the whole Daydaybay's overpowering haste to get into Paris. The Germans, rightly calculating that the Allies would never again bomb them in Paris, had dismantled all their anti-aircraft defenses in the zone, and the weapons taken from those installations gave them an abundance of the deadliest kind of anti-tank artillery. Rommel, it is now known, had wanted to bring this stuff forward months earlier and use it on the battlefield, but he had been overruled. Anti-aircraft belonged to the Luftwaffe, the Luftwaffe belonged to Göring, and Göring hated Rommel.

The Daydaybay's irregularly progressing advance elements were followed by a great wheeled throng, including us, that was always just far enough back not to be shot at, which meant not quite far enough forward to be able to see what was going on, with the result that nobody could understand why the headway being made was so intermittent; it was like a huge crowd following a pack of coon hounds by their sound, unaware that the dogs have met up with a wildcat. In the throng, in addition to the supply and ammunition trains and all the other rear elements of the division, were many vehicles whose occupants, whether military or civilian, had no

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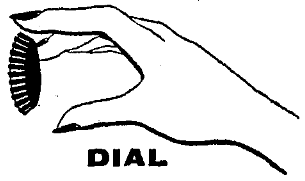

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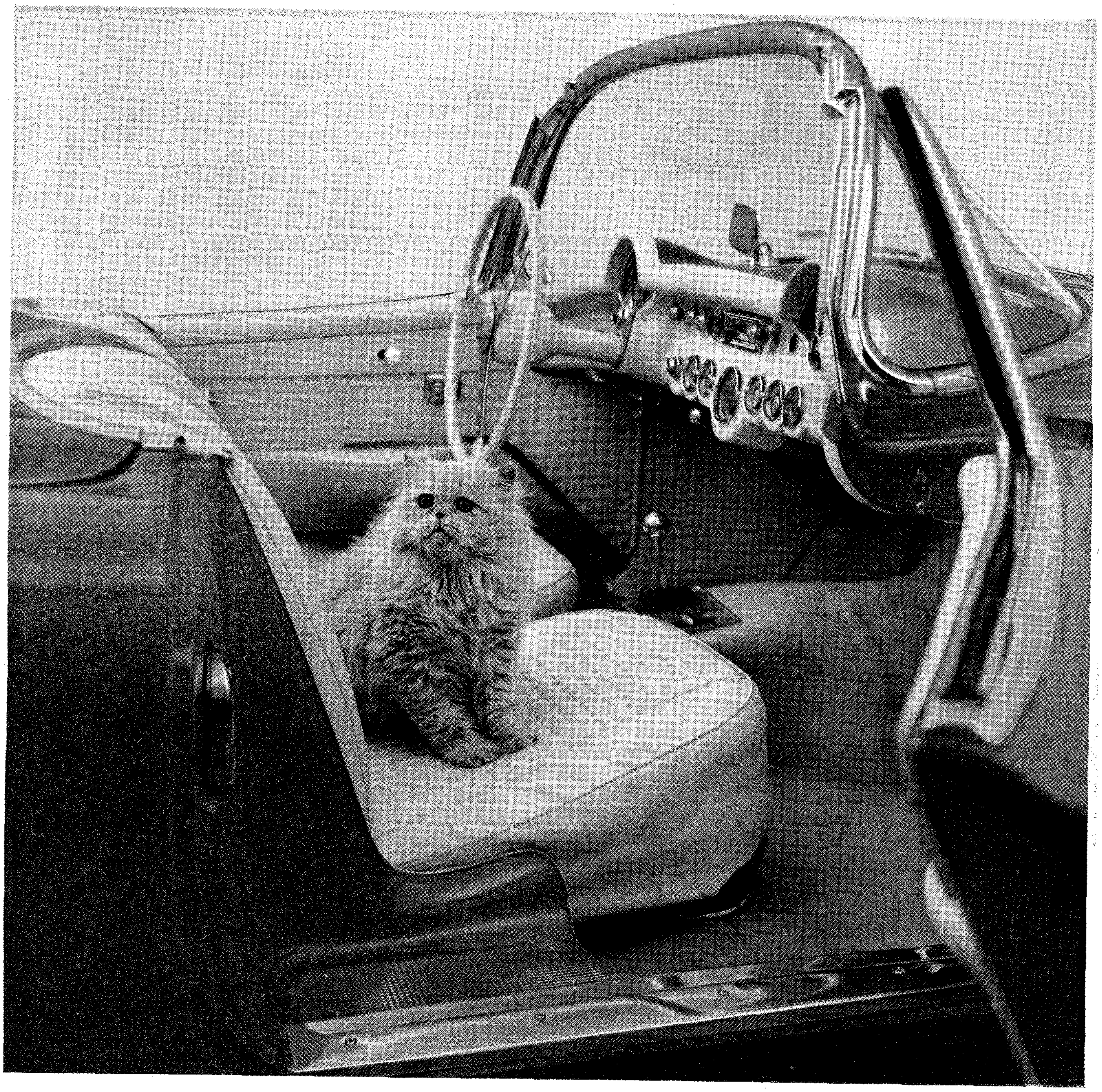

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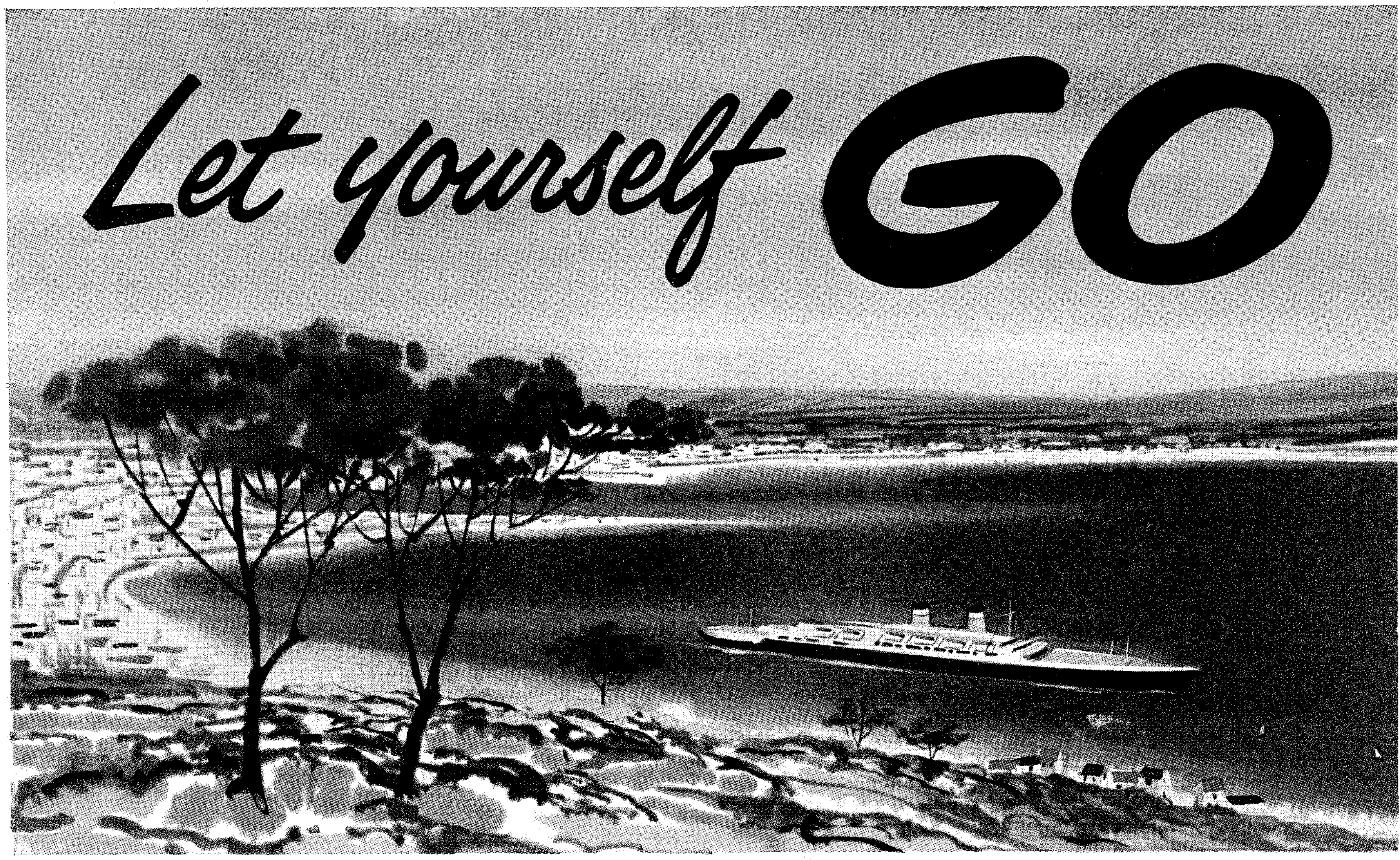

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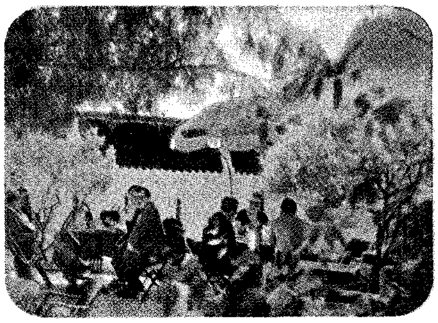
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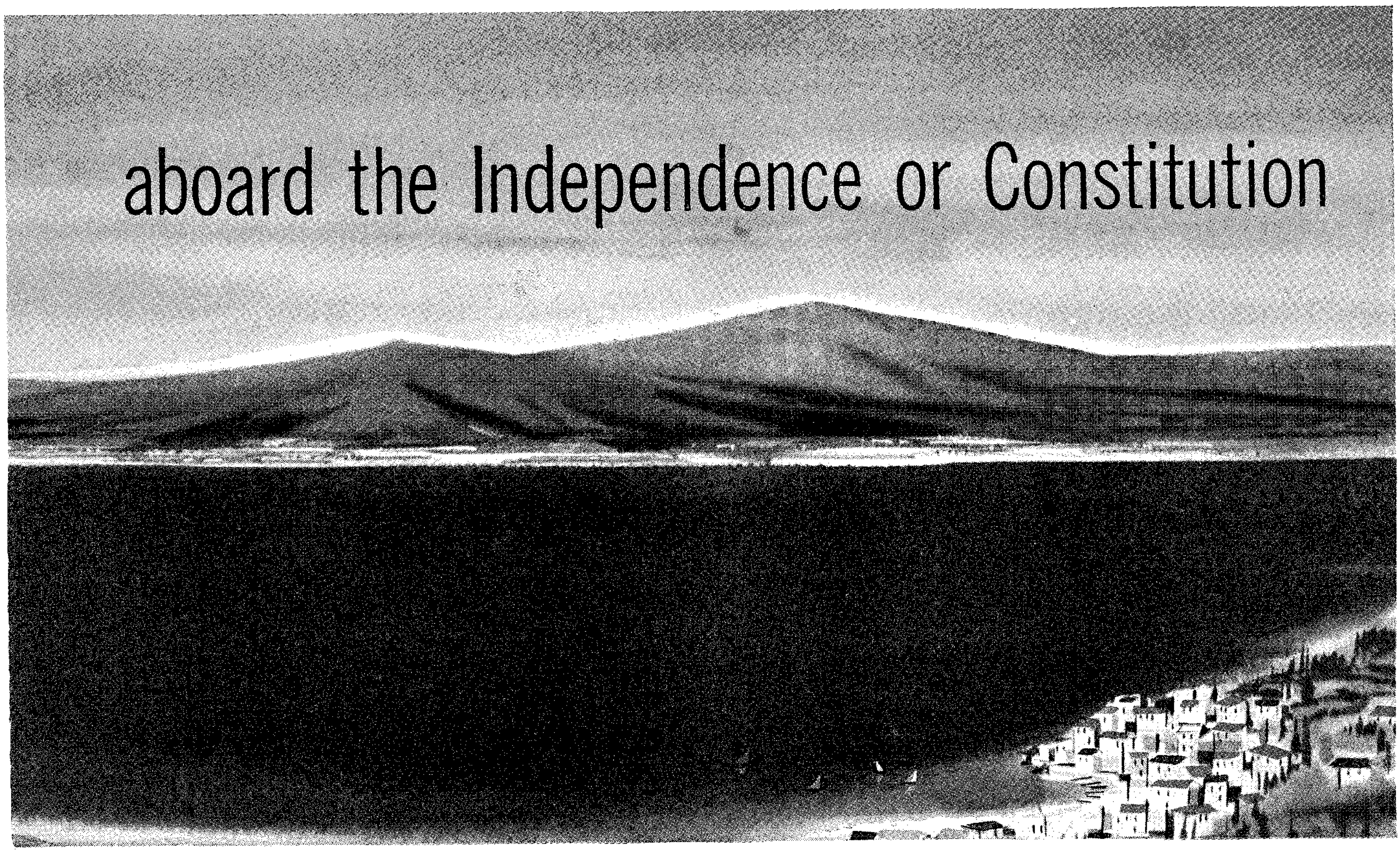
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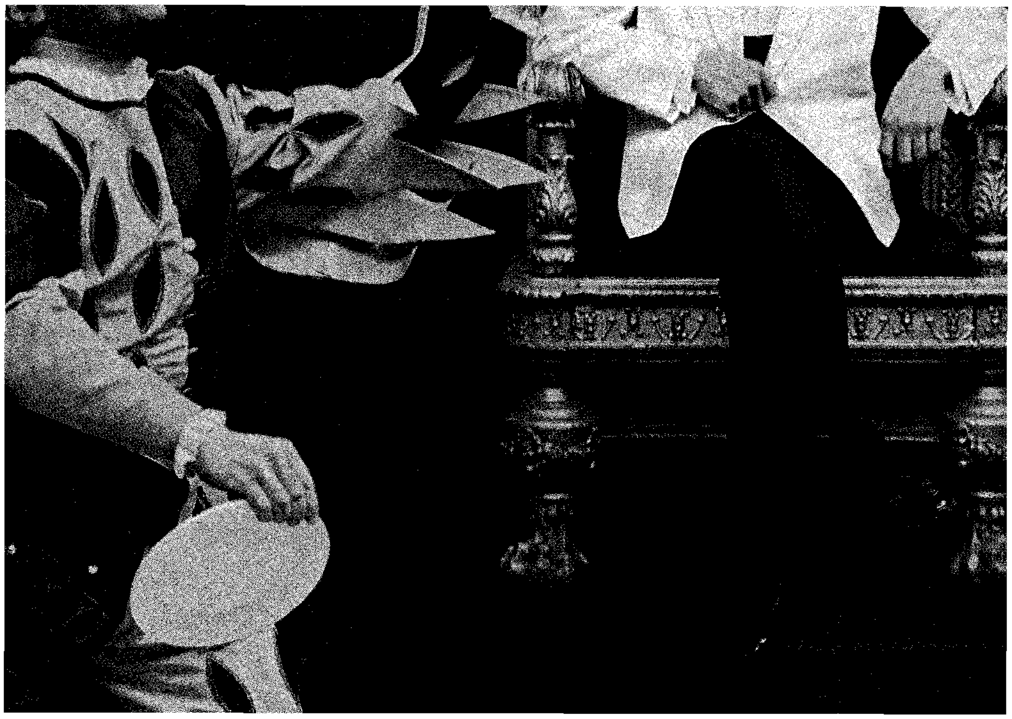

connection with the Daydaybay. There were, for example, increasing numbers of American trucks carrying provisions for Paris, because Group had envisaged the possibility that the city would be found on the verge of famine, and of civilian charcoal-fuelled trucks, mounting odd revolving chimneys that belched stinking smoke, and jammed with delegations of F.F.I. from behind the Allied lines. The F.F.I., who were willing enough, could have been used as infantry if the division staff had had liaison with them, but it is hard to improvise such an arrangement on a battlefield, so they mostly just followed along with the rest of us, though occasionally some of them dismounted to hunt down a German in a haystack after the tanks had cleaned out a gun position. There were Army jeeps from all over the front, carrying officers who, like those at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, had invented missions for themselves that would take them to Paris. And there were the correspondents—military and civilian, too. Morrison and I spotted jeeploads of our colleagues at every turning, giving me happy reassurance that I had made up the head start that had so appalled me the day before.

The many tangential roads were a constant challenge, and Roach, Morrison, and I kept trying new ones, always figuring that we might still come on one that was clear all the way into Paris. But whatever road we tried led us to fighting. We could tell that the advance units were moving nearer Paris all the time, though, because at each try we got farther from our line of departure, which was where the parade had come to a halt. After we had explored all the accessible roads, we went back over those on which we had first run into fighting, and here the evidence of progress was all about us, in the form of burned-out vehicles (most of them, unfortunately, bearing the Daydaybay emblem), knocked-out anti-tank guns, and German dead and wounded, lying by the roadside with their feet toward the pavement, waiting to be picked up, sometime, by French ambulances. They had been laid out there in orderly fashion, as if they had dressed their lines, by German prisoners, working in pairs under the orders of F.F.I. boys with tommy guns. It must have been disquieting to a member of the Führer's master race to feel, as he walked along holding a leg of a wounded man in each hand, that there was within kicking distance of his rear a seventeen-year-old with a tommy gun pointed at his kidneys and a wild desire to use it. We came across un-

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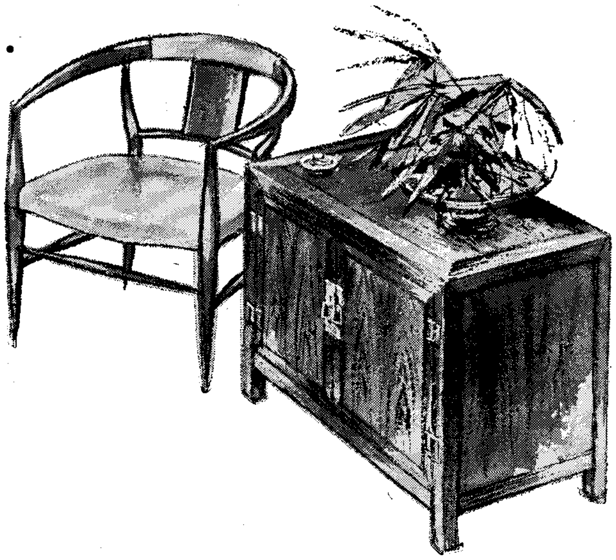

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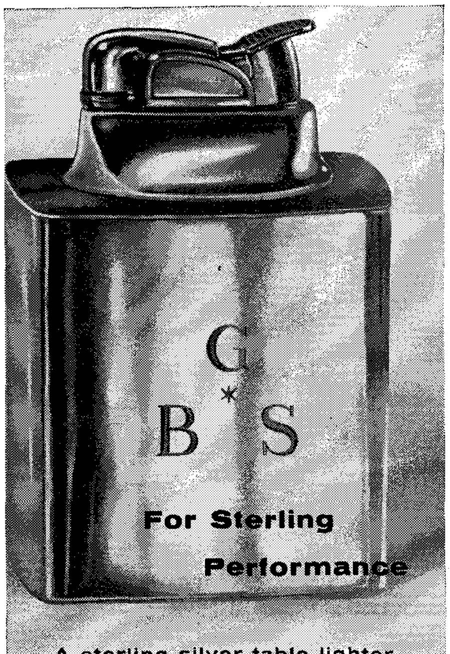
wounded and unutilized prisoners, too, holding their hands high over their heads and doing a shoeless goose step in response to the orders of their F.F.I. guards. (Boots of real leather had become extremely scarce in France, and the F.F.I.s figured that since the collective Occupant was responsible for this state of affairs, it was fair enough to glom the individual Occupant's boots when he was taken prisoner.) The prisoners' faces had the same color as those of the dead Germans—greenish-white under the dust from the road—as if, physiologically, the processes of death had already begun, a reaction to an anticipated situation. Yet I saw only one Frenchman justify such a reaction. A wounded German was lying, quite still, by the roadside when two armed civilians approached him. One pulled at his boots and the other pointed an automatic—German—at his head and fired. There had been no suggestion of provocation.

The Daydaybay's infantrymen, in their half-tracks, followed the tanks at a distance of a little less than a mile. The commander of each combat group—four or five tanks and as many half-tracks—committed his infantry only when he had to, since to detruck and deploy them, move them up on foot, envelop a position, and then take it by small-arms fire might require anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour. That accounted for the heavy losses of the tankers and for the boredom of the infantry, who, in their open vehicles under a baking August sun, began to sweat wine. I remember two troglodytic types—an Arab and a Frenchman from some part of the Mediterranean littoral—locked in unfraternal combat while their *compagnons de voiture* tried unsuccessfully to pry them apart. "*Tapette!*" each of the contestants shouted in one of the other's ears as they struggled. The insult, which is French slang for "homosexual," was never used with less apparent foundation. They looked like pithecanthropi with gold teeth. (I did not see either of them at Mme. la Maréchale's recent party.)

On each road we tried, we met jeeploads of correspondents and of officers attempting to maintain liaison with Division, but the jeep we met most frequently was General Leclerc's. Leaning forward as he sat, tapping on the floor with his cane, he looked as if he were riding the jeep toward an obstacle on a steeplechase course. Leclerc was forty-one, a year younger than the Ulysses S. Grant of the Wilderness Campaign, and, like Grant, he was by



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training and predilection a horseman. Watching him in his jeep made me realize for the first time how valuable a horse must have been in the old days as an outlet for the emotional energy of a fretting commander. The constant conflict of wills, on a level slightly below that of thought, and the horse's reflexes, impossible to ignore even during great crises, must have offered a distraction from the pressures of the moment that would help keep a young, high-strung commander from going mad. Leclerc, I knew, had been a cavalryman, and I have since learned that when he first saw action, as a lieutenant in Morocco in 1926, he had two horses killed under him. And now he had only a jeep to sit, and a jeep is insensitive to the eager tremolo of the legs. Still, he was riding it as best he could. To be so near Paris and not yet have it made him strain as he leaned forward, the long nose and the bristling red mustache in close pursuit of the point of the visor of his three-star-general's kepi.

I had, of course, been talking with Leclerc only a week or so earlier, but now, as we passed and repassed each other on the road, I never found what I deemed a suitable opportunity to remind him of our acquaintance, and the same diffidence restrained me even when, just beyond a railroad culvert, his vehicle and ours stopped close together in deference to a shelling by an unanticipated battery. During a pause in the shelling, he continued on his way, but we decided to turn back and try some other route, and presently we met a jeep carrying an American brigadier general from V Corps, the unit of which the Daydaybay was theoretically a part. The general waved to us to stop, and when we did, he got out in the road and asked us if we had seen Leclerc. He was a very precise-looking brigadier general, with rimless glasses and a neatly trimmed black mustache, and he carried a well-filled map case under his right arm. We pointed in the direction in which we assumed Leclerc was still riding, if his luck had held out, and the brigadier sighed. "I've been looking for him at what is supposed to be Division Headquarters, and they told me they hadn't heard from him for hours," he said. "The division isn't where it's supposed to be, and I can't find Leclerc to tell him so. God damn it," he added, with unexpected warmth, "this isn't an advance at all! It's the march of a gypsy band." The brigadier turned, the set of his shoulders a form of professional reproof,

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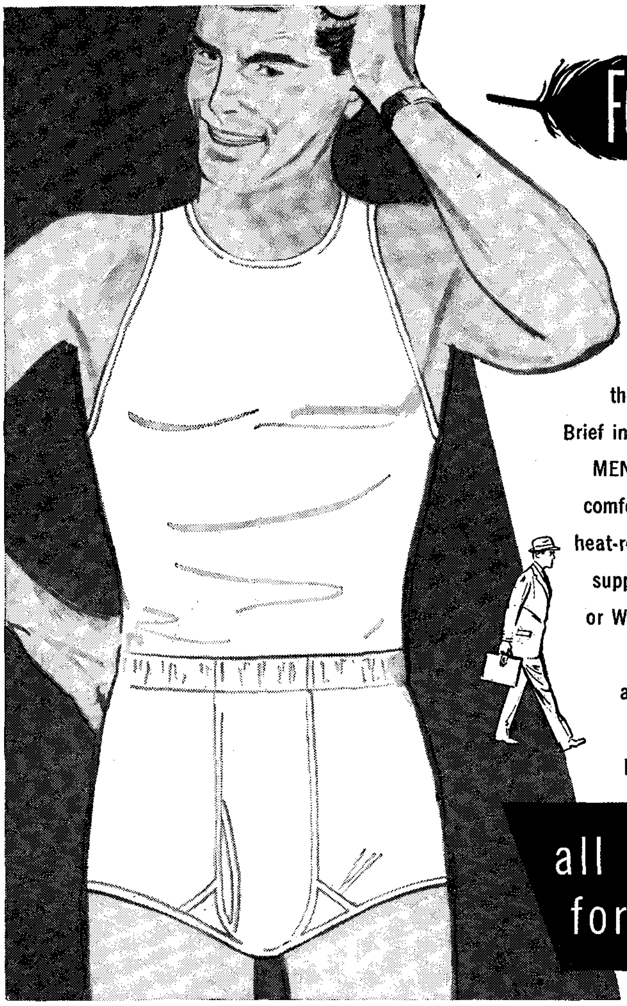

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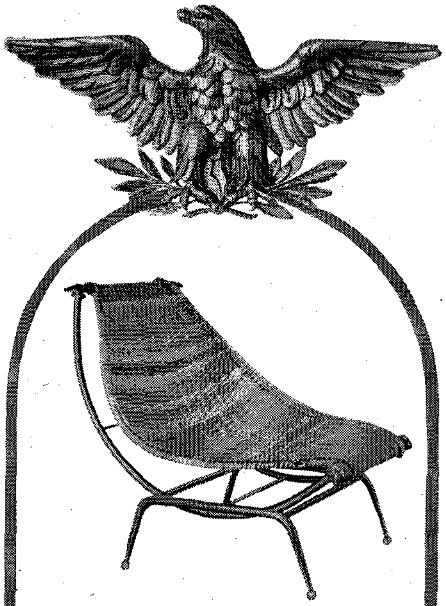
climbed back into his vehicle, and took off after the unhorsed cavalier, who, as a matter of principle, tried to stay out of touch with Corps as much as possible. He loathed receiving orders. "He was a commander who knew how to make himself adored without making a single concession to popularity," a man who served under him said to me once. "Whenever he did a kindness, he always covered it with a hard word."

Late in the afternoon, having worked all the subsidiary roads in vain, we went back to the Paris-Orléans highway, and found it clear for at least ten miles beyond where we had left it that morning. There was almost the fine free feeling of our ride to Chartres the day before as we raced up past Montlhéry and into Longjumeau, an ancient town that seems to consist of a single endless street, walled on both sides with houses. In the coaching days, Longjumeau was the last change of horses before Paris. On its interminable street, we came upon the tail end of a long string of motionless vehicles. The Germans were making another stand up ahead, at Fresnes, where they were using a prison as an anti-tank fort. I acquired from a source that I believed authentic—and it turned out to be so—the information that the division would not go into Paris until the next morning. It is strange that I cannot remember now who told me, because it must have been somebody I trusted like my mother, or Roach, Morrison, and I would have waited in the street all night. The fighting at Fresnes, which we did not try to see, was savage.

LONGJUMEAU, with its locked and tightly shuttered house fronts, offered small promise of an entertaining billet, so we turned back toward more open country and took the turnoff to the Tower of Montlhéry. A difference between the Paris suburbs and those of New York is that in the former, crabbed old medieval towns are interspersed with the latest jerry-built speculative developments. The town of Montlhéry, huddled on the slope of a hill a mile or so east of the highway, might as well be, from its appearance, in a remote corner of Burgundy as where it is, thirteen miles from the Porte d'Orléans. On the other side of the highway is the Montlhéry automobile race track, an incongruous annex to the ancient commune. We took the road that leads up through the steep, narrow streets of the town to the ancient Tower, on the top of the hill. (*Monument historique*, completed 1015 A.D., 137 metres above sea level at its base, 168



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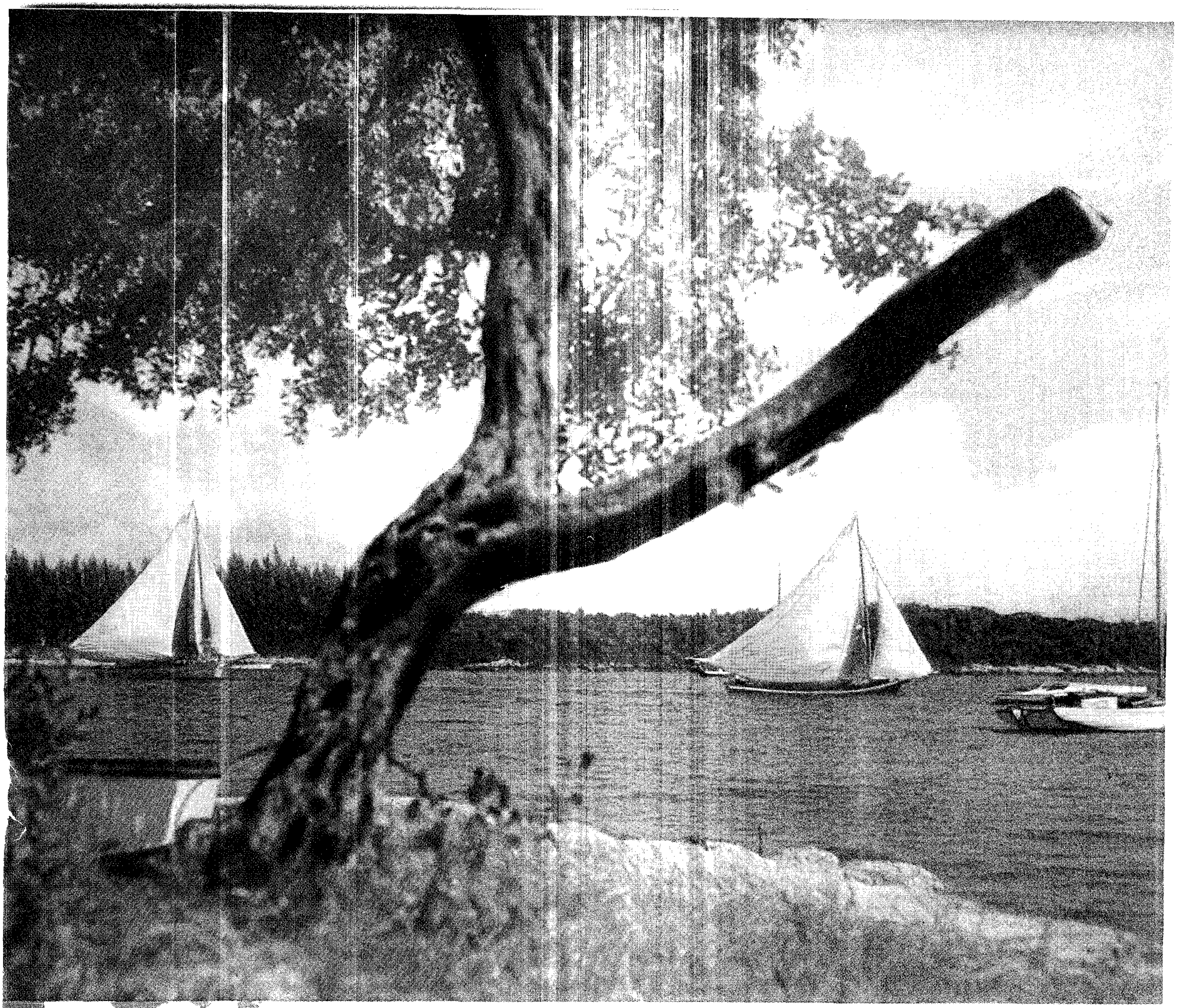

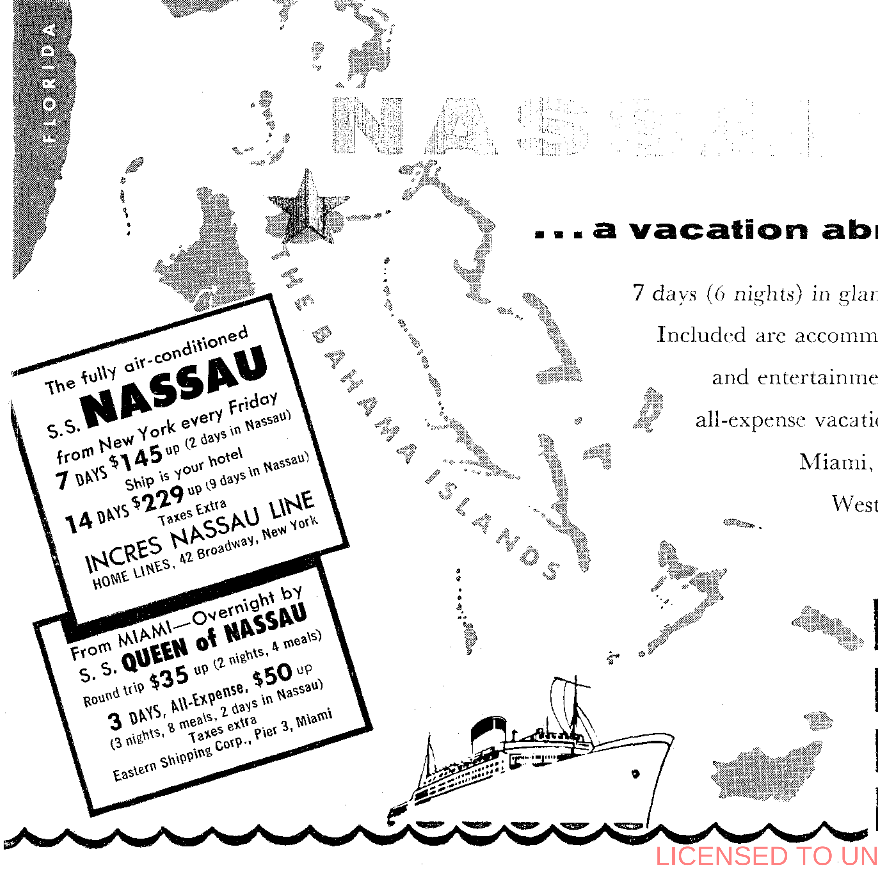

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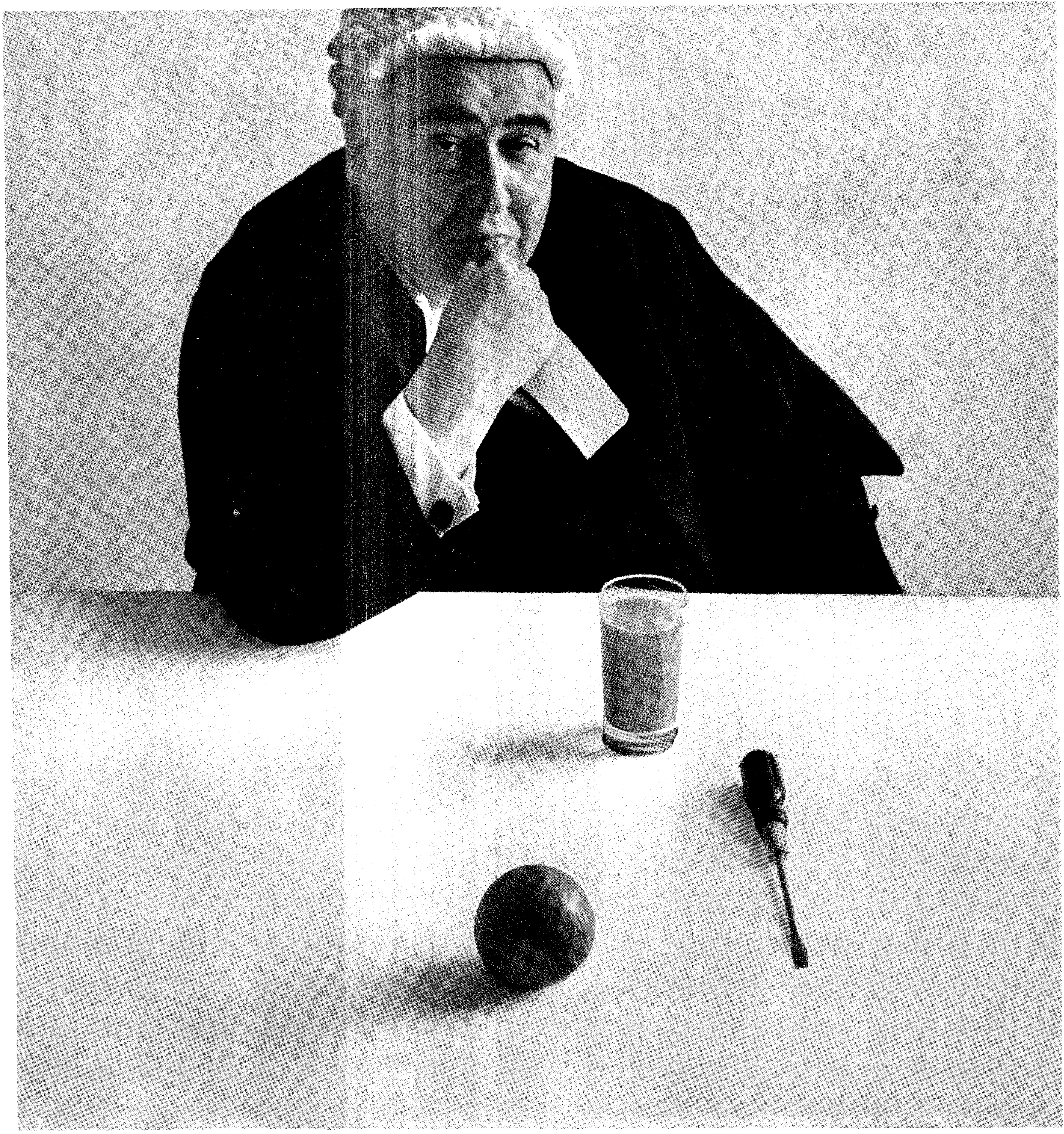

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at its summit, it says in the guidebooks.)

Only the Tower remains of a castle that dominated the southern approach to Paris for six centuries, served as a fortress for insurrectionary French lords in a drawn battle against Louis XI in 1465, and was finally dismantled by Henry IV in 1591, so that it could never again be used as a center of rebellion. The four encircling walls have long since disappeared, the stones having been carted away by thrifty housebuilders. Trees have grown up over most of the site. After passing through the town, the road skirts the outline of the vanished outermost wall. In peacetime, Sunday motorists park their cars along it and walk up to where the Tower stands solitary on the wooded hilltop. To cater to these visitors, a rustic restaurant and bar, called the Auberge de la Tour, has been built near the road, with a wide concrete terrace that affords a view in the direction of Melun and Fontainebleau, and it was here that we stopped.

The interior of the Auberge de la Tour ("Terrasse—Jeux—Panorama Splendide"), like that of our stopping place the night before, was in a state of ecstatic ebullition. M. Bertrand, the *patron*, by whom we were made welcome, is one of those Frenchmen who wear a cap and sweater in all seasons and invariably speak in a deep baritone. His eyes bulge in a friendly but disillusioned manner, advising the world that he is not a man to be taken in. His handclasp is strong and his conversation informed and libidinous, as an innkeeper's should be. His chalet is crowded with paintings in which he descries the hands of Old Masters. M. Bertrand is the *crieur aux ventes*, or auctioneer, of the district, which is in itself an assurance that he is a glib fellow. In selling the effects of the deceased, he told me over our first glass of wine, he was occasionally able to come by some good things; he was, after all, the only connoisseur between Melun and Saint-Michel. He bought not for resale, he said, but as an investment, with a view to creating an estate for his descendants.

"That Géricault there, for example," M. Bertrand said, pointing to a dark oil painting of a lean young thoroughbred in a stall. "There aren't many *guinguettes* where you'd find a Géricault. It's unfortunate he didn't sign it, but it's the real thing. I know his style." Mme. Bertrand, a stout, red-faced woman with high cheekbones and narrow eyes, produced a bottle of a dreadful sweet apéritif wine called Cap Corse—the only prewar apéritif in the

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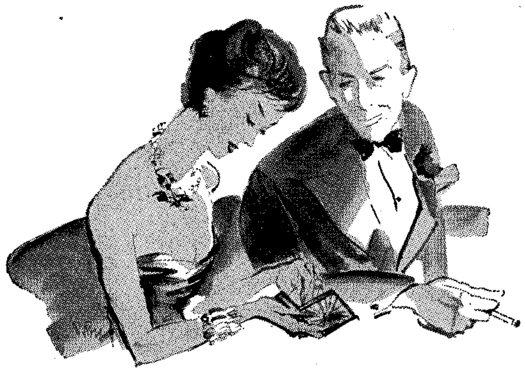

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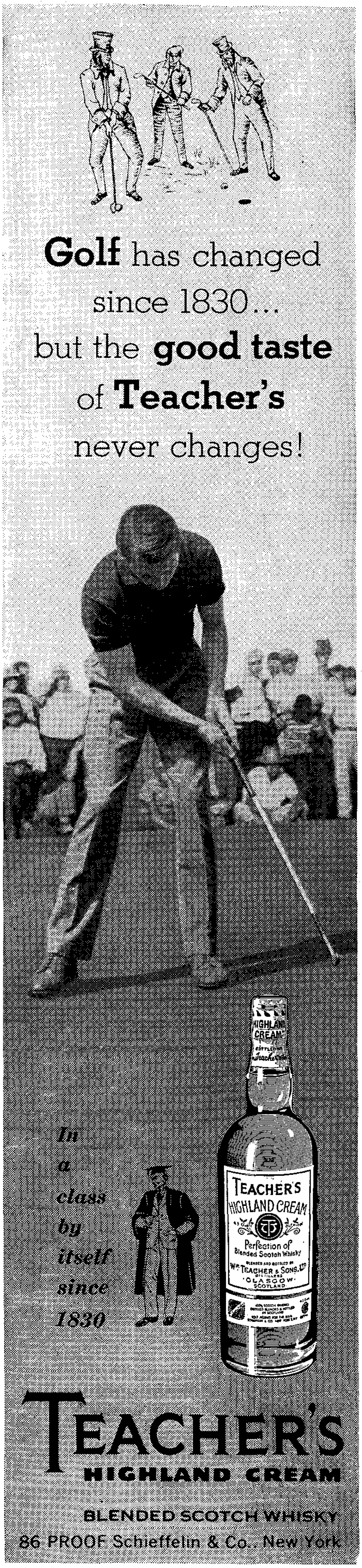

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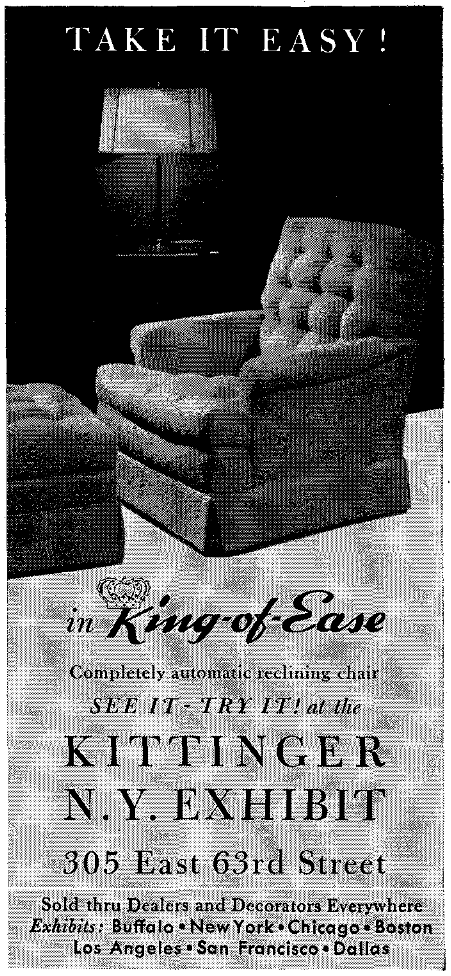
house, she said—which she had saved for this great day. We all felt obliged to smack our lips over it.

An F.F.I. boy asked me if Morrison was "an American colonial." I told him no, he was an American, just like Roach and me—we came all colors. So the boy said that if Morrison was that sort of American, he must be conversant with the latest *tendances du jazz hot.* As it happened, Morrison was, and the boy went to a cupboard and fetched a clarinet. Then Roach, Morrison, and I and the boy and about five other F.F.I. youngsters in shirtsleeves went out onto the *terrasse* with the *panorama splendide* in the late twilight and pulled up chairs around a couple of tables. The clarinettist put his feet up on his table, tilted his chair back, and announced that he was going to play "Dans l'Ambiance"—or, as he translated it, "Een de Mud." Then he lifted the clarinet to his lips and played "In the Mood" while Morrison encouraged him with the whole sectarian gamut of facial appreciation and a few quiet, satisfied groans. "Een de Mud" sounded better than any other music I've ever heard. The clarinet gloated over the routed Ostrogoths. The thin sound, wriggling up toward the old Tower, woke birds that had turned in for the night. M. Bertrand's son, a slight youth of eighteen, said the Germans had disapproved of jazz, regarding an interest in it as evidence of Allied sympathies, and had forbidden it to be played in public places. The *zazous,* or hepcats, however, were not discouraged by this from playing at dances but, instead, amused themselves by working out musical arrangements that began as Viennese waltzes, then switched to jazz and back again before any Germans present could call the turn. The *zazous* also affected *le genre jazz* in their clothes, the Bertrand boy said; they wore what Americans call zoot suits. There was nothing much *l'Occupant* could do about that.

In time, the clarinettist finished his recital. It was full dark by then. I could tell by his voice when he spoke that it had done him good to get that dissident music out of him, blasting it forth into the night after the hour of the Occupation curfew. He told us he was not a professional musician—as we had all suggested he must be—but a typewriter repairman. There had been no new typewriters in Paris since the Occupation, he said, and the maintenance of the old ones had become a fine art. I asked him what my banged-about portable Underwood would bring on the black market, and he said, readily, fifty-six



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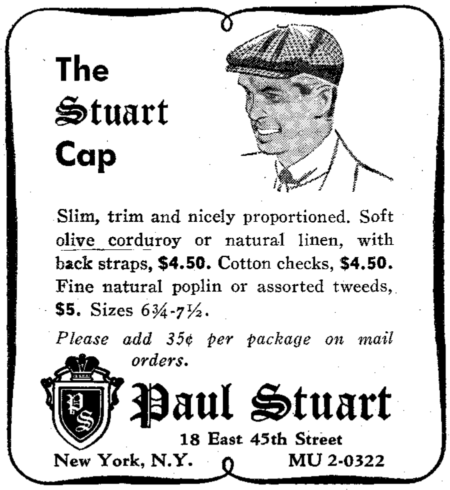

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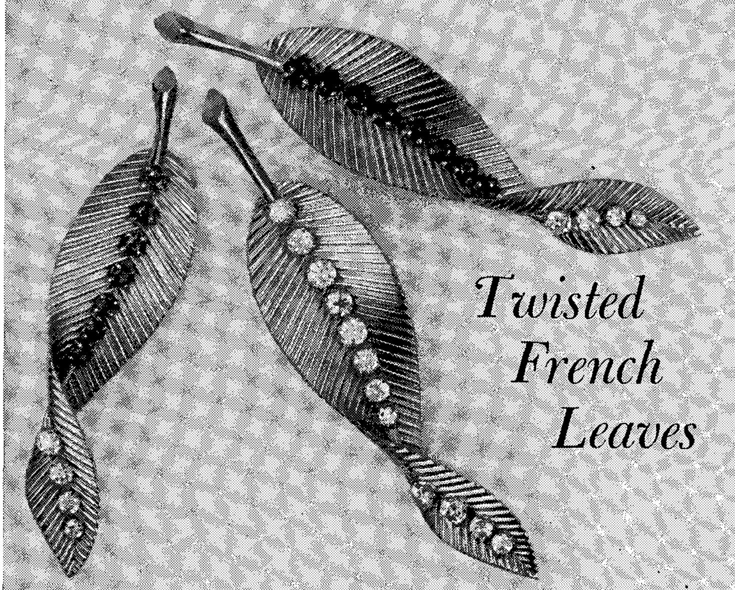
thousand francs, which, at the going rate of fifty to the dollar, would have been eleven hundred and twenty dollars.

The jazz connoisseurs of Montlhéry had not been completely cut off from the *potins* and *nouvelles tendances* of the American jazz world, the lads said. They had had not only the *émissions* of the London radio but reports on the situation from four American and two Canadian aviators and jazz fanciers who had lived in the village for several weeks after being shot down over France and who had departed only that afternoon, when an American detachment showed up there. The airmen had reached Montlhéry by a branch line of the underground railroad that was washed out a short while after their arrival in the village. "They were all *fanatiques du jazz*," young Bertrand said. "Unhappily, they spoke hardly any French, but by whistling, tapping with the foot, and now and then a word, we could make ourselves understood to one another."

Until D Day, Allied airmen shot down over France and retrieved by the Resistance were frequently taken to Paris and thence rerouted toward the Spanish frontier. Paris was the turntable. The Allied landings, however, had made communications between Paris and the rest of France uncertain, and from then on most of the Allied fliers who were shot down had to sit it out where they were until they were rescued. The *fanatiques du jazz* stranded in Montlhéry were in this position. All our airmen who flew over France carried photographs of themselves taken in civilian clothes and suitable for attaching to *cartes d'identité*. The Resistance supplied the *cartes*—forged, of course, and usually describing the bearer as a deaf-mute. The high incidence of deafness and mutism in Occupied territory might have astonished an Occupant with more intellectual curiosity. The airmen in Montlhéry had been dressed in French clothes and billeted with "relatives." It became easy to explain newcomers to a French town after the landings by saying they were fugitives from the war area.

"The Sunday afternoon before last, we gave a concert on the terrace here," young Bertrand said. "No jazz on the program, of course, but we had a very good crowd and had a lot of fun—all except for the best-known *collabos*. The *collabos* were feeling sick. We were very gay, because we knew by word of mouth and through the B.B.C. how fast the Americans were advancing. *Les Fritz* were furious, but they



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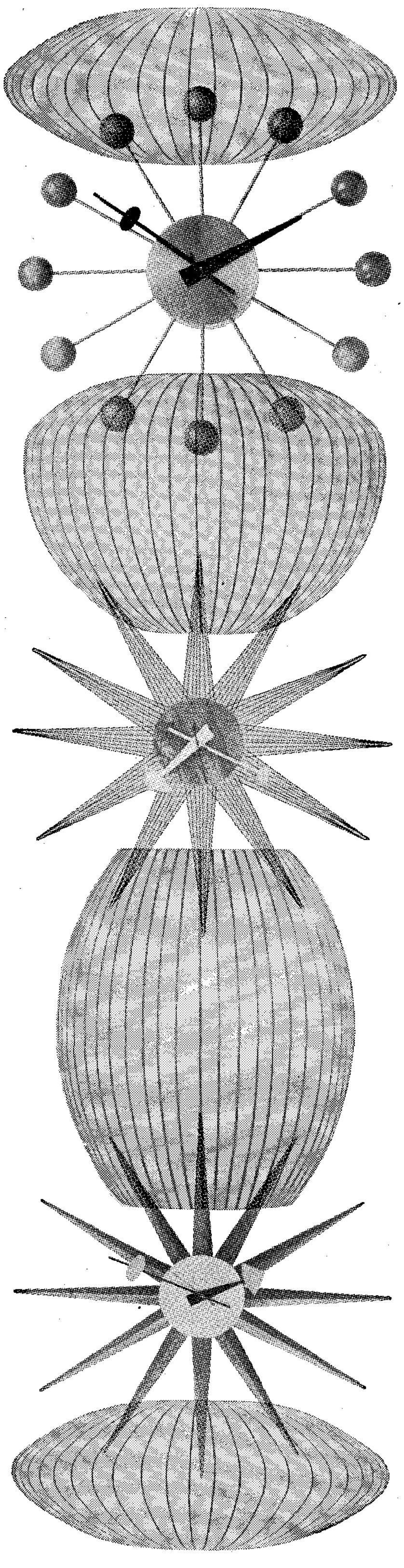
couldn't forbid innocent amusements without acknowledging that their position was becoming critical. Officially, they were still saying the offensive was a local attack that would be contained. The airmen came to the concert and mingled with us young people—all pals of theirs. If a Gestapo man had asked them for their cards, he would have made the discovery that deaf men are crazy about music. Those aviators were nice boys. The town won't be the same without them. It is the only regrettable result of the Liberation."

The night was black and quiet. If there was sporadic shooting up ahead, as there must have been, the wind was wrong, for we heard none. We might have been sitting out under the trees on a New England lawn. There wasn't a uniform in the Auberge, except for Roach's, Morrison's, and mine, in which (I feel safe in speaking for my two companions) none of us had ever felt natural. We were as tired as if we had spent all day swimming, and tired in the same way.

I WAS up early next morning, and while waiting for the others to turn out I climbed up the fifty yards or so to the Tower, traversing the remains of a causeway that crosses the remains of a moat. The top of the hill is the highest point between Montlhéry and Paris. A very informative booklet, which I did not have then but which I recently bought, for fifty francs, says that the Tower is 24.111 kilometres from the Panthéon and dominates it by 31 metres. Because of its height, the booklet adds, it was a station on the semaphore-telegraph line that linked Paris with the Spanish border in the days before the electric telegraph made the service obsolete, and in 1874 scientists used the Tower to measure the speed of light. One could hardly imagine the Germans' passing up a bet like that, and, sure enough, they had built a brick observation-and-listening post on a flat stretch beside the Tower. I was staring up at the Tower, the first ruin I had seen in months that didn't look as if it could be blamed on the Allied Air Forces, when I heard an American voice say, "Good morning!" Turning, I saw that the voice had emanated from a Signal Corps lieutenant, who, I suppose, had emanated from the brick building. Neither voice (Philadelphia, perhaps) nor lieutenant (five ten, pale under a black stubble, serious mouth) was distinctive, but he was a man I won't forget.

"I've been up here since yesterday



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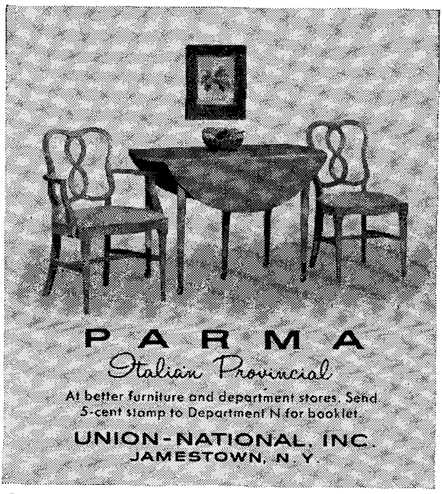

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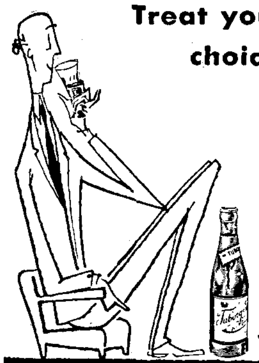

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morning, sir," he said. "Recon troop brought me up here with a couple of other men, so we could look around. I haven't been of any use, but I've been having a wonderful time looking at Paris through a good glass. I've never been to Paris, but I've been reading about it all my life. I know it by heart, from the maps. Just where everything is. And there it is! God, I just can't take my eyes off it! Come over here and I'll show it to you." He handed me his binoculars, a magnificent Signal Corps pair, and led me over to the northern edge of a broken parapet. Paris was there, all right—there in the same place I had left it four years, two months, and fifteen days before.

"I got the map right here," the lieutenant said, and he unrolled it and laid it out on a flat stone. Then he straightened up and said, "But I don't need the map, because I've got all the landmarks cold. Now, over there," he went on, pointing to the dome of the Invalides, "is the Opera House. Once you get that clear, you have your orientation. And over there," he continued, pointing now to the Opéra, "is the City Hall—you know, the Chamber of Deputies. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It's beautiful," I said, and meant it.

The lieutenant got the Eiffel Tower right. "I suppose you know what that beautiful white church is up on the hill?" he next said, swivelling my elbow into line with Sacré-Cœur. I was going to name it, but something warned me not to, so I shook my head. "Why, it's Notre Dame, of course!" he said, and I was glad that I had kept my mouth shut.

"I can't wait to get down there," the lieutenant said. "It's the most beautiful city in the world."

I thanked him from the bottom of my heart. I hope he made it.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the first of two related articles.*)

•

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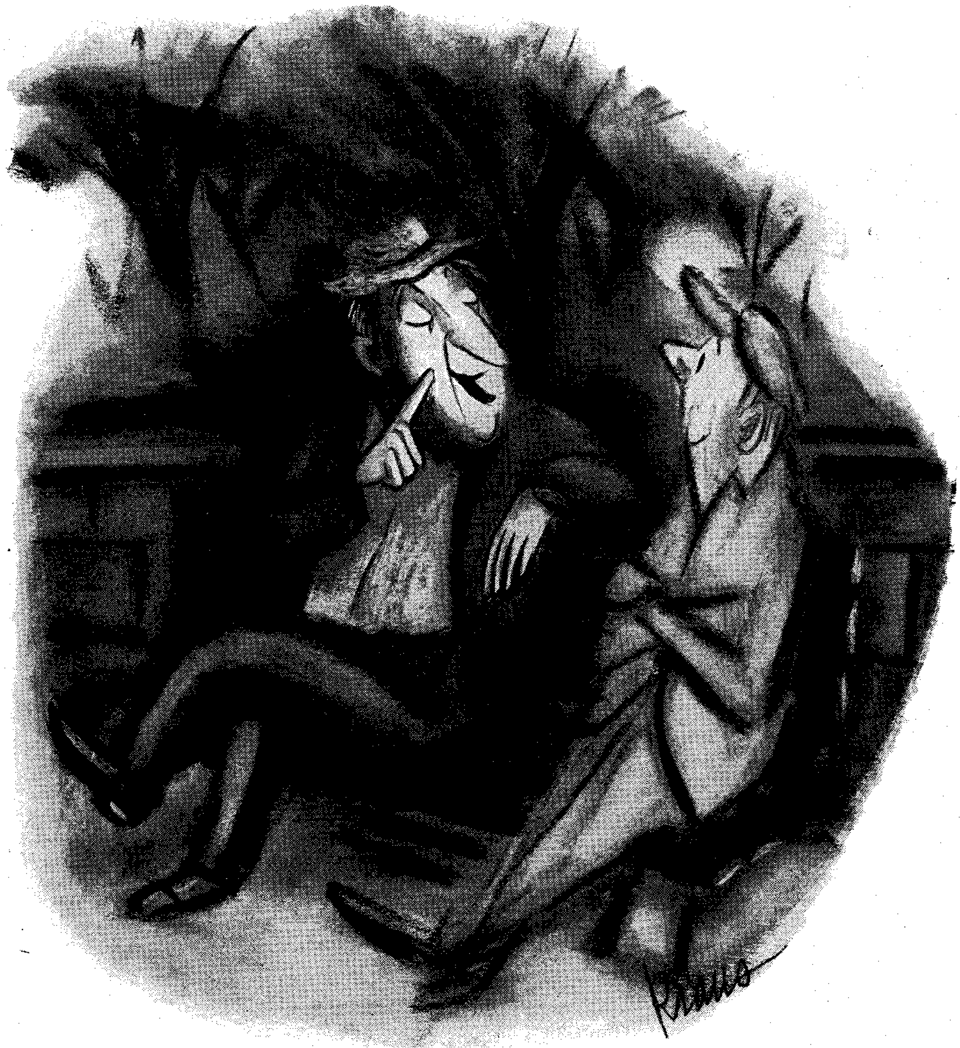
THE THEATRE

GIRL MEETS TWO BOYS

THE latest fatality at the Martin Beck—something called "The Lovers," by Leslie Stevens—was a play full of confusion and surprise. Essentially, it dealt with the medieval French custom of *droit du seigneur*, a practice that I'm sure most modern minds correctly deplore, but the issue was complicated by the circumstance that the nobleman who avails himself of his historic privilege of spending a night with the bride of one of his serfs develops something deeper than a simple physical desire for her, so that he is driven to seek some more permanent relationship, and by the even more unorthodox circumstance that the lady, though a moral girl, is able to accept the switch in her nuptial arrangements with agreeable poise and a minimum of argument. The behavior of the peasant groom also has its unusual aspects. He manages, that is, to bring himself to concede his master's right to borrow his wife on their wedding night, and is stirred to rebellion only when his rival violates the code by failing to return her promptly at noon the following day. It is a situation that might easily commend itself to Noel Coward if that gifted scamp ever felt in the mood to write a twelfth-century drawing-room comedy. Humor, however, is far from Mr. Stevens' intention—his play, in fact, is concerned largely with the manner in which his protagonists meet their bloody ends—and I'm afraid that his tragedy has for the most part only a kind of naïve absurdity.

The narrative method of "The Lovers" is hardly more fortunate. At the rise of the curtain, the unhappy trio are already dead, and the subsequent action centers on a Cistercian friar whose conscience impels him to learn the full truth about their fatal affair, so that he can determine whether they are entitled to be buried with proper rites in holy ground. He is opposed in this investigation by the associated ecclesiastical and military authorities, who have declared the victims guilty of mortal sin, and promise prompt and terrible vengeance on anyone who dares question their verdict. The monk defies them, and goes about piecing together what happened, partly from the accounts of witnesses and partly, in the case of things that took place when no witnesses were present, from his own intuition. This multiple-flashback technique has, of course, been employed often before, notably this season in "The Lark," and it can be extremely effective. In "The Lovers," however, the transitions from present to past are rather clumsily handled, the simultaneous appearance of a single actor on two levels of time being an especially awkward illusion; the reconstruction of a total scene from what can only have been a fragmentary account seems an unconvincing procedure at best; and altogether the effect is annoyingly that of a calculated theatrical mechanism creaking and straining perceptibly at its work. There were some fairly impressive and menacing scenes involving the lords and knights of the Church, and now and again the doomed heroine and her lovers achieved a suggestion of real passion and suffering, but for me the evening was not a success. A great deal of it, I regret to say, struck me as unconsciously very droll.

The principal players were Darren McGavin, who made a handsome, though oddly hysterical, seducer; Hurd Hatfield, who was restrained and intelligent in the difficult role of the friar; Joanne Woodward, as the decorative, if emotionally incomprehensible, heroine; Mario Alcalde, as her inarticulate husband; Morris Carnovsky, as her



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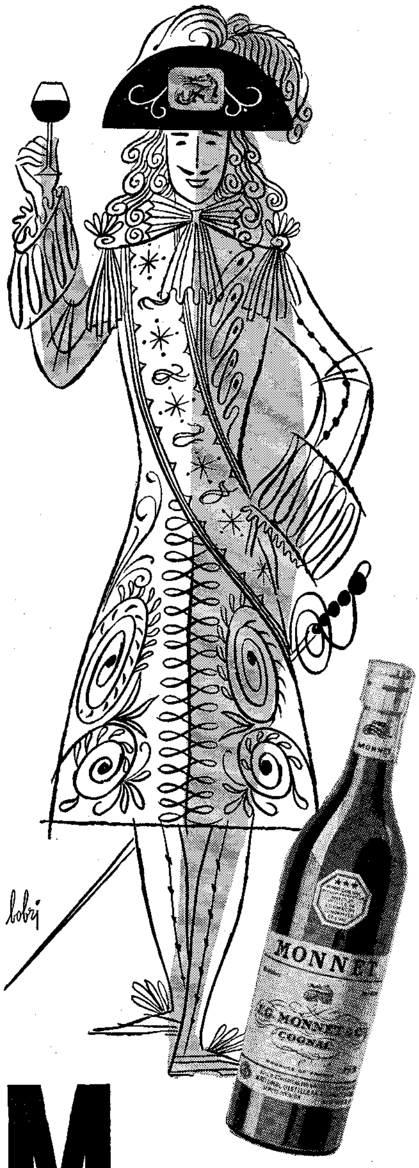

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foster father; Vivian Nathan, who was excellent as a young woman determined to get justice for the dead; and Bramwell Fletcher, who was sinister indeed as a worldly prince of the Church. Charles Elson's simple platform setting served its purpose well enough, and his use of lights was admirable, though the sudden transformation of the stage into a church interior by casting a rose window on the backdrop is a device that is rapidly approaching a cliché. John Boyt's costumes for the nobility had great style, and his peasants were tattered enough to suit anybody.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Want to enchant your youngster by decorating a bedroom with story-book characters ingrained in the walls?

You can do it by choosing wood paneling. Select a species with lots of curls and swirls, and apply a clear or pigmented resin finish to accent the grain, suggests the National Lumber Manufacturers Association.

It's nature's pastime to grow trees so that the grain of the wood often forms interesting patterns and designs—even human figures, animals and other familiar objects.

A fellow who's taken advantage of this "built-in decoration" for his daughter's bedroom is Bob Scharff, free lance magazine writer and do-it-yourself author.

Scharff, who has just completed building an 11-room plank-and-beam "dream house" in fashionable Stony Brook, L.I., combined birch plywood with a pigmented resin finish to achieve a unique effect which 10-year-old Alpha Jay describes as the envy of all the other youngsters in her neighborhood.

On one wall of Alpha Jay's room, the grain of the wood paneling forms the head of a big bad wolf—a twin to the one that frightened Little Red Riding Hood, perhaps.

If you look closer at the grain, you'll find the head of another wolf blending in with the first. In fact, wolf no. 2 appears even more sinister than his brother, as if he belonged with the Three Little Pigs.

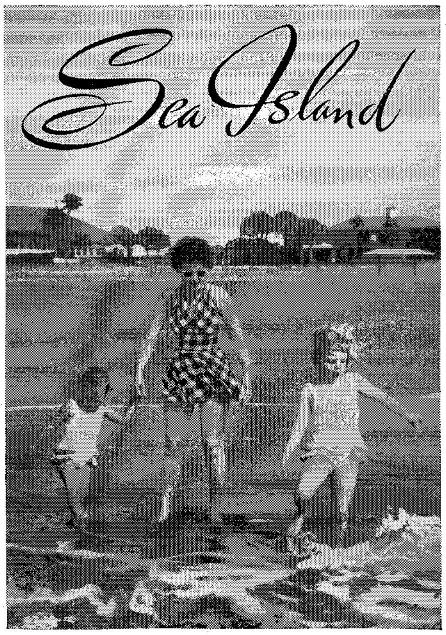
To one side of these woodland rogues, you come face to face with the wicked witch from the Wizard of Oz, complete with long nose, high cheekbones and exaggerated eyebrows. All that's missing is her broom.

Near one of the two doors in Alpha Jay's bedroom is a ghoulish figure that resembles a lopsided Halloween ghost.

Finally, beneath one of the chin-high wood-awning windows that let in plenty of fresh air—and provide the all-important privacy that a 10-year-old must have—there's the proverbial scared rabbit.

Scharff says it's just a coincidence that the scared rabbit is looking right into the eyes of truculent wolves 1 and 2.—*News release from the National Lumber Manufacturers Association.*

It's just a coincidence that we all have to take tranquillizing drugs, too.



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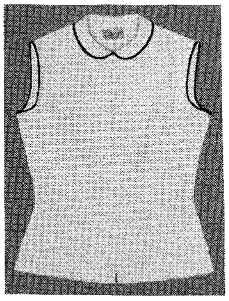

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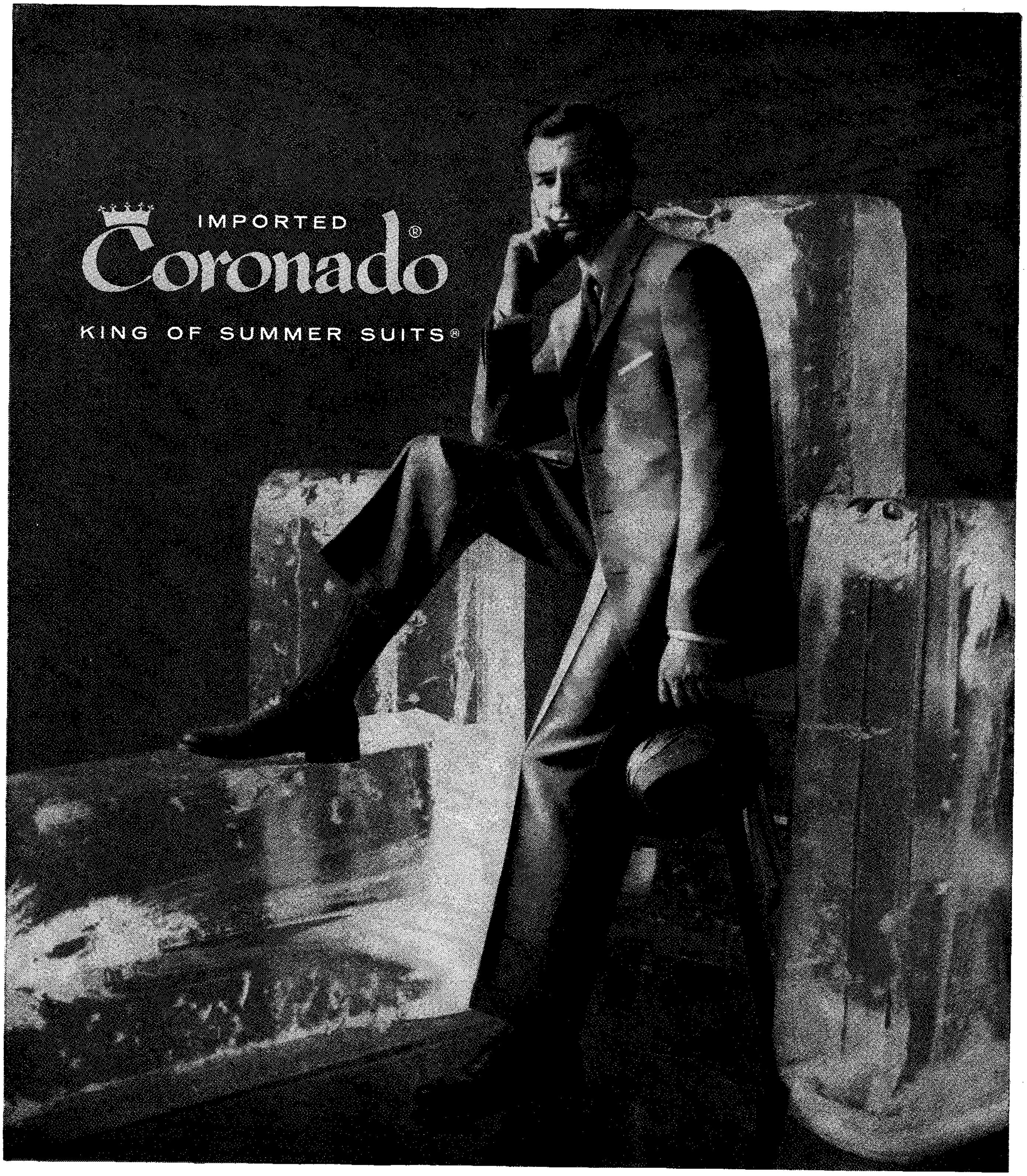

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toujours moi

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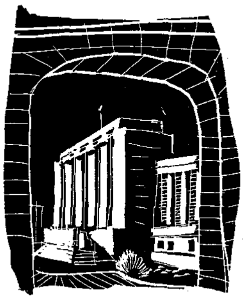
GRANDFATHER AND THE COLD YEAR

ON the chill May Day of 1883, a busy fire crackled in the Franklin stove in the sitting room of my Grandfather Adams' cottage, on South Union Street, in Rochester, and we five grandchildren were in sombre mood as we filed in and huddled in its warmth. We had a right to expect something better in the way of weather at that time of year than a howling gale off Lake Ontario, bearing snow flurries. We had planned an excursion to the woods to look for trailing arbutus, and here we were, spending the afternoon making a duty call on our grandfather. The old gentleman, mildly amused at our discomfiture, welcomed us with a jocular reference to the winter of our discontent. "I could have advised you to postpone your floral project to a later date," he said.

"Did you *know* it was going to snow today, Grandpa?" asked my Cousin Jenny, the eldest of our group.

"On the best of authorities," he replied. At his elbow was a table, and on it an almanac issued in the name of his favorite home remedy, the powerfully—and unavowedly—alcoholic nostrum Hop Bitters, the Invalid's Friend and Hope. He tapped the almanac. "A publication as reliable as the medical preparation which it justly extolls," he said. "For this spring, the prophecy is belated snowfall, into May."

At this moment, the kitchen door opened, and our step-grandmother appeared with a capacious pan in her hands. It contained the spring setting of her battercakes, which she was stirring with a slow, rhythmic, circular motion. She offered a sample spoonful to her husband. He sniffed at it critically, then took a small portion of it on his tongue, and at once discharged it into his handkerchief. Waving toward the mantel, where his bottle of Hop Bitters stood, he gurgled that he must have some to take away the taste. Usually docile to the point of meekness, Grandma was sensitive to any slur upon her cookery, which was, indeed, superior. She brought him the bottle, but she also turned red. "What is wrong with my batter?" she demanded.



"Sour as a miser's alms," Grandfather replied.

"Why not, since it is still yeasting?" she retorted.

"Do not bandy words with your lawful husband, Mrs. Adams," he said. "Throw it in the sink and mix a fresh batch."

She went out, and from the banging that then sounded behind the kitchen door we thought it doubtful whether Grandfather would get any battercakes at all that spring.

She returned to the sitting room a little later. By this time, the old gentleman was in a more amenable frame of mind, for the chief and cheering ingredient of the Invalid's Friend and Hope had done its work. He took in my four cousins and me with a sweep of his arm. "These young folk appear to have conceived an ambition against our weather," he said.

Grandma tossed her head. "And why not, I should like to know?" she replied. "Look at my poor crocuses. All nipped! I never saw anything like it."

"Hunca munca!" said Grandfather. "What do the young of today know about weather? Have they seen the pools of the Gerundigut iced over in June? Have they cleared snow from August pasturage, so that the bestial might graze? Have they carried foot warmers to church on Independence Day? Sireno, you may take away this respectable work"—he tapped the almanac again—"and fetch me my ortbook."

"Oh," Grandma said as Reno removed the almanac and went for Grandfather's massive scrapbook, "you're thinking of Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-to-Death."

"Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-to-Death," he said, nodding. "The calamitous but profitable year of 1816, when I was absorbing science in the classic halls of Hamilton College." Science in his vocabulary meant learning of whatever kind. "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*," he murmured. "Ah, those happy sophomore days!"

Grandma was always quick to resent Grandfather's expressions of erudition, perhaps because he belittled her own minor scholarship as "dame-school Latinity." Now she undertook to cap his Latin line. "*Sophomorus et— et—* something-or-other *ne plus ultra*," she said. "Wait! I'll think of it." She made groping gestures, seeking to recall lost learning.

Grandfather observed her with disfavor. "Something-or-other, indeed!" he said. "The makeshift of an ignora-

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Several years ago the world was astonished by a story in The New York Times telling how Vatican archaeologists had uncovered the buried tomb of St. Peter. It was a world scoop for The Times, and a tribute to the news excavating talents of Camille M. Cianfarra, who had spent two months digging up the story.

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Digging for news was part of Cian's boyhood environment. A native of New York, he was brought up in Rome, where his father was United Press correspondent. Cian himself joined the UP in New York in 1933, after several years of attending City College and working for various Italian-language newspapers. In 1934 he went to London for the UP.

Cian joined The New York Times in 1935 in Rome. By the time Mussolini interned him, when Italy went to war with the U. S., he had become a specialist in Vatican affairs. This helped him write two books about the Vatican, "The Vatican and the War," in 1944, and "The Vatican and the Kremlin," in 1950.

After the war, Cian spent a couple of years as Times correspondent in Mexico City. He returned to Rome in 1946. Since 1951 he has been Times correspondent in Madrid.

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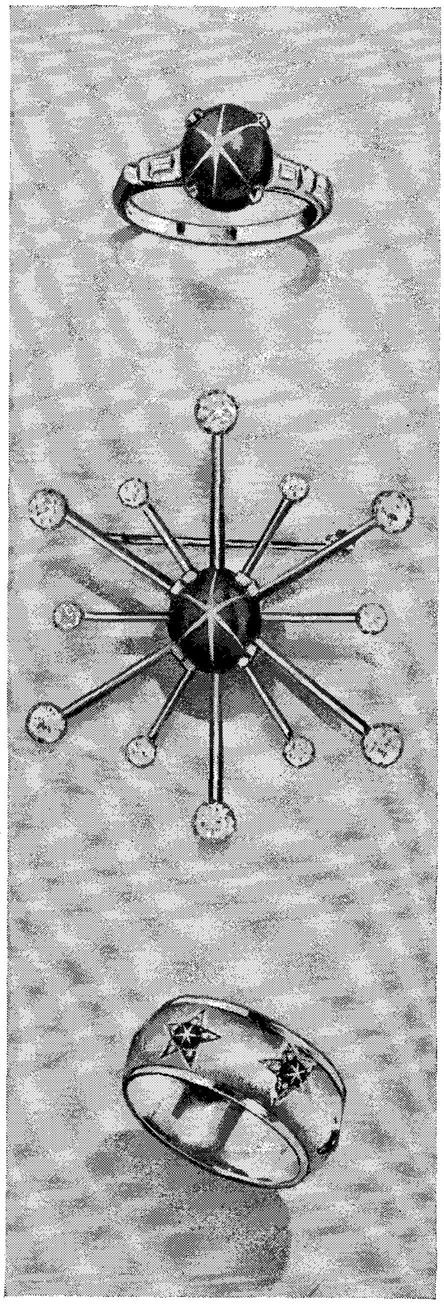

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ma. Silence would better befit you, Mrs. Adams. Your remarks are alien to the subject, which, I may remind you, is the hard year of '16, when the soil of York State never yielded up its frost."

"Poverty Summer and Misery Fall, we called it," Grandma said.

"And Mackerel Winter," the old man added. "I have never been able to abide the taste of mackerel since."

"Mackerel?" young Charlie asked. He had an unfailing interest in natural history. "How did they get here? Did they swim up the Erie Canal?"

"There wasn't any Erie Canal in 1816, you ninnywit," John said.

Unheeding of this interruption, Grandfather said, in the portentous tones he employed for ancient, homely, and sometimes irrelevant saws, "A pig on credit makes a good winter and a long spring. But who can afford to fatten pork on four-dollar corn? So in lieu of tasty hog's harslets and prime spareribs we lived through the winter on undersalted and overpriced mackerel from the rascally fishmongers at the Port of New York. Finally, De Witt Clinton, that sagacious statesman, appointed mackerel inspectors to save us from being worse poisoned than we were, and Gardel Cheedle, the Farmer-Bard of Watercure, composed a poem in which he compared mackerel with pickerel, to the disfavor of the former."

"Gardel Cheedle was a paltry poetaster and a godless man," Grandma said primly.

"It is true that some of his versifications were vended by the bowkers," Grandfather admitted. (By subsequent research, we children found that a bowker was a vender of improper songs, which sold for a penny on street corners.) "Nevertheless, he justly voiced the sentiments of a long-suffering countryside. Well do I remember another pronunciamento of his, inscribed in pokeberry-juice ink on a parchment indenture and affixed to the hoardings at Canandaigua Town Hall." And Grandfather opened his ortbook to read Mr. Cheedle's pronunciamento:

"Beets, potatoes, and turnips are froze
solid in the ground.
Sap in the sugarbush, ditto; of jackwax
not a pound.
Wheat withered in the milk.
Corn shrivelled in the silk.
Pease, beans, and flax, all froze.
Frosts, ice, hail, and snows.
Summer is a bilk.
Kind friends, farewell; I cannot dwell;
I'd rather die and—

go elsewhere," Grandfather finished. "And, with that, Gardel Cheedle went

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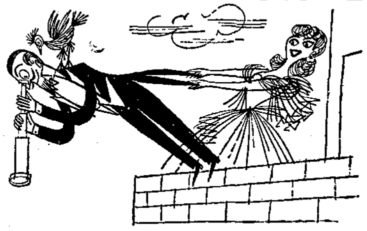

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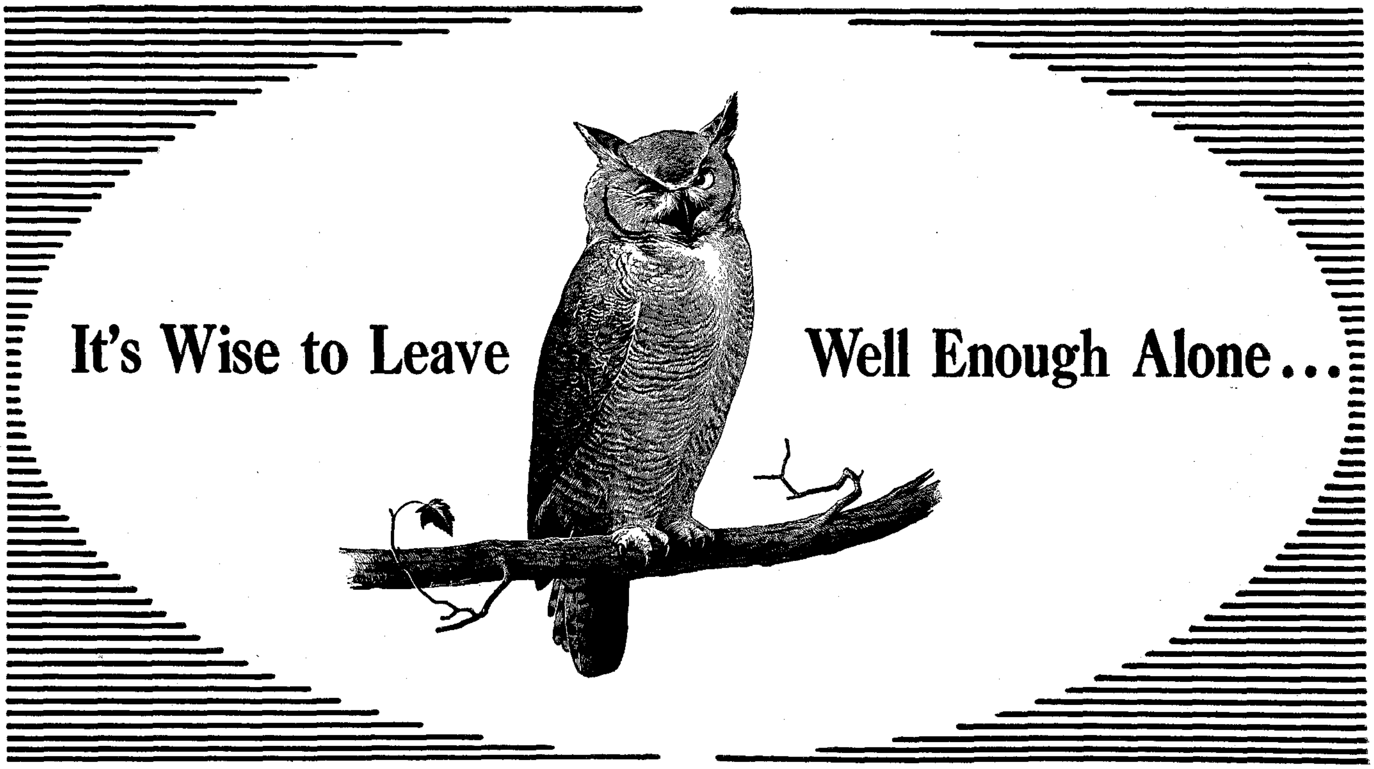
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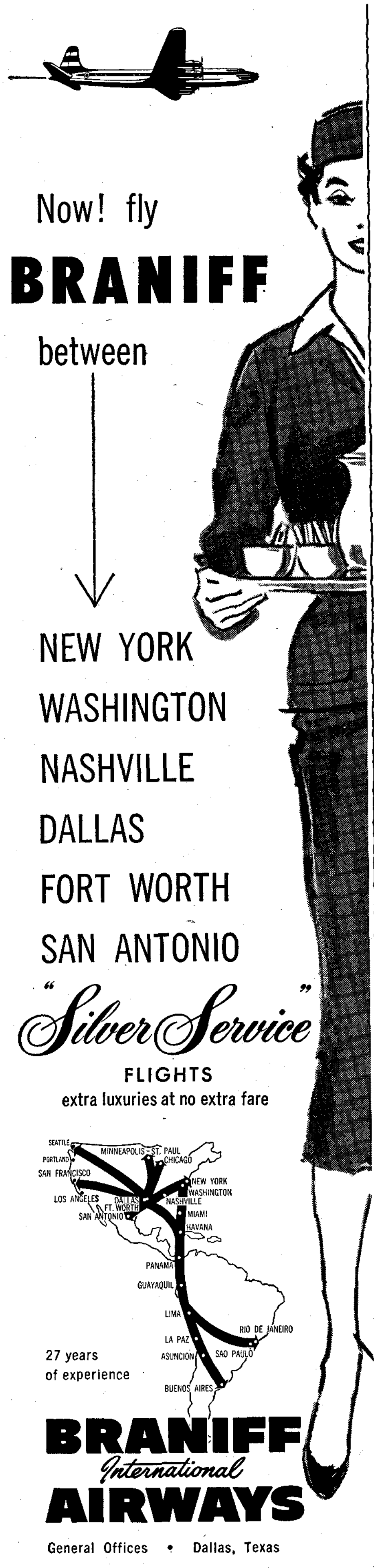
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home and hanged himself to a beam in his barn."

"Goodness!" Jenny exclaimed. "What did the poor man do that for?"

"He was a factious fellow," Grandfather said, "and he thought that he was venting his spite upon Providence. His hired help cut him down, and he carried his head awry the rest of his natural life."

"NOBODY could justly say but that Providence gave us fair warning of what was to come that year," Grandma said.

"Ah—the passenger pigeons!" said the old gentleman.

"What did the passenger pigeons do?" Charlie asked.

"The flocks migrated to Canada at the usual time that spring," Grandfather said. "And then, with one accord, they turned about and flew back to the South. A creature of rare docity, the passenger pigeon, with a special aptitude for interpreting nature's signs."

"What were the signs?" I asked.

"I don't know. Nobody knows," Grandfather answered. "For a week, the pigeons' transit darkened our skies. At night, we knocked them from their roosts with sticks, by the hundreds. Later on, we fed for months on pigeon pickled in hard cider. The wisest failed to comprehend the full portent of that return flight."

"There were the hairy bears, too," Grandma reminded him.

"Yes, the hairy bears," he agreed. "In the fall of '15, those weather-wise caterpillars sported coats of unprecedented thickness as they crawled from their marshy habitat."

"Crawled!" Grandma exclaimed. "Not they! They couldn't! Their fur was so long that it cloyed their feet, and they had to roll like hoop snakes."

"You witnessed their strange procession, I suppose, Mrs. Adams?" Grandfather asked.

"If I didn't, Obediah Dogbery did," she replied with spirit. "He put it in the newspaper." Grandma had an instinctive and touching faith in the printed word.

"Obediah Dogbery was a pickle-herring printer," Grandfather declared. "That winter, he surprised a polar bear bobbing for sturgeon at the Lower Falls of the Genesee, if one were to believe him, which none did except Mrs. Adams."

"Anyway, there was an ermine in our henhouse in the spring," she said, "and everybody knows that the family of clapes in Oren Dunton's hollow

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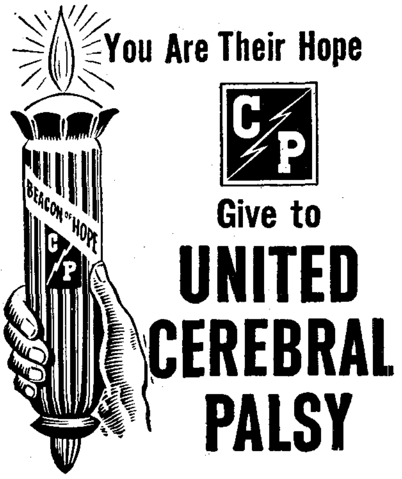
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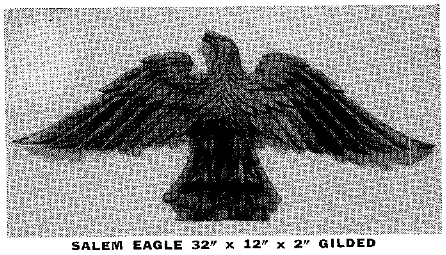
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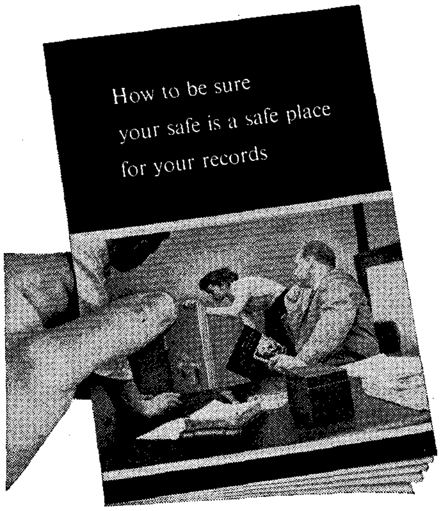

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basswood hatched out nestlings with fur instead of feathers."

"And according to your prophet Obediah, the groundhog's shadow froze fast to the earth when he came out to forecast the weather," Grandfather taunted her. "Do you hold with that, Ma'am?"

"Well, you know, Mr. Adams, that Mr. Dogbery foretold snow in May, ice in June, and frosts throughout the summer."

"Caused by sunspots," Grandfather said. "Everyone knew about them."

"Sunspots?" John repeated. "How do they make cold weather?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows," the old gentleman said again. "But the connection was established beyond cavil by the events of that disastrous summer. Never was such a topsy-turvy weather-spell. Dismay was universal. Not that I have any call to misprize the event," he added with a modest half smile, "since it launched me upon a commercial career which proved not unprofitable."

"How could you make money out of it, sir?" Reno asked.

Grandfather waved him to silence. "I have here certain records which are not wholly without pertinence," he said, opening his book. He read:

May 4, 1816—Thermometer drops below freezing. Blemishes appear upon the sun's surface. Public concern.

May 6—Continued cold. Sun's face pocked like one stricken with the black pest. Streets of town crowded with citizenry negligent of their proper occasions and peering through smoked glass with fearful eyes, seeking portents. Public prayers.

May 9—Heavy snowfall. Public prayers. Belief expressed that the sun's fires had died and its cold pits were venting the snow. Wolf packs, still heavy in winter fur, quitting the forest and invading the shun-pikes and even the turnpikes.

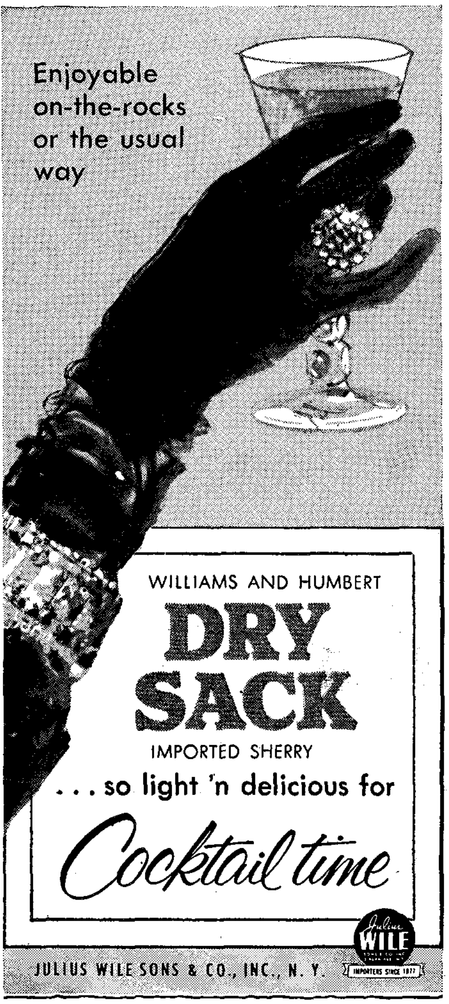
May 12—Active changes on sun's face. Light of noonday pale and limsy like stale skimmagig. ["Buttermilk," Grandma obligingly translated for us.] Fowls seek their roosts.

May 20—More snow. Special service of supplication held in churches throughout the region.

May 26—Indians take a hand. Medicine men of the Senecas announce that the sun is mortally sick and can be cured only by a three-day tribal powwow. Powwow held but no improvement in sun's condition noted.

June 1—Dr. Hashalew, a well-known itinerant medical professor, announces that the seasons have exchanged places and advises all citizens to improve their woodpiles as for winter, and to lay in supplies of his Elixir Vitae, four shillings a bottle. Many do so.

June 5—Deep solar fissures observed. Rumor that the orb is splitting in half. Week of severe frost. Cows refuse to yield milk. Fowls abstain from laying. Eggs go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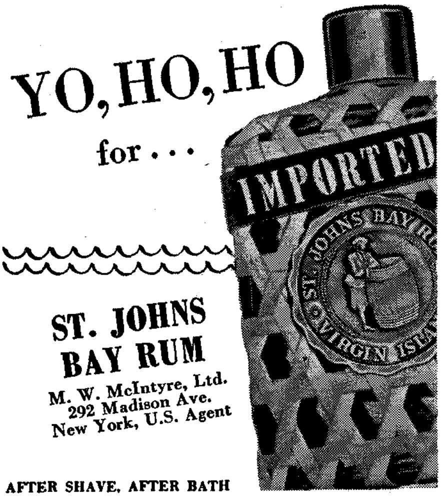

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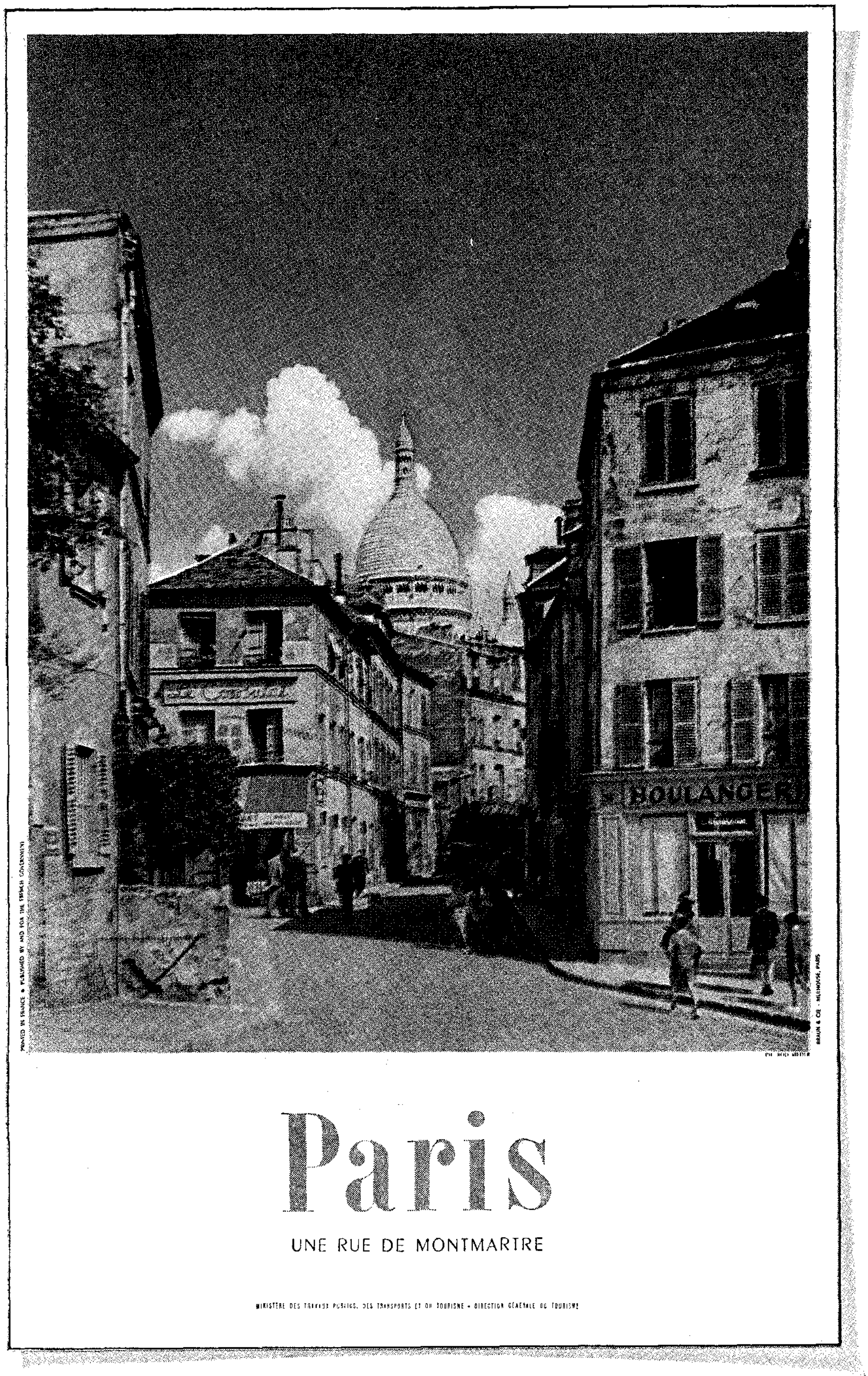
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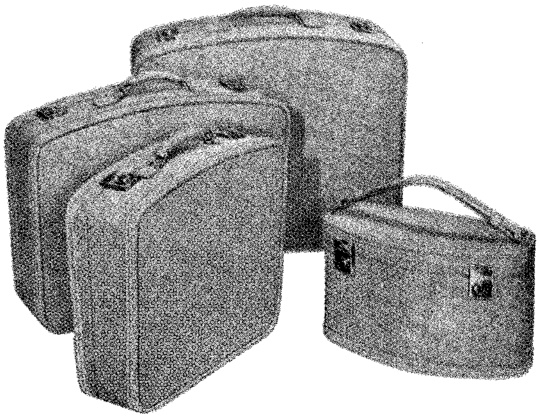

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June 18—After a day of seasonal warmth, mercury declined forty degrees overnight. In the morning, there was an abundant sprinkling of snow. The call "Runners out!" was heard on the Hamilton College campus, and hopeful students made ready their sleds for coasting in mid-June.

"But not you, Mr. Adams," his wife said, with a touch of malice.

"No," he admitted. "I was at that time pursuing my studies *in absentia*. The fact is I had done a barney."

"Why, Grandpa!" Jenny said. "That's slang, isn't it?"

"To do a barney is, it must be conceded, a cant form of speech," he said, "albeit justified by ancient usage. It signifies to fail of a proper recitation, but, broadly employed, it may be applied to any act leading to disciplinary measures." He paused to reflect. "I still maintain that my conduct was not calculated to undermine academic piety," he said.

"What had you done that was so awful, Grandpa?" Jenny asked.

"Tell the children, Mr. Adams," Grandma urged. "Why should you be ashamed?"

"Shame is the offspring of guilt," he replied. "I reject the imputation *in toto*."

GRANDFATHER's barney, he told us, was brought about by the rigors of Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-to-Death. An unprecedented inertia possessed the Hamilton students that spring. They evinced a unanimous reluctance to rise at the call of the five-thirty bell and expose their perishable bodies to the pervasive chill of the atmosphere. The college authorities, with an eye to the calendar rather than to conditions, refused after May 1st to allot fagots for the stove that heated the room where six-o'clock prayers were held. A written request from the Class of 1818—Grandfather's own, and the leader in the college's activities—petitioning for a postponement of the morning-service hour was ignored.

"Thereupon, as if in response to our protests, the clapper of the bell so shrivelled in the cold that it was no longer visible or tangible," Grandfather said. "The bell was silenced. A closed class

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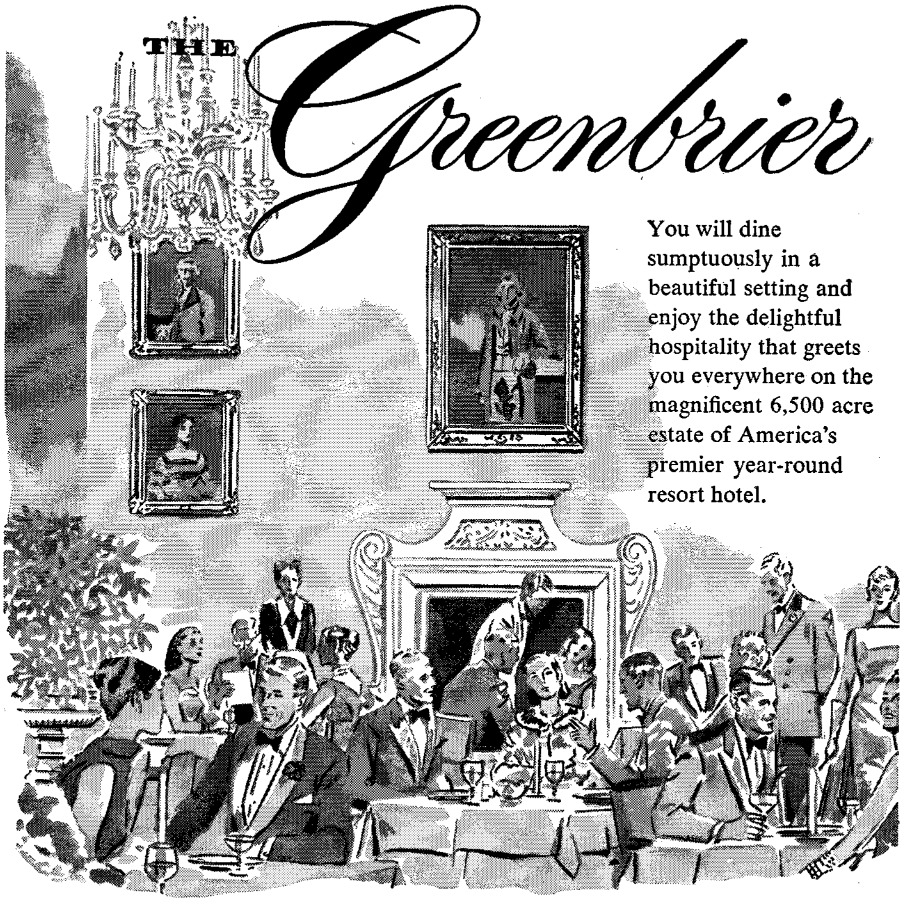

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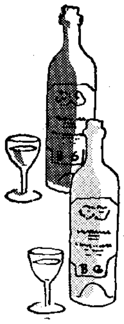

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meeting was convoked to take the crisis under advisement. By special request, I exhibited an oration proving by precedent that the clangor of the bell was *ex officio* and *per se vox collegii*, and that all other forms of summons were null and void. A motion to that effect was passed, and for one glorious morning the Class of 1818 lolled in matutinal sloth to the licentious hour of seven A.M."

Somewhere there was a leak, the old gentleman told us. The doings of the meeting became known. He was haled before the faculty on charges of sedition and impiety, and was rusticated for the remainder of the term in charge of the Congregational clergyman at East Bloomfield. The members of the class were mulcted in the sum of ten shillings each, for contumacy.

Grandfather, a melancholy sophomore, walked home to East Bloomfield. It took him a week, notwithstanding an occasional lift. He knew pretty well what awaited him. Upon being advised of the bad news, his father, Deacon Abner Adams, a man of rectitude and justice, pronounced sentence: A college education was a rare and costly privilege, granted to but few. Only a confirmed waster would so misprize his opportunities as to get his studies suspended for misconduct. Young Myron was thenceforth on his own; if the college should be so weak in principle as to take him back, he could pay his own charges. The Deacon washed his hands of the whole affair.

The outlook was unpromising. The unfortunate young man estimated that to complete his course would cost at least two hundred and fifty dollars. How was he to amass so monstrous a sum? Schoolteaching naturally occurred to his mind; his status as a Hamilton man would assure him a job, but he could hope for no more than ten dollars a month in such a capacity, and probably payable in kind, at that—wheat, corn, or flaxseed. Still, he was determined to complete his education if he could.

He got a job as wolf guard for Farmer Thomas, near Canandaigua, where the fine merino flocks were suffering severely from the depredations of the packs. It paid the high price of eightpence an hour, sunset to sunrise, and so was more profitable than schoolteaching. "It was a miserable employ," the old gentleman told us. "Nowhere could I borrow musket, fusil, or scatter-gun. For protection, I must rely upon a stout cudgel and my loud baritone voice as I patrolled the makeshift fence which defended my woolly charges. I had

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thought to improve my studies betweentimes, in the barn to which the sheepfold was attached, and had brought my classics in my pack, but the wind blew out my starveling light and I suffered from cold. I was all but ready to abandon the emprise when commercial opportunity met me in unexpected form."

Early on his night off, he said, he was passing the Traveller's Rest when the door flew open to disclose a small, shabby man in the powerful grasp of the tavern's cinderwench, who discharged him into the public street with a vigorous heave. He rolled down the steps and bumped against Grandfather's knees. The cinderwench's vixen voice followed him: "Get out and stay out! You're a blight on the trade!"

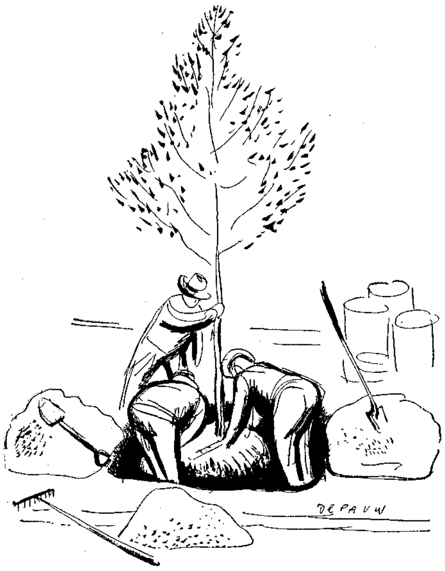
Grandfather set the fallen man on his feet and recognized him as an old, though not intimate, acquaintance. He was Solon RuWet, a withered little beemaster of fifty, something of a hermit and eccentric, who hived the best basswood honey and caked the finest maple sugar in the township. Also, he was reputed to be a miser, with a hoard of hard money buried on his farmstead. From him there emanated the most afflictive aroma that ever rankled the human nostril. It seemed to exhale from a leathern pouch hung around his neck by a thong. "Great Jumping Jehoshaphat!" Grandfather exclaimed, using as reckless an oath as he ever permitted himself. "What have you got in that bag?"

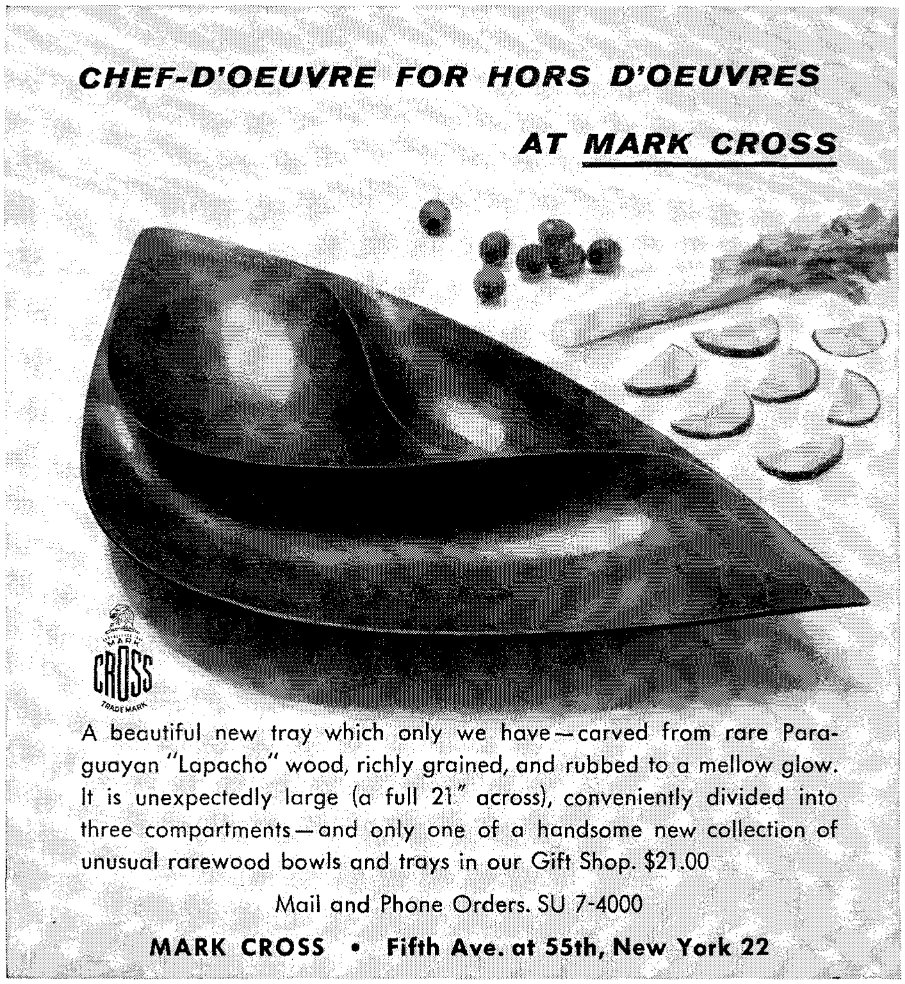
Solon RuWet lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "Witchbane," he said.

"I don't hold with witches," the young man said.

"Come with me," said Mr. RuWet.

He led the way to his rude shanty, which had a goose pen beside it. A heavy

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hoarfrost silvered the grass near the pen, and pad prints spotted its surface. "I do a bit of trade in goose down," Mr. RuWet said, "and the witch-wolf who leads the pack would like well to dine off my geese."

"Those are plain, ordinary wolf prints, if ever I saw any in my life," said Grandfather. "No witch signs there."

"You haven't seen the pack. I have," his host replied. "The leader has one green eye and one red one, like a Lake Ontario owler's side lights. D'you note where the spoor stops? Not a footprint inside the magic circle."

He indicated a line of thin withes laid along the ground, end to end, not in a full circle but in a wide arc, of which the flimsy goose pen was the base. The visitor observed with wonder that the statement was accurate; not a paw had crossed the line—and the line gave forth that same pervasive malodor. "What *is* this witchbane?" he asked.

The beemaster rubbed his chin on his thumb knuckle and gazed at his questioner with cunning eyes. "Secret," he said, and would say no more.

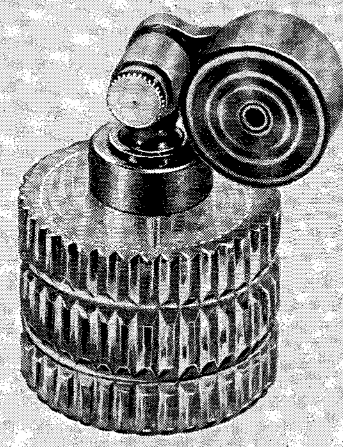
GRANDFATHER returned to his job very malcontent. The nights were growing more frigid and the wolves were growing bolder; one of them had snarled at him. He took no stock in Beemaster RuWet's witches, but he was persuaded of the efficacy of the secret odor and would have liked to try it out on *his* wolves. Sometime, somewhere, in the past, he had met with that same powerful smell, but he could not, for the life of him, remember where. After ten nights, still racking his brains over the problem, he was tramping his beat when he heard from the barn the grievous blowing and groaning of Farmer Thomas's off plow horse, which had come down with the heaves.

Memory flooded in upon his mind. As a boy of ten, he had watched his father, the Deacon, administer a sovereign remedy of the day to the family saddle mare to cure her of the heaves. The preparation was characterized by a potent stench, and its name—he recalled it clearly now—was asafetida.

The next morning, he visited the general store in Canandaigua and inquired for the drug. The pock-marked apprentice who served him said certes, they had it. Best imported. Thirty cents an ounce. (This was a shock.) The youth leaned over the counter. "Got spasms?" he asked confidentially.

"No, I haven't got spasms," Grandfather retorted.

"It's a dicty cure for spasms," the



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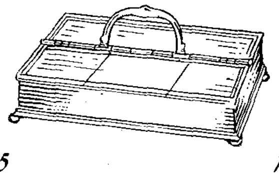

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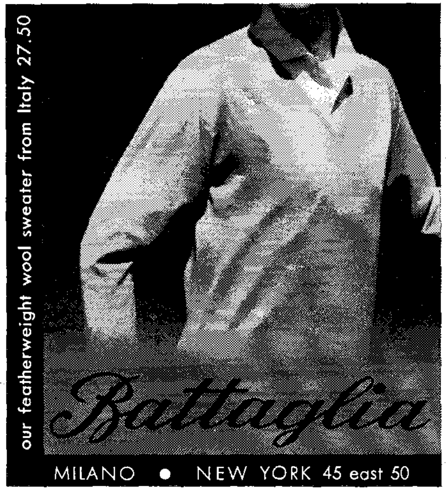

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youth said. "What *do* you want it for?"

Grandfather gave him a cold stare. "To scent my neckerchief," he said. He bought three ounces of asafetida, and left. "If you've got a dog, be spareful of the stuff or he'll leave home," the youth called after him.

Encouraged by this warning, Grandfather went to the woods that enclosed the Thomas clearing, and cut and trimmed some eighty yards of wild-grape "ropes," which he dragged to the barn. There he made an infusion of the asafetida and smeared the grape cords with it, disposing them on the ground outside in a wide arc, both ends of which touched the sheepfold. He then returned to the barn to await developments.

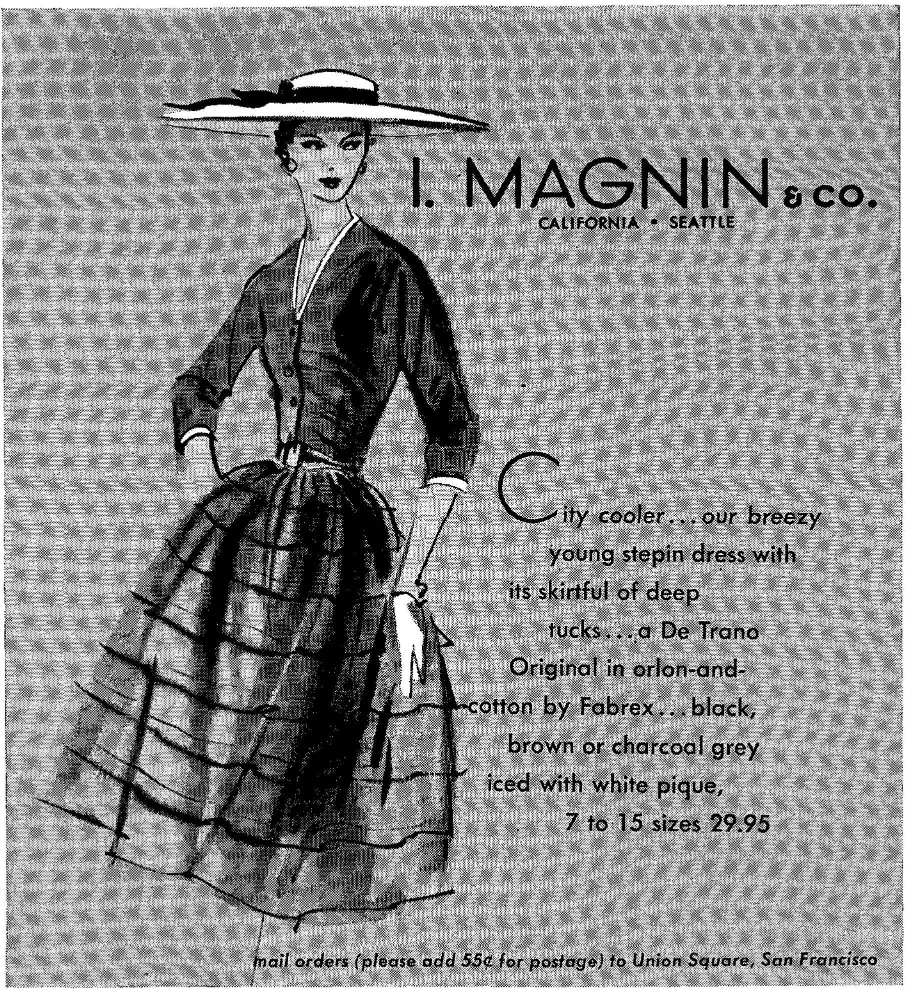
It was a moonlit night. Shortly after nightfall, a pack of nine wolves appeared at the edge of the clearing. Seeing no one on guard, they trotted confidently forward, evidently having in mind an attack on the flimsy fence between them and the flock. They were within a yard or two of the line of grape cords when the leader pulled up so sharply that he slid along the grass on his hunkers. He sniffed the air, uttered a howl, and backed away. Then he prowled about for a few minutes, with the others following him, disconsolately seeking a break in the barrier. Finding none, they slunk off into the forest.

The next night, they returned, and there was a repetition of the performance, with the addition that Grandfather, now feeling secure behind his line of defense, amused himself by throwing rocks at the thwarted animals. And for some time thereafter he spent his nights, comfortable and content, in the haymow, studying the classics by the stinking flare of a whale-oil betty. This happy state continued until, early one morning, his employer caught him asleep over his books and discharged him. But Grandfather was not disturbed. The great commercial idea was already enlarging itself in his brain.

FUNDS would be required to carry out the plan. Grandfather's own were pitifully insufficient. He applied to Mr. RuWet. "I wish to hire some money to support an enterprise," Grandfather told him. "Fifteen per centum hire for it."

"Twenty," Mr. RuWet returned mechanically. "What security?"

"My plan," Grandfather said, and proceeded to set it forth with such elo-



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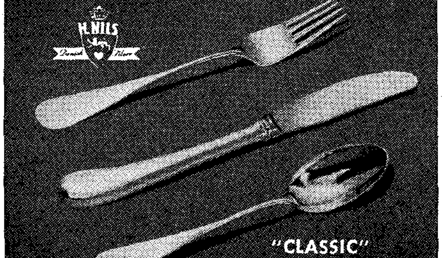

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quence that the beemaster found himself listening closely. Mr. RuWet was to deposit as large a sum as he could command with the town clerk, as surety. Young Adams would then make the rounds of the farmers and offer to assure their sheepfolds, pigpens, and fowl roosts for the season against the wolves. The charge was to be ten dollars. For every animal killed by wolves, there would be a payment of five dollars; for every fowl, two shillings. The fund in the Town Hall would be the guaranty.

"All very fine," Mr. RuWet said. "But how're you going to do it?"

"Buy up all the stale and rotted rope I can find, for a few pence the hundred feet, sprinkle asafetida powder on an open fire, fume the rope in it, and ring in the farm bestial as you do with your geese and as I did with Farmer Thomas's sheep," Grandfather said.

At the word "asafetida," the beemaster's chin went up with a jerk. "How did you find out?" he demanded.

Here Grandfather stretched a point. "They teach magic at Hamilton College," he told the beemaster.

Mr. RuWet was impressed. He rubbed his forehead, knuckled his chin, and blew his nose. He offered to go into partnership with his companion. The younger man nodded. "We'll need two hundred dollars," he told his new partner.

"Are you handy with a spade?" Mr. RuWet asked, after some thought.

"I can dig," Grandfather told him.

The beemaster brought out two short, heavy spades, one of which he passed to Grandfather. The two men went out-of-doors. "Dig there," Mr. RuWet directed, indicating a point near a corner of the shanty, and he himself fell to at another spot. Unearthing, here and there, small hoards of coins, they filled a birch-bark lunkin, used for maple sap, with gold, silver, and copper. Considering current rates of exchange for the older pieces, the total would come to well over two hundred dollars.

The next day, Grandfather hired a gig and a nag, and set out on a buying excursion. He drove to Sodus, where there was a ship chandlery, and filled the gig with worthless rope. In the following week, he purchased asafetida by the pound—an order here, an order there—in various towns, and made the rounds of the homesteads with such an offer as had never before been heard in that locality. "I might have been

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parmeteering for election to the school board, so thoroughly did I canvass my district," he told us.

At first, he said, the homesteaders were either mistrustful or derisive. But the surety deposited with the Canandaigua town clerk was a convincing point. Furthermore, Grandfather had secured from Farmer Thomas, who had become a convert, a signed and sealed indenture setting forth that since young Adams had cast his spell (that was his view of it, which young Adams did nothing to discourage), the wolves had quit his premises and had never returned.

Soon, landowner after landowner contributed his ten dollars to the young college man who drove up to the gate, encompassed by a horrid smell but full of persuasive salesmanship. After all, the fee, high though it seemed at first thought, saved nearly a dollar a night in patrol services, and without question the magic worked. Only once were the guarantors obliged to pay up. This was after a raid on a hen roost, with a loss of ten chickens. It was later proved that the raiders were a family of skunks. Asafetida meant nothing to them.

A SPLASH of wind-driven snow pattered against the cottage window. Grandfather gazed out into the grayness. "Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-to-Death," he said meditatively. "All summer the cold held. The wolves ranged. The partnership of RuWet and Adams prospered. I had leisure to prosecute my studies successfully. When the time came for me to be restored to my alma mater, my share of the profits was sufficient to maintain me throughout my course, and I had won a name as a sound commercialist, which stood me in good stead when, later, I entered into canal-side trade."

"Did you trade in asafetida, sir?" John asked.

"I did until the scoundrelly Persian importers so attenuated the product with twigs, bark, and refuse that no safe guaranty could be placed upon it. This mattered the less after the wolf packs began to diminish. Today, I doubt there is one left between Hudson's River and Lake Erie. They are but a memory—for me a pleasing one."

He turned the pages of his ortbook until he came to his Hamilton College diploma, which he held up to show us. On it was a neatly inked-in device of a wolf's head, with several written lines below it. "A gifted classmate appropriately decorated my diploma," he said, "and I myself added a germane stanza of the mighty Horace." He began to recite, interpolating his translation. "*Namque me silva* (For me while in the forest) *lupus* (a wolf)—"

A kind of a chirp came from Grandma. "*Prope!*" she exclaimed, looking pleased with herself.

The old gentleman half rose from his Boston rocker. "What means this unseemly interruption?" he cried.

Grandma was undaunted. "*Prope*," she repeated. " 'Almost.' That's what I was trying to think of before, but I couldn't lay tongue to the Latin. *Sophomorus et prope ne plus ultra.* You were a sophomore and almost didn't get any further. Your Horace never said a truer word than that."

Grandfather addressed the company in icy tones. "Latinity on a female's tongue is as music from a raven's craw," he said.

—SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

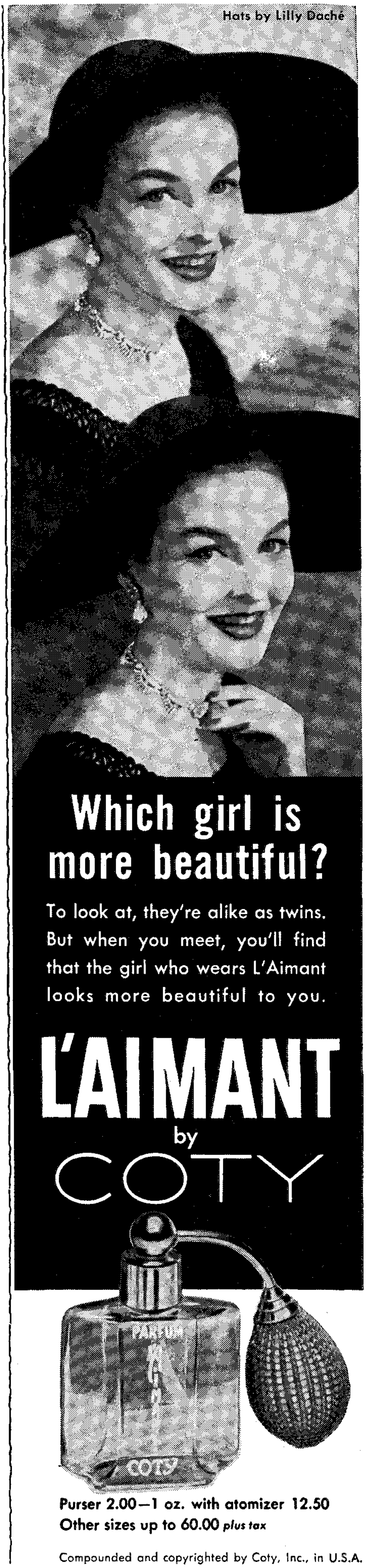
• •

RIVER DAUGHTER

Partly a man's, partly a river's daughter,
She dives from the bank and does not need to beg,
And drinks with all her body the cool water,
Letting its current flow through arm and leg.
Swimming above, below, the surface, slick
As trout, until she tires and comes to land,
On the wet sandbar shapes a girl with a stick,
Drawing her doom on the dissolving sand.

She is a double image, girl and fish,
Home in two elements, so twice as knowing.
Daft with duplicity, she has learned how
To make her life both bony fact, loved wish,
And is two people: child that splashes now,
The woman toward whom all her life is flowing.

—PAUL ENGLE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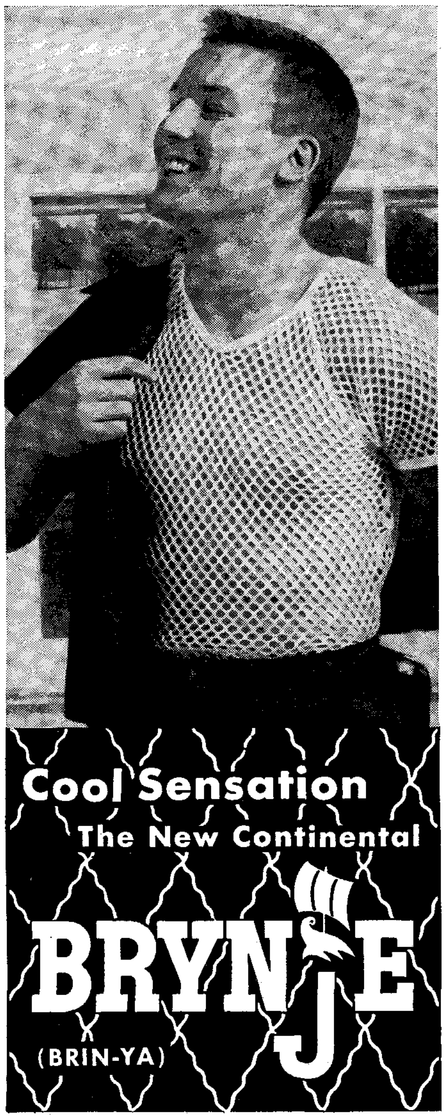

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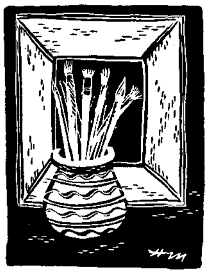
THE ART GALLERIES

German Moderns



COMING as much at random as a fall of the dice, each week's openings nevertheless have a way of arranging themselves into fairly definite patterns. At the moment, it's the Germans who predominate, and their representation includes a double-barrelled Ernst Barlach offering—one of prints and other black-and-whites at the Weyhe, and one of sculptures and some drawings at the Borgenicht—plus a first one-man showing of oils by the contemporary Abstractionist Rolf Cavael at the Kleemann, and a collection of twenty examples by some of the earlier moderns at the New Gallery. Cavael, to begin with him, is one of those artists unlucky enough to have been born just in time to be almost obliterated in mid-career by the impact of the Nazis. Now fifty-eight, he was barely in his thirties when his first exhibition was labelled "degenerate" and closed by them; shortly after that he was sent to Dachau, and although he was later released, he was forbidden to paint or to exhibit, and it was not until after the war, in 1945, that he was able freely to take up the life of an artist again.

In view of all this, perhaps the most amazing thing about the man's work is the feeling of lightheartedness and delicacy that pervades it. Like the work of Fritz Winter and a number of the other contemporary German Abstractionists, it's primarily calligraphic, made up of quick squiggles and strokes of black pigment on a variedly colored background. But Cavael's "calligraphy" is unusually swift, vivid, and dartingly fanciful. Its airiness reminds one of a more fluid, less strictly geometric Kandinsky, and in the best of the pieces there's a musical suggestion that derives in part, perhaps, from the fact that a number of his figures resemble musical notations but still more from the rhythmic quality of the basic patterns. The work, I'm afraid, is a bit thin, and I've a feeling that its inspiration is as quick and immediate (and hence, unfortunately, as undeliberative) as its execution. But if for this reason some of the pieces tend to disappear in mere froth and frilliness, there is no denying the vividness and sparkle of the others; and if they lack profundity, they also have more than the average share of effervescent good humor. The paintings are not titled, which is a pity, for their patterns are almost too lacy to describe. I liked especially the one numbered 14, with its gobletlike forms spilling blacks over a background of greens and blues, as well as the more strictly patterned, geometric No. 12.

ERNST BARLACH, born in 1870, was a full generation ahead of Cavael and had already achieved a considerable reputation throughout Europe, if not in this country, before the trouble started. Only the last few years of his life (he died in 1938) were embittered by it—the persecution included the removal of all his public sculptures—and since the war his reputation has been rising steadily. He's still known in this country, however, mainly for his sculpture, and this double exhibition (though divided here, it was put together as a unit by the University of Nebraska Art Galleries) is about the first to focus more than passing attention on his other works. For that reason, the Weyhe branch of the affair is in some ways the more interesting. I'll mention, for their emotional power, "The Mother and Kule," one of a group of illustrations for the published version of a play of his called "The Dead Day" (he was also a fairly prolific dramatist), and "The Son's Vision of Time's Momentum," from the same series. But then, this whole section of the show reveals that he was an extremely capable draftsman, with an extensive range of accomplishment.

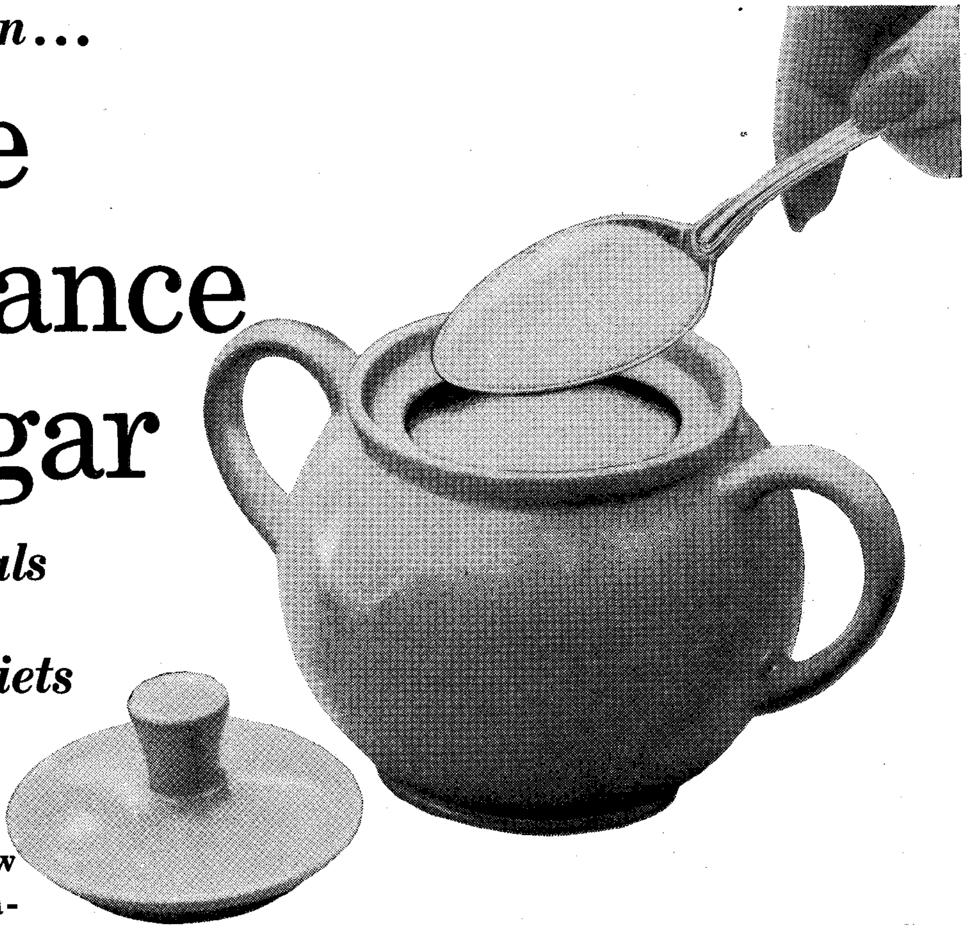
The odd fact, considering his treatment by the Nazis, is that Barlach was actually a traditionalist; his entire manner, except for a few very slight distortions, derived directly from the German Gothic, which the regime itself exalted. This is apparent in the prints (notably "The Dance of Death, III"), and it stands out even more in the sculptures, and several of the pieces at the Borgenicht, such as "Peg Leg" and "The Flute Player," are so like the incidental carvings on the great early German cathedrals that they might have been lifted bodily from them. It may be that Barlach depended on this influence to the detriment of his full development, for it harnessed him not only to the Gothic style but to its mood, and there's a repetitiousness about his works in consequence. I like him better when he strays from the trail, as in the breezy, vigorous "Man

A timely report on...

The importance of sugar

...in family meals

...in reducing diets



Nutritional findings show that your need for nature's own sweetener is as deep-seated as the human body's need for energy

Although sugar has been extracted from plants and used by man as one of his most valued foods for thousands of years, scientists are just beginning to fully appreciate the important role sugar plays in the life processes.

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Most efficient source of energy

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It helps every cell in the body to function more efficiently. It helps supply the power needed for every action, every heartbeat, and every life process.

Sugar can be used generously as part of the normal, well-balanced diet by all healthy people. But it has a *special* value to those who have a tendency to overweight.

Helps control an oversize appetite

A level teaspoonful of sugar supplies only 18 calories, yet satisfies appetite faster than any other food. Faster even than larger portions of many other foods that supply *far more* calories.

When you use sugar in a between-meal *"Scientific Nibble"* it takes the edge off your hunger, helps to overcome one of the chief causes of overweight—*overeating.*

At the same time it helps to relieve the tiredness and fatigue that slows you down. Thus it gets at the other chief cause of overweight—*underactivity.*

Sugar is also used by the body to help burn its own fat.

Nature's way to weight control

Because your appetite is actually *your body's call for quick energy,* your blood sugar level plays a part in the healthy body's own automatic weight control system. By its effect on appetite it helps to match the number of calories taken in as food with the number used up in the course of the day's activity.

This helps to explain why most people can eat whatever they like without worrying about extra pounds. *Calories that are spent as energy can never be deposited as fat.*

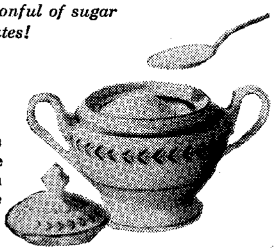
It also helps to explain why the use of artificial sweeteners, originally prescribed for diabetics only, are of no real value in reducing diets. Since they supply no energy they only appease the *sense of taste* without helping to *satisfy the appetite.*

Sugar is neither a "reducing food" nor a "fattening food." There are no such things. *All* foods supply calories and there is no difference between the calories that come from sugar or steak or grapefruit or ice cream. But in these days when diet fads and diet foods have become big business, it is good to be reminded again of these basic facts about one of our most basic—and best liked—foods.

Sugar makes *any* well-planned, well-balanced diet more *satisfying* and more *enjoyable.*

18 CALORIES

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people we asked guessed as high as 600.) You'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar every 7½ minutes!



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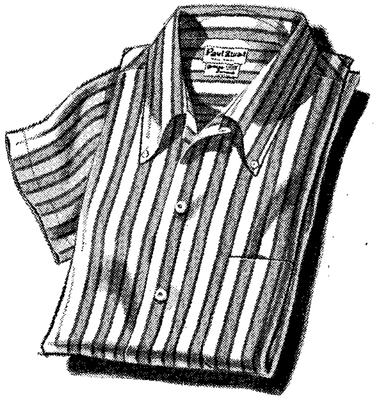

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THE group collection at the New Gallery might serve as an introduction to the German modernists, who seem, by the way, on the verge of a revival. To be sure, most of the pieces are rather small and unpretentious, and since the show ranges as far back as 1906, some of them seem curiously "dated" and even a bit amateurish to contemporary eyes. But a good deal of this is because they were not only youthful efforts but beginning attempts to formulate new styles and movements, and for this reason particularly they offer a valuable insight into the derivations of the German Abstract and Expressionist schools. I admired most a fairly early study of a woman's head, called "Rabenflügel," by Alexei von Jawlensky (it's her smoothed-down black hair that forms the "raven's wing"), a smoothly green and misty "Landscape," by Emil Nolde, and a wonderfully mannered pre-Dadaist picture of a swooning dandy called "Liebeskranke," or "Lovesick," by George Grosz.

AT the Wellons Gallery, there's a set of new oils by I. Rice Pereira, her first one-man exhibition in five years, and I'm glad to say it was worth waiting for. For one thing, the work is simpler structurally, and this is good, since it seemed to me that for a while, when she was "building" her pictures on various levels—painted glass over painted corrugated glass, and so on—she was getting dangerously involved in purely mechanical devices, to the point of damaging the work's total impact. But her command of the uses of color and form to suggest depth and space in the two-dimensional design is still evident, as is her real virtuosity in the field of textural variation, and as a result there are a number of canvases that are glowingly successful. "Vernal Equinox," with its precise strips of thick black impasto framing, window-like, the lacy greens and reds beyond, is one; another is "Spirit of Air," with its deep sky blues and strong upward movement.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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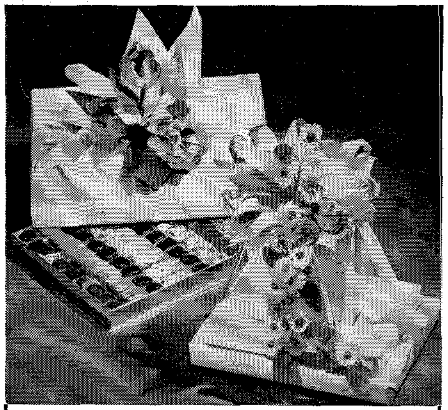

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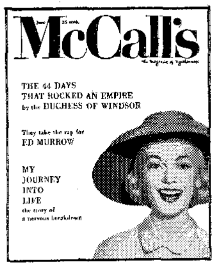
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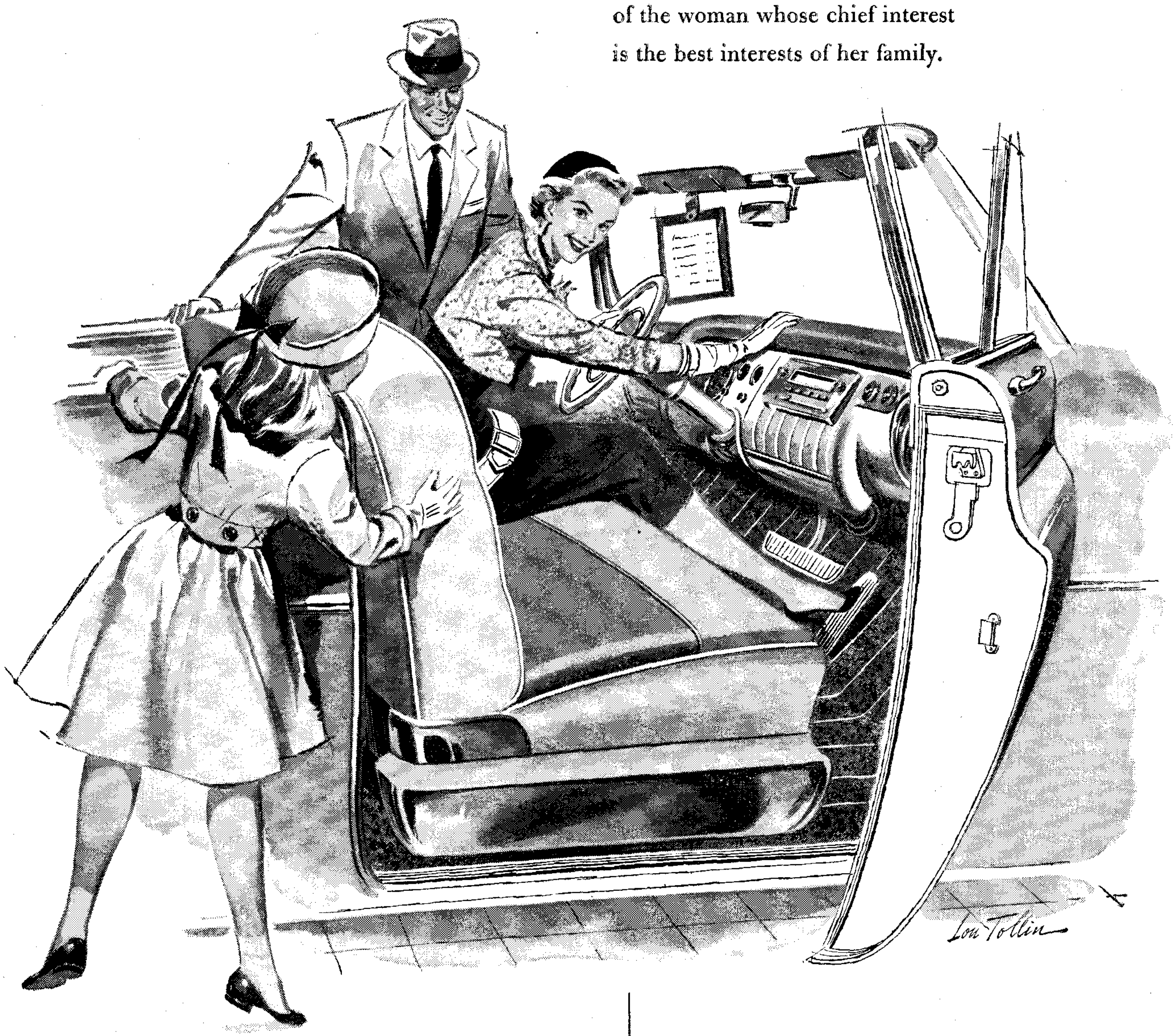

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

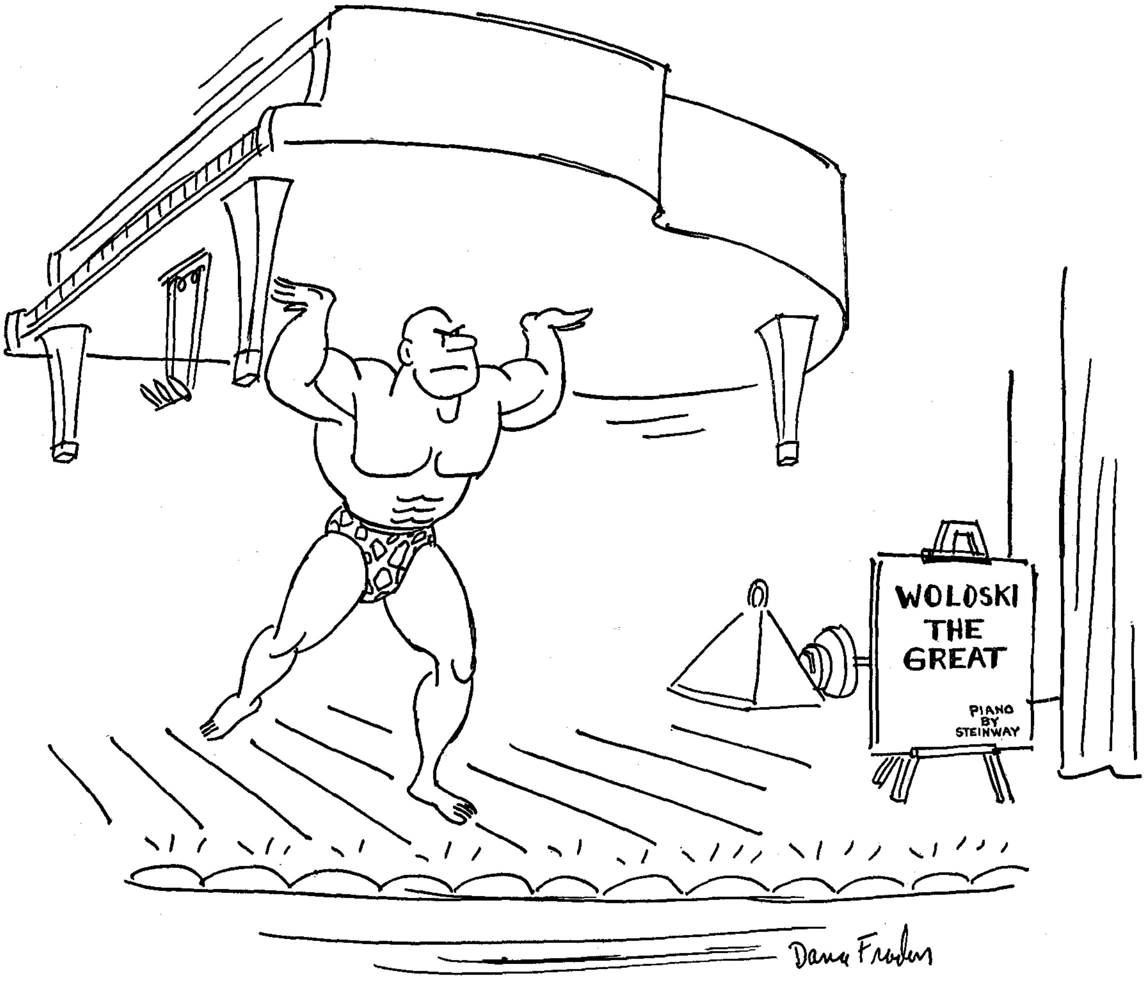
DIAMOND

IV—OLD DIGGER, OLD FOOL

OVER the years since the great South African diamond rush, in the late eighteen-sixties, when independent prospectors from all over the world swarmed onto the veldt by the thousand and staked out claims, diamond mining in South Africa has become a scientific and thoroughly systematized industry, dominated by a group of corporations that are piled up on one another in a fantastically complex relationship and that, among them, control not only practically all of the world's diamond production but a sizable part of its gold and uranium production as well. On a recent trip to South Africa, I looked into the diverse operations of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., the keystone of this corporate structure, and visited several of its enormous underground diamond mines—the deepest diamond mines in the world, equipped with the latest in elaborate mining machinery. Shortly after one of these visits, I was surprised to learn that some of the company's holdings, not far from the scene of the original rush, are still dotted with diamond diggings of the earliest pattern. In these areas, private diggers wield their picks and shovels and scratch away at the surface of the same earth that is pierced almost next door by shafts going down thousands of feet into the diamond-bearing volcanic subsoil. The private diggers don't regard their calling as anything out of the ordinary. In their view, surface digging is sensible, satisfying work, whereas underground mining is prosaic and rather decadent. They see no reason why they should give up their time-honored habits or relinquish their ancient hopes. After all, the famous Jonker diamond was found only a few years back—in 1934—by a digger like themselves, who saw it lying on the ground, among common pebbles, a few miles from the deep Premier Mine, near Pretoria. The Jonker, which weighed seven hundred and twenty-six carats, fetched a quarter of a million dollars even in the depression, and it has been the diggers' talisman ever since.

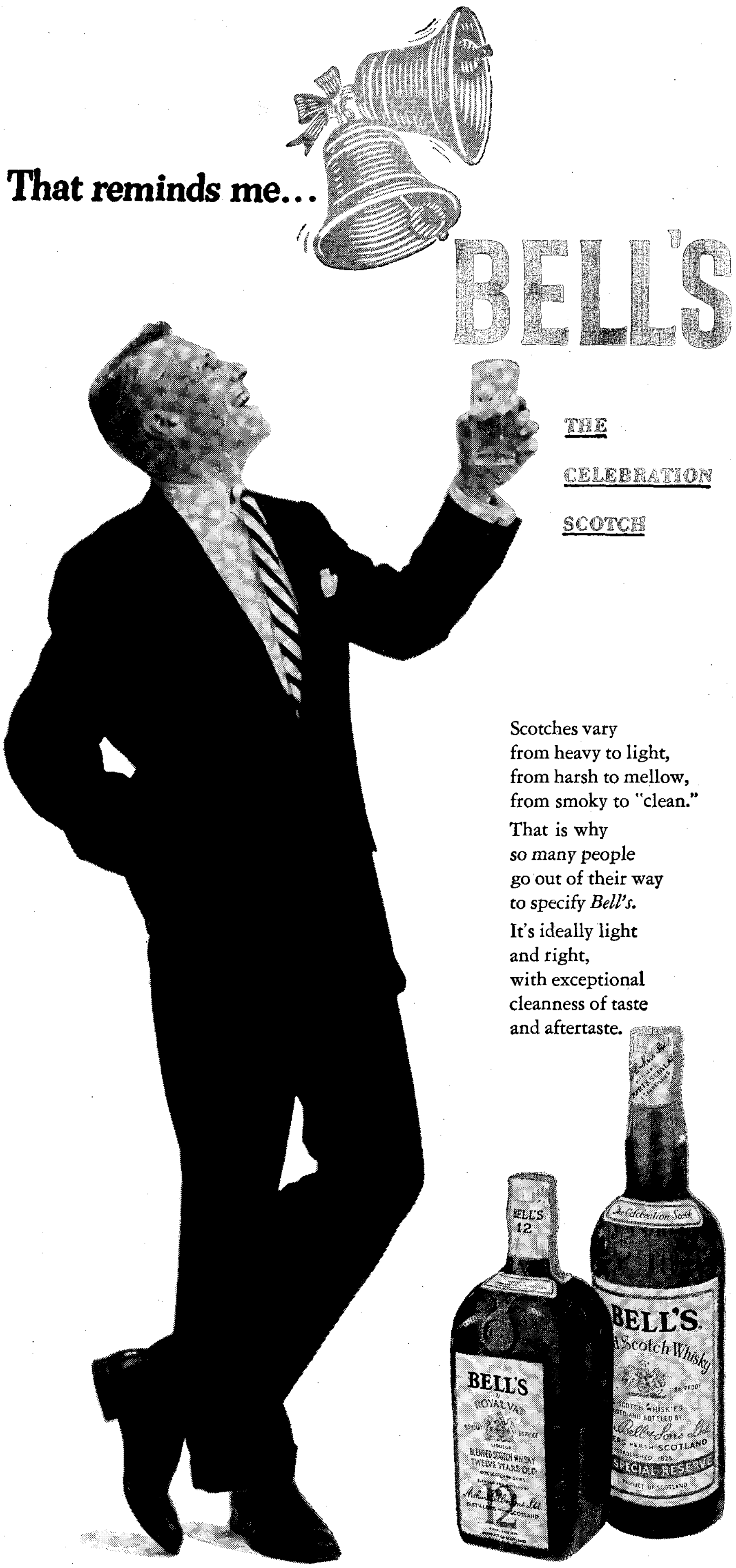
The directors of De Beers don't care very much for the idea of private digging. They feel that it is outdated, unbusinesslike, and a drag on their highly evolved methods of mining and marketing diamonds and regulating their price. Digging may be picturesque, they say, but it is anachronistic. However that may be, nobody with any experience of life in diamondiferous country can discount the hold that digging takes on the human imagination. A digger is a gambler, as confirmed an addict of chance as a steady horseplayer. In attempting to discourage the digging habit, the company is up against the same sort of problem that the Nationalist Chinese government ran into some years ago when it outlawed opium-smoking. Addiction cannot be cured by decree, as the Chinese authorities soon discovered, and they decided upon slow withdrawal of the drug instead. That didn't work very well, either, and the habit wasn't licked until it became démodé; eventually, young Chinese came to scorn "the big smoke," because it was so old-fashioned compared to getting drunk. Something of this sort may overtake surface digging in South Africa. At any rate, De Beers hopes so. Meanwhile, out of respect for tradition, the company still permits some private digging on its property, but it has devised a stringent licensing system, perhaps as a form of slow withdrawal. In time, this may kill the whole dizzy dream.

Take Nooitgedacht Farm, for example. A five-thousand-acre expanse of veldt on the Vaal River, about twenty miles north of the famous old mining town of Kimberley, Nooitgedacht long ago ceased to be a farm and, like most of the diamondiferous ground in the Union of South Africa, was bought up by De Beers. To get a license to dig at Nooitgedacht today, an applicant



must produce satisfactory evidence that he is a bona-fide digger, and not just a man suddenly seized by the whim to dig; this means proving that he held a government digger's certificate prior to 1940 or that within the past year he has been actively engaged in digging operations in the mining district of Barkly West, where Nooitgedacht is located. (The town of Barkly West, just west of the farm, was one of the best-known and most boisterous diggers' settlements in the old days, under its Afrikaans name of Klip Drift, or Stony Ford.) No license holder may work more than four claims at a time, and a claim must measure forty-five feet square unless it's in the river bed, where it can measure thirty feet by sixty. All diamonds found on company property are supposed to be handed in to the company's offices within a week of their discovery—or anyway before the end of the month—for registration and valuation, and, if the digger wishes, for sale. A digger who feels he can get a better price than the one the company offers him is free to take his diamonds elsewhere, but wherever he sells them, he must pay De Beers a royalty amounting to ten per cent of their value, as estimated by the company. To be sure, not all the diggings around Kimberley are owned by De Beers; some are owned by the government, and the diggers there don't have to pay royalties to anybody. All the same, most diggers prefer to work on De Beers land, for the company makes things easier in certain ways; for instance, it supplies water at fourpence for sixty gallons, and water, which is vitally necessary for digging, is very expensive to acquire privately.

ONE Thursday morning in March—early autumn in South Africa—I set out from Kimberley with two De Beers officials whose job it is to keep an eye on the diggings at Nooitgedacht. We drove through the veldt, and our car was soon pinkish with dust; around Kimberley the earth is very red. From a distance, the terrain looks flat, but it isn't; bright-red anthills stand like solid, steep little mountains a foot or two high among the scrubby gorselike plants that keep the ground from being out-and-out desert, and our car bounced along between gullies that reminded me of New Mexican arroyos. We had to twist and turn among the low elevations and shallow depressions for a long time before we got to an opening in the barbed-wire fence surrounding Nooitgedacht. It was ten-



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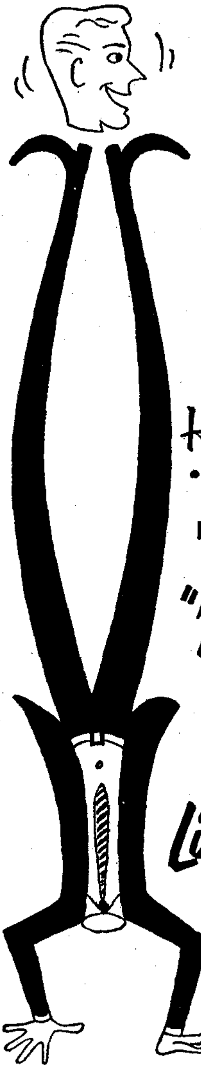

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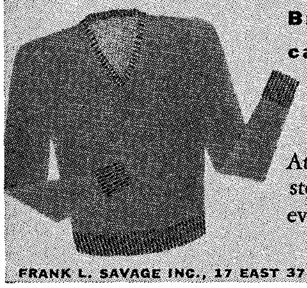
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thirty then. The sun glared down on three shacks, built end to end, and a gasoline pump. Nearby was a water tank on stilts, with a native caretaker drowsing in its shadow. Aside from one big thorn tree and a few small ones, there was no other shade in sight.

The shacks, which formed a single, three-room building, constituted the local De Beers offices. The door of the shack on the left bore an enamel plaque announcing that Mr. Cohen, a De Beers valuer and buyer of diamonds, visited the place every Friday. We entered the middle shack, which was furnished with a table, a desk, and two or three chairs. On a window sill stood one of the small scales that diamond men use, in which tiny scraps of aluminum, like tinfoil, measure carats and fractions of carats. The younger of the two De Beers officials went into an adjoining room—the shack on the right—where there was a small stove, and set to work brewing tea. South Africans are tremendous tea drinkers, outdoing the British, and even the Chinese; they take a cup of tea almost as often as many people light a cigarette. While the water was heating and the other De Beers man was looking through some papers, I amused myself by studying several documents that were hanging on the wall. They listed all the stones weighing more than a hundred carats that had been found at Nooitgedacht, together with the dates of their discovery and the names of the finders.

The younger man came in with the tea and saw me looking at the column of names. "Most of the diggers are colored people," he said, meaning that they were people of mixed blood. "But we have some native diggers, too, and a few Europeans. You'll notice that the names are mainly Afrikaner, though some are English. One of the oldest diggers here is an Englishman—Mr. Field. He was interviewed by one of the local papers the other day, and I believe he's quite set up about it. Mr. Field's been on the diggings longer than anybody else. He claims to be ninety years old. I wouldn't know, myself."

"Could be. It's a healthy life," said the other man. He was a big man, tanned and vigorous, and looked as if he knew what he was talking about. "I used to feel fine when I was digging," he continued, turning to me. "I was out here in the old days, and pegged out my quota of claims. I never had any luck, though, and I gave it up when I had a chance at this job with De Beers. It *is* a healthy life. You're out in the open all day and you get plenty of exercise." He drained his teacup and put it down on the table. "Well, are you ready to go and see some of the boys?" he asked.

I was, so we headed for the car, leaving the younger man in charge. My companion—his name was Van der Westhuizen—stopped just outside the shack and picked up something from the ground. He grinned as he looked at it, and then handed it over to me. "Digger's peg," he said. "It's what they use when they peg out a claim. One of these is put in each corner." The peg, a stubby bit of wood with a sharp point, had an oblong piece of metal fixed to the top, with a name—Van Rensburg—and a date inked on it. Mr. Van der Westhuizen was stirred to reminiscence, and as he backed the car out from under the biggest of the thorn trees, he began telling me what a rush was like back in the twenties, when the South African government threw open a few newly discovered diamond fields to diggers. The date of the rush was announced a week or two in advance, and almost at once diggers came around to look over the area. Then, on the appointed day and well before the appointed hour, the diggers all lined up, ready with their pegs, at a starting tape a mile or two from the field. On the stroke of the hour, a gun was fired and off they went, each making for some plot of land he had already sized up as likely to pay off well. Since there were sure to be several claimants for each promising stretch, the race was terribly fast and a lot of cheating went on. Some men teamed up and secretly arranged to run in relays; the fresh runners, who had sneaked onto the grounds the night before, lay concealed under bushes until the time came for them to leap out and take the place of their tired partners. Naturally, there were disputes about such matters after a race, and about boundaries, even though professional surveyors were on hand to measure the claims properly once the pegs had been put in. The last big rush was in 1927, at Lichtenburg, a small town in the Transvaal, about two hundred miles northeast of Nooitgedacht. Twenty thousand diggers took part in it—the lineup was two miles long—and hundreds of them, so it was said, cheated; some diggers hired college athletes to run for them, and the whole thing was such a shambles that public opinion has been against diamond rushes ever since.

As in the case of the older diamond fields of Klip Drift and Kimberley, Mr. Van der Westhuizen went on, fortunes were made at Lichtenburg by tradespeople and other cityfolk who had never turned a spadeful of dirt in their lives. The proprietor of the Langrish Hotel, the only rooming house in town in those days, put up two hundred iron bedsteads in his back yard to accommodate the people who flooded in. He hung numbers on the beds and assigned them to the lodgers, and that was their home for weeks and weeks. When it rained—and the South African rain is apt to be sudden and ferocious—the al-fresco sleepers were just out of luck; they had nowhere else to go. "Those were the days," said Mr. Van der Westhuizen nostalgically.

We were driving over what I at first took to be pathless desert. Gradually, I realized that we were following a faint track among the dunes, and here and there I spotted even fainter tracks, leading to outlying shacks where diggers lived.

"Not that they don't have busy diggings today," Mr. Van der Westhuizen resumed. "It was very busy not long ago at Gong Gong, a few miles down the river from here. We'll run over and see that later." For a while, we drove on in silence, and then my companion said, "It's a good, healthy life, as you'll see for yourself. And, of course, there's always the chance of making a find. That's the exciting thing about digging—there's always the chance. Remember the Jonker diamond? That was found by a digger."

WE were approaching a curious-looking rocky embankment, which seemed to stand square in the middle of the road. As we got closer, however, I saw that the road veered around it. "That's the way it is in the fields," said Mr. Van der Westhuizen, stopping the car where the road started to turn. "You get to know a path, and the next time you come around somebody's torn it up."

We got out and, climbing the embankment, made our way to the edge of a pit that had been dug in the bare red earth. Three natives were digging deeper into it with an improvised rig that looked a little like a steam-shovel but had to be swung around and cranked up by hand. On one swing, as the shovel bit into the ground, it encountered a boulder too large for it to budge, and the men, shouting at one another, stopped cranking and went over to wrestle bodily with the rock. It all seemed to go rather slowly and inefficiently, there in the baking sun, and I looked with mild wonder at the great heap of similar boulders that had been

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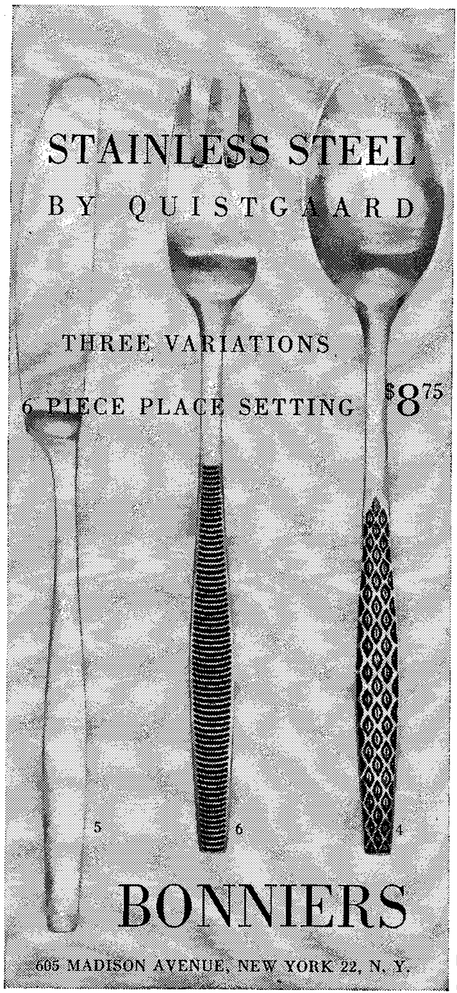

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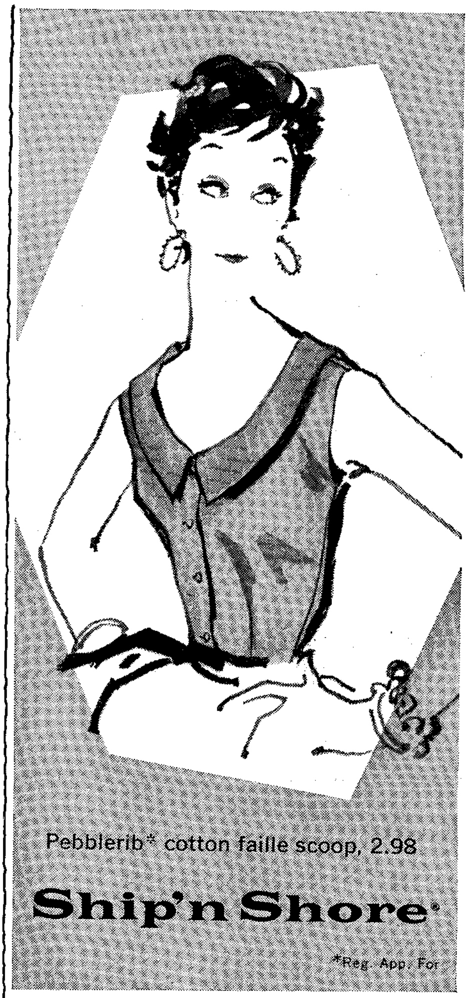
piled up around the diggings. The excavation was already six or seven feet deep and clearly represented a vast amount of toil.

A few yards away, on a trampled knoll, stood a four-legged contraption, and two other natives were working at it, shaking a big rectangular sieve that formed a sort of loose tabletop. This was a variation of the famous Baby—a machine, if it can be called one, that has been used since the early days to sift out earth and silt from the diamondiferous gravel. It was invented by an American engineer named J. L. Babe, but it might have wound up with the name Baby anyway, for it took the place of an even more old-fashioned machine called a cradle, which the forty-niners had used in California and which was part of the gear many of the prospectors brought along to South Africa. After the two natives had picked out some rocks and shaken the Baby for a few minutes, one of them scraped the accumulated gravel into a bucket and took it over to a second knoll, off to the left. There a white man stood watching still another native feed a bucketful of gravel into what looked like a giant saucepan full of muddy water, which was being swirled about by a rotating fanlike device. This was a rotary washing pan, run by a small motor; it picks up where the Baby leaves off, separating the heavier gravel, along with whatever diamonds there may be, from the lighter by a combination of gravity and centrifugal force. Finally, the native switched the thing off and scooped out the heavy concentrate that had gathered around the bottom edge of the pan; this went into a shallow sieve, through which the water drained off.

Mr. Van der Westhuizen introduced me to the overseer, whose name was Bishop. He was an elderly Englishman, deeply tanned and wearing a khaki topee. (The only men I ever saw in topees in Africa were these diggers, working in the glare of the veldt.) His blue eyes were startlingly clear, and, like most sun-tanned people, he looked very healthy.

"We were wondering if we could see you do some sorting," Mr. Van der Westhuizen said. "Are you about ready?"

Mr. Bishop replied that he was ready—that he was just going to try out the first sample. He added that things had been very slow lately but he'd do his best to find something for my benefit, and both men laughed. Mr. Bishop called to the native with



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the sieve of concentrate, and the two walked over to a little table that was covered with taut damp sacking and shaded from the glare by a canopy. The native turned the sieve upside down on the middle of the sacking, like a child making a mud pie, and lifted it off, leaving a cake-shaped heap of wet gravel. Water trickled out of it and down a slight incline.

"Ever seen any sorting?" Mr. Bishop asked me. I told him I had seen only how the deep-mine people sort diamonds, and he said, "Well, I'll show you how *we* do it. It's a lot less scientific, and you've got to look sharp."

He picked up a little tool something like a putty knife, cut out a wedge-shaped portion of the cake, and, in a single, sweeping motion, flattened it out in a thin layer on the sacking. We all bent over and studied this carefully. The gravel shone, wet and multicolored. I let out a yip of discovery and picked up a grain that looked clear and glittery. Mr. Bishop shook his head and smiled wearily. "Quartz," he said. I dropped the thing and went on looking. Mr. Van der Westhuizen held up a red sphere about an eighth of an inch in diameter. That was a garnet, he said—a good sign of diamondiferous earth. Then he tossed it away, explaining that garnets are so common in diamond wash that nobody bothers to keep them, unless an exceptional one turns up. Presently, Mr. Bishop scraped the culled gravel into a bucket and cut out another wedge, and we all bent over it. I tried to hunt methodically, portion by portion, but it was Mr. Bishop who found something—a dark lump that looked to me like a tiny piece of smoke-blackened bottle glass.

"Bort," Mr. Bishop said, handing the lump to me. Bort, as I already knew, is poor-quality diamond that has some value for industrial purposes. No light came through this specimen at all, but when I looked at it closely, I could see that it was close-grained and crystalline.

"Worth a few shillings," said Mr. Bishop. Pulling from his pocket a small cylinder that proved to be the outside shell of a Benzedrine inhaler, he unscrewed its top, dropped the piece of bort in, and returned it to his pocket. "Better than nothing," he said cheerfully.

"About a carat, I should think," said Mr. Van der Westhuizen. "Anybody found anything very big the last few days, do you know?"

Mr. Bishop took off his topee and wiped his forehead. After considering

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the question for a moment, he said he hadn't heard of anything good. "There aren't enough men left around here now to make much of a record," he went on. "A lot of chaps have gone off to some new diggings, upriver a bit. They've run into some of that blue ground you find in the deep mines—a fissure full of it. I'd have gone along, but it called for too much investment. Those men aren't digging. They're dynamiting."

Mr. Van der Westhuizen nodded gravely, and we proceeded to work our way through the rest of the batch on the table, without making any further discoveries. I eyed the bucket of discarded gravel dubiously. Had we really looked through it carefully enough? Mr. Van der Westhuizen, following my glance, said, "They have another go at that stuff, you know, before it gets thrown out. We call it 'bantam.' On every field, you'll find special employees—women and young native boys—who go through the bantam to pick up diamonds that might have been overlooked. You'd be surprised what they find sometimes."

Mr. Bishop had started on a new batch of gravel. "You might bring me luck," he said jokingly to me. "A newcomer like you. I could use a good find." As it turned out, though, we didn't find even a piece of bort that time. Mr. Van der Westhuizen remarked that it wasn't like the good old days, and Mr. Bishop said, "Ah, well, it wasn't always so easy then, either." Straightening up, he went on, "I've been at this the best part of my life. I've stopped digging three times, for good each time. Once, I really did stay out of it for years. That was when I was bringing up my children—in Durban, so as to be well away from all this. I wasn't going to let them waste their lives like the old man if I could help it. And I'm glad to say not one of them has followed my example. But as soon as they were grown up and settled in life, why—" He shrugged and spread his hands to show what he meant: Here he was, back at it again. "Old digger, old fool, you know," he said cheerfully. Actually, he didn't seem to me to be doing too badly. He had a lot of equipment, and six men working for him, and over beyond the pit I had noticed a nice-looking car. Mr. Bishop certainly wasn't poverty-stricken, although there was no denying that his was a precarious kind of existence.

I asked him if he lived at Nooitgedacht. "Not any longer," he said. "I live in Kimberley. I used to stay out here except for weekends, but my wife's nervous about being alone in the house nowadays. There have been a few burglaries around Kimberley. So I go home every night. It means getting up pretty early in the morning—before five—but I'm used to it."

"It's a healthy life," Mr. Van der Westhuizen said. "You don't look your age."

"Did you see that newspaper interview with Mr. Field?" Mr. Bishop asked him.

"I did," said Mr. Van der Westhuizen, and they exchanged glances.

"If he's ninety, so am I," said Mr. Bishop, with what might have been a touch of jealousy. "Two years ago, he was seventy-eight. That's all *I* know about it."

NOT far away, we came upon another excavation. The digger here, Mr. Van der Westhuizen explained before we got out of the car, was a colored man who had been working on the diggings for a good long time and had a nice little outfit. We found him sorting gravel at his table, with a helper looking on, but he stopped to show us around his pit. He was working on a bigger scale than Mr. Bishop, and I observed with considerable awe the rubble that his boys had extracted from the claim. There were enough boulders piled up outside the pit, I calculated, to build at least two cottages. The rocks were all covered with red dust—red like the diggers' clothes and boots, red as my handkerchief became when I mopped my dripping face with it. The dust got into my nose and I sneezed.

"Like to try your hand at sorting?" the digger asked me. "A new hand brings luck, they say."

He handed his sorting tool to me, and I took my place at the sack-covered table. As I had seen Mr. Bishop do, I cut out a wedge-shaped slice from the

heap and scraped it toward me. Immediately, something exciting came into view—a tiny drop of light, as clear as a bit of ice, coldly gleaming.

"There!" said the digger, in a gratified tone, as I seized it. "What did I tell you?"

This time, it wasn't quartz. The digger held it up. "Nice little stone," he said, and his helper took it, rolled it around in the palm of his hand, and said, "More than a carat." Two or three of the boys came over to look, and then the diamond was popped into a Benzedrine-inhaler case. Glowing with pride, I went back to scraping and searching, but it was soon obvious that I had brought all the luck I was going to bring that day.

MR. VAN DER WESTHUIZEN and I spent the rest of a long morning in the fields, first at Nooitgedacht and then at Gong Gong. We talked to a lot of diggers, and the one I remember best was a Gong Gong man named Anthony—a very tall old fellow, dressed in old, old clothes, who spoke with one of the most expensive English-public-school accents I have ever heard. "The last lady who came out to look at the diggings, as I recollect, was the Honourable Mrs. Cuffe," he said. "That would have been back around 1925."

"How long has he been at it?" I asked Mr. Van der Westhuizen as we drove away.

"All his life, one way or another," Mr. Van der Westhuizen replied. "Mr. Anthony must be close to seventy-five. It's a—"

"Oh, it's obviously a healthy life," I cut in. "But it's not, on the whole, a very profitable one, I suppose?"

This appeared to put Mr. Van der Westhuizen on the defensive. "That old man has made a packet in his day," he said quickly. "The trouble with all of them is just one thing—they always put it back into digging. When a man finds a big stone and earns eight, ten thousand pounds on it, a hundred to one he doesn't retire; he just branches out."

FROM Mr. Anthony's claim, we drove down to the Vaal. At best, South African driving is pretty rugged, but this was even more rugged than usual. The road got bumpier every minute, and the land on either side of it was in terrible shape. Red rubble—dust and rock—lay tumbled about as far as we could see, indicating that hundreds of diggers had once been hard at work there. The scrubby growth could not

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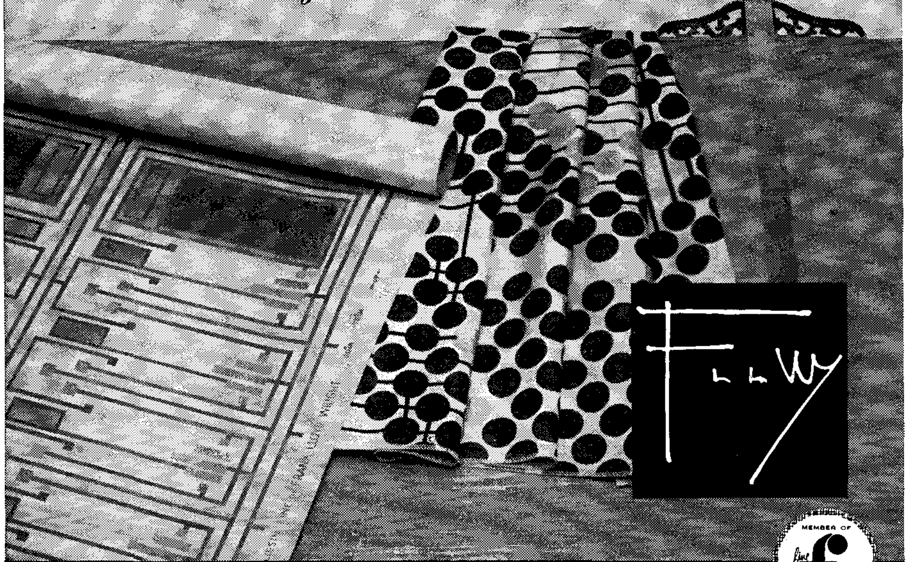

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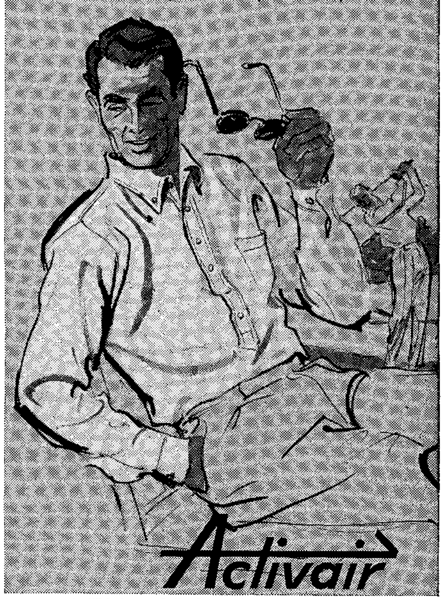

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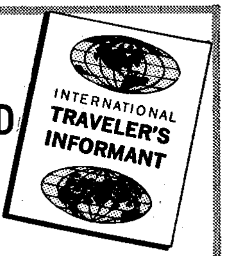

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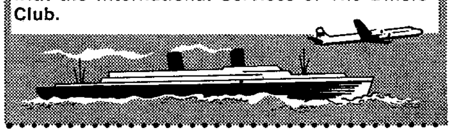

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camouflage the gouged-out pits, and, in a way, the land looked alive—ravaged and furious. I said something of the sort to Mr. Van der Westhuizen, who nodded soberly. "A lot of work's gone into this country around here," he said, "and a lot of wealth has been taken out of it, too. Mr. Anthony, for instance—he's spent a long time here, and done well at it, on the whole. As I told you, a lot of fellows were digging here only a few months ago, but I don't see much action now, do you?" He stopped the car at the top of a steep incline leading down to the river, which was all but hidden in a gorge below; at a nearby excavation a steam shovel—a real one, this time—stood out gaunt against the sky. It wasn't working and the pit was empty.

A colored child was drowsing on the veranda of a corrugated-iron house not far from the excavation. We drove over there and jolted to a stop. "I'll just ask the fellow who lives here what's going on," said Mr. Van der Westhuizen. As he got out of the car, a mongrel dog came out and yapped at us, and a colored man appeared in the doorway. He and Mr. Van der Westhuizen seemed to know each other, and they stood chatting for a while, in Afrikaans.

Mr. Van der Westhuizen came back and reported, "He says most of the diggers have gone over to that fissure Mr. Bishop was talking about. That's the way diggers are—always chasing around after the latest find. But he's heard a rumor that somebody turned up something fairly big at Nooitgedacht just this morning. We'll know more about that when the buyer comes tomorrow." He climbed into the car and waved to the colored man, and we drove on. "Most of those fellows who went over to the fissure probably haven't got the money to outfit themselves, but they do have friends," he said. "Diggers stick together. If a man makes a good strike, he often backs other diggers; he buys their outfits for them and shares the cost of the boys and water, in return for half their takings. A digger can go through a lot of money that way. In fact, that's what usually happens to his money." Returning to the subject of the Lichtenburg rush of 1927, Mr. Van der Westhuizen said he knew a lot of men who had made fortunes there and he could think of only one who was still alive and in possession of a fair amount of money. "That fellow put it into a farm at the Cape," he said. "But the rest— well, they kept on looking for more diamonds, and every single one, if he's dead, died broke, and

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the rest are broke as well, you can bet, wherever they are."

We were now following the river as it meandered over its wide, stony bed. Soon we came to the pretty town of Barkly West, identifiable from miles away by the tall spire of its Dutch Reformed church, a much more imposing structure than most South African churches. These are usually made of stucco, but the church at Barkly West is made of rocks, carefully selected to give a variegated, pudding-stone effect, and cut and fitted with equal care.

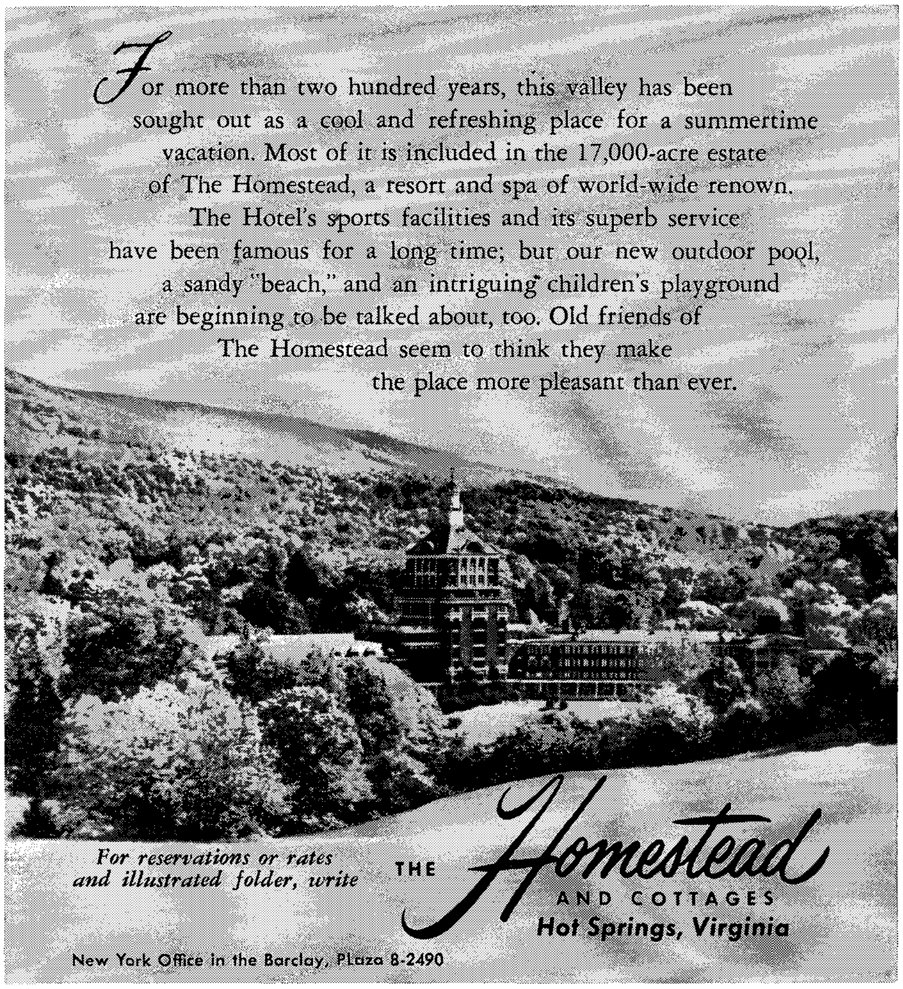
Mr. Van der Westhuizen began talking about diamond dealers. They were a different breed altogether from the diggers, he said. Dealers knew how to hold on to their money, and they got more out of the business of digging than the diggers did, for the diggers were notoriously easygoing and didn't know how to drive a bargain. Dealers were different. They had to be, he said, or they'd be out of business in a minute. As we were passing the local hotel, he suddenly stepped on the brake and called out to a big, pink-faced man in shirtsleeves who was walking by, carrying what looked like an attaché case. "Just the man I wanted you to meet," Mr. Van der Westhuizen said to me as we got out of the car. "He's one of the biggest dealers in the district."

We all went into the hotel for a cool beer, and the dealer, an Afrikaner, asked us where we'd been sightseeing. Nooitgedacht and Gong Gong, we told him. He remarked that there was absolutely nothing going on at Gong Gong, and asked for the latest reports on Nooitgedacht.

"Well, we heard talk that somebody's supposed to have got hold of something," said Mr. Van der Westhuizen. "You know how it is—you can't tell until they come in for the valuation. Those fellows could certainly use a little encouragement. They haven't had anything big for weeks. How's it with you?"

"Oh, it's quiet here, too," the dealer said. "Still, I've found a few that aren't bad. Would you like to see them?"

Pulling a bunch of keys out of his pocket, the dealer unlocked his leather case. The interior of this utilitarian jewel box was divided into a number of little compartments, and in each was a small paper packet. Such packets, one soon learns in the diamond fields, are a special sign of the trade. Most diamond people treat their wares with a splendid, airy carelessness. Everyone except the retail jeweller, who, protected by reinforced-glass windows, reverently dis-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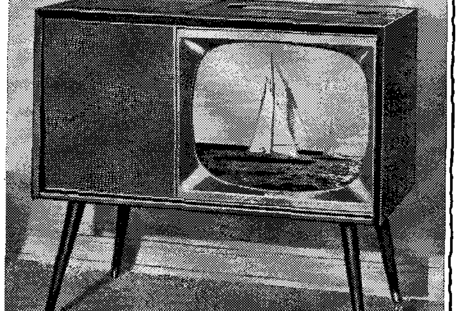

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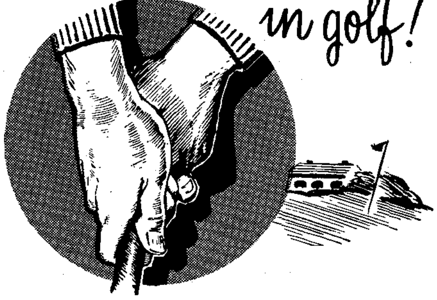

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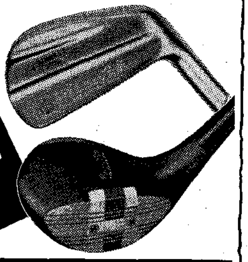

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plays his rings and necklaces against a background of black velvet, seems to go out of his way to show who is master—his diamonds or himself. The people of Kimberley and Johannesburg carry diamonds about in rusty tin pillboxes, in old candy cartons, and, especially, in pieces of paper—limp pieces of paper that are folded and unfolded, folded and unfolded, time and again. This dealer was one of the paper-folders. He brought out packet after packet and opened them to show us what he was buying or selling or keeping. Some were rough diamonds; others had been cut, and blazed when the light struck them. He usually carried his whole stock with him, he said; that was safer than leaving it at home or in his office.

"Ever seen a good collection of fancies?" the dealer asked me, adding, to Mr. Van der Westhuizen, "I don't believe you've seen these, either." He pulled out the most worn paper packet of all. There was a little hole at one corner, where the paper had been folded once too often, and a blue diamond almost slipped through it as he held the packet toward us. But in South Africa one thinks nothing of seeing a diamond fall to the floor in a public place and roll into a corner. Lost stones are always found again without much trouble; at least, they are easy to see.

The dealer unfolded the paper and displayed his fancies—diamonds of unusual colors, which connoisseurs often value more highly than the standard variety. They were all cut stones—several ambers, quite a few blues, two lovely pinks, one that was nearly purple, and a few very clear greenish ones, which looked to me exactly like aquamarines. Their owner smiled at our enthusiasm; it was a pleased, proud smile. "I've been making this collection ever since I went into the business, and that was nearly forty years ago," he said, wrapping the stones up again. "It's my hobby—fancies. My wife thinks I'm crazy. Now, there's a funny thing. My wife doesn't like diamonds of any kind, and never wears any—nor my daughter, either. They want me to quit the business. My son's the same—he's never shown any interest in diamonds. He's after me all the time to give up, sell out, and settle down with him on the family farm. Maybe he's right."

Smiling, the dealer said he had to be getting along, and walked off, with his leather box under his arm. As we went back to the car, Mr. Van der Westhuizen said, "*He* won't ever go to the poorhouse, no matter how he talks." Then,

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possibly realizing that he may have sounded a bit resentful, he continued, "But he's a very good man, you know. He never smokes or drinks, he's very steady, and he takes a lot of interest in this town. He was born and brought up here. The church there—you see how well built it is? Good Afrikaners are supposed to give a tenth of their income every year to the church—the tithe, you call it, don't you? Well, that dealer never misses out on his tithe. His income being what it is, I expect he's paid for most of this church out of his own pocket." He sighed, and looked around at the red countryside. "It's a funny thing to think this is all diamondiferous," he said. "You might find a diamond anywhere. Oh, well, not everybody's lucky. I did right, quitting when I did. Yes, I did right."

THE next day—Friday—I went out to Nooitgedacht with the valuer and purchaser, the Mr. Cohen whose enamel sign I had seen on the company's office door. We found Mr. Van der Westhuizen already there, and water for tea was boiling on the stove. Mr. Cohen had a pleasant manner, and I recalled what I had been told about him—that he had a reputation for giving fair prices to the diggers and was an agreeable contrast to some of the buyers they'd had to deal with in the past. It is important to diggers to have a good buyer on the grounds, for though they have the privilege of selling their stones elsewhere, most of them find it far more convenient, and often downright necessary, to cash them in on the spot.

Through the window I could see the Nooitgedacht diggers assembling in front of Mr. Cohen's shack; there were twenty or thirty people chatting in the shade of the big thorn tree. Most of them were colored. All of them looked as if they knew what it meant to work hard with their hands. There was one woman—broad and squat, in an old black felt hat, a skirt of indeterminate color, and a brown sweater full of holes, buttoned to straining tightness over her big bust. Her skin was light brown, her hair was gray, and when she saw me looking at her, she gave me a smile that was shy and sweet.

Mr. Cohen invited me into his room, whose only furnishings were a table, two chairs, and a pair of diamond scales, and in a few minutes he opened the door of his shack and sat down behind the table. The diggers thereupon lined up outside. There was no jostling; everything was quiet, slow-moving, and fa-

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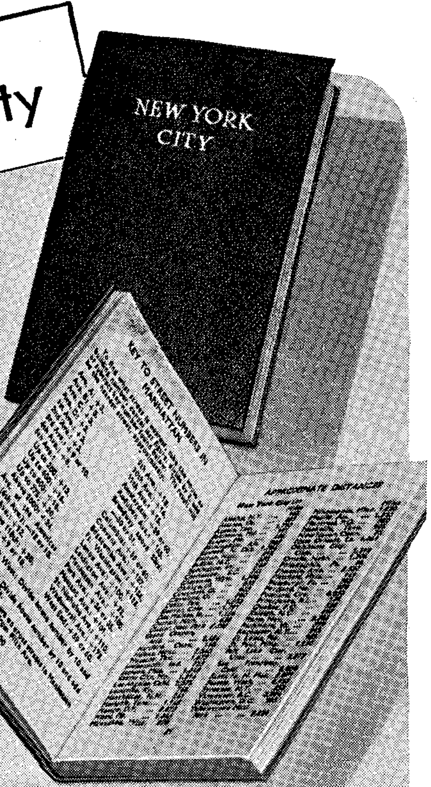

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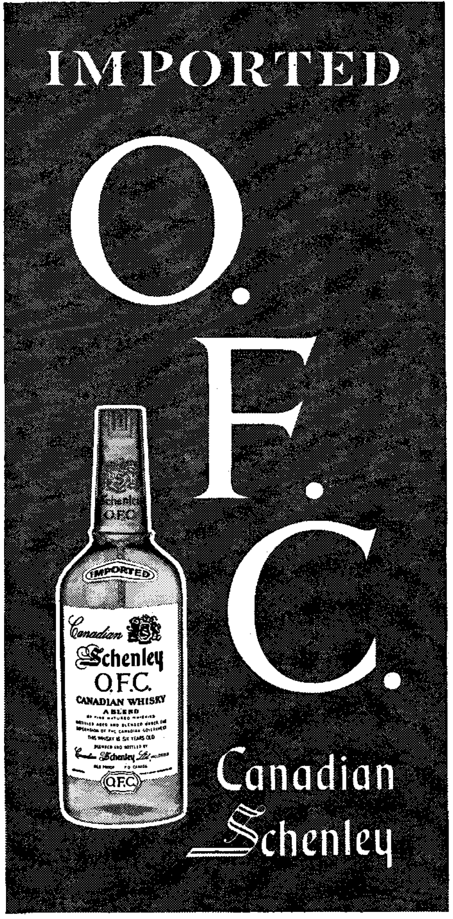

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miliar. I saw a couple of the diggers I had met the day before, but not the man I had found a diamond for. Mr. Van der Westhuizen, who had joined us, said he would probably be in the next Friday; some diggers occasionally skip a week, and the company doesn't really mind.

First in line was a very old colored man wearing a battered felt hat. He pulled an inhaler shell out of his vest pocket and cackled as he shook out two or three lumps of brown bort. Mr. Cohen looked rather rueful as he weighed them. He wrote some figures down on a printed form, added them up, and said, "Eleven shillings. That's the best I can do."

The old man raised his eyebrows and hesitated. Mr. Cohen said, "I *can't* go higher. That's all they're worth."

The old man shrugged, accepted a piece of paper as a voucher, and moved out of the office, giving way to another colored man—a younger one. Mr. Cohen greeted this one cheerfully with "Well, Van der Merwe, have you found another Jonker?"

Mr. Van der Merwe, a grave man with blue eyes and high cheekbones, didn't smile. He looked like the bearer of important news, but he said nothing. With a hint of a swagger, he pulled a tiny box out of his pocket, rolled something from it into the palm of his hand, and placed this in front of Mr. Cohen. The two diggers immediately behind him craned their necks to see, and one whistled. Mr. Van der Merwe's offering was undeniably a large diamond. Mr. Van der Westhuizen beamed and nodded at me, and Mr. Cohen exclaimed, "Well!"

After picking the stone up and hefting it, Mr. Cohen said, "It must be about eight carats." Everyone looked excited. Mr. Cohen seemed to be putting off the moment of actual weighing on the scales to let all of us in the room enjoy ourselves guessing. Mr. Van der Merwe stood there apart from the rest, looking proud and dignified, like the father of a newborn baby.

Finally, Mr. Cohen took out a loupe, a diamond man's magnifying glass, and studied the stone; everybody fell silent, and several of the diggers outside crowded about the window, peering in. At last, Mr. Cohen spoke. "Couple of specks," he said. "Pity."

"*Little* specks," Mr. Van der Merwe said.

"Off-color, too," said Mr. Cohen. "Pity. If only it weren't quite so yellow—"

Mr. Van der Merwe laughed, sternly and scornfully. "The color's *good*," he said.

"Frankly, I'm not sure," said Mr. Cohen. "I can't be sure about the color until I get back to the lab in Kimberley. Anyway, it's a nice stone," he conceded. He put it on the scales, and we all waited tensely. "Eight," he said. "Eight and a half— no, it runs more than that. Eight and five-eighths. Well, now, let's see." He picked up his pencil and got to work on another printed form. At last, he said, "Five hundred and twenty pounds, even. That will leave you, after the royalty, four hundred and sixty-eight."

Everybody's eyes turned toward the digger. He shook his head and said calmly, "No. That's the best stone I've ever found in all my life's digging."

"Listen, Van der Merwe," Mr. Cohen said. "It's a good big stone, but it's just a little off-color. You won't get a better price anywhere, I'll tell you that."

Again Mr. Van der Merwe shook his head. Mr. Cohen picked up the diamond and studied it some more, saying, as if to himself, "I only wish I were sure that big speck could be removed in the cutting." He stared at the stone reflectively. The office was still dead quiet. Then he sighed, and said, "Make it four hundred and seventy-five after the royalty. That's just about top price for the color."

Mr. Van der Merwe, in turn, thought and counted and considered. At last, he did something—he must have made some sign I didn't see—that indicated acceptance. We all let go our breath, and he took his voucher, turned, and went out the door, grinning now. Outside, a number of men crowded around to congratulate him.

Everything after that seemed anticlimactic. Mr. Bishop brought in some bort and a little stone, for which he got six pounds—just about enough to pay for his water, he said. He stood around and exchanged pleasantries with the next man, a European, who was able to sell his take for ten pounds. "That's pretty good," said Mr. Bishop, in a tone of irony.

The other grunted. "I've got to pay ten boys, man," he said.

Then came the lady digger. "And how are you, Mrs. Bartlett?" said Mr. Cohen. Mrs. Bartlett was too shy to speak. She dug into her sweater pocket and produced a wooden needlecase the shape of an elongated acorn, from which she rolled out a stone that brought her twenty-five pounds. This was good by Nooitgedacht standards, and every-

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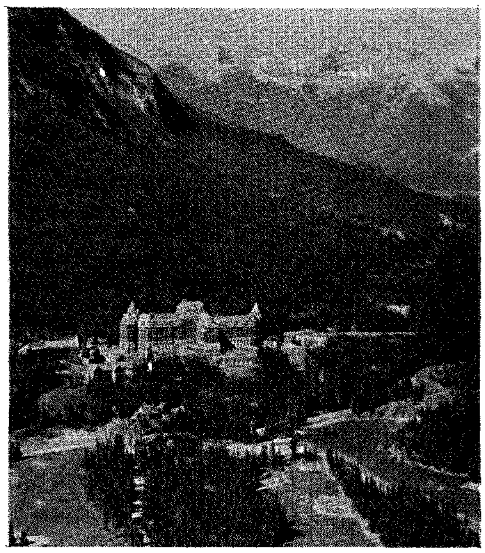

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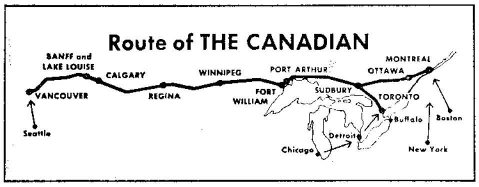

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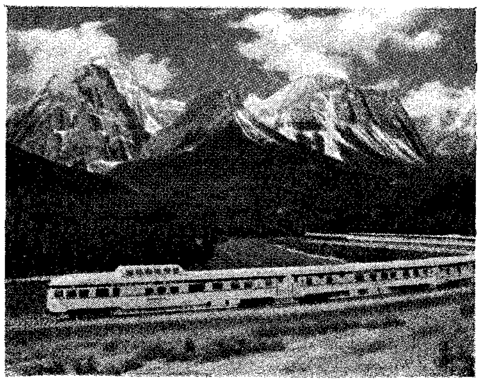

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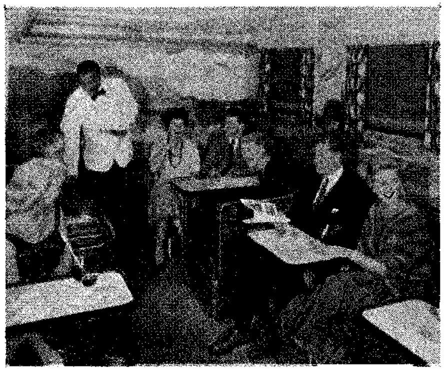

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one looked at her admiringly, which made her shier than ever. She went out to the big thorn tree and stood there waiting to see if anyone else had had any luck. No one had. The Van der Merwe diamond was the biggest that had been found for several weeks, and everyone seemed resigned to the probability that it was the biggest that would be found for several weeks to come. The last man in line was a toothless ancient, who haggled gently but stubbornly over some pieces of bort until he brought Mr. Cohen's offer up from thirty-two shillings to thirty-five.

"That stuff isn't worth thirty-five," Mr. Cohen said to me as the old man shuffled out. "But you get to know these fellows, and it's hard not to let go once in a while. I wonder if I made a mistake on the big one."

It was time for the payoff, and Mr. Cohen opened a little leather case that was full of neat stacks of notes, with rubber bands around them, and rouleaux of coins. Again the diggers lined up, vouchers in hand. Mr. Van der Merwe asked to have all his money in five-pound notes, and everyone was respectfully silent during the considerable time it took Mr. Cohen to count it out. Then, singly or in small groups, the diggers strolled away. The land looked bleached now, baking in the fierce sun. Mr. Cohen put his diamonds in his case and locked it, and we went into the next room and had more tea.

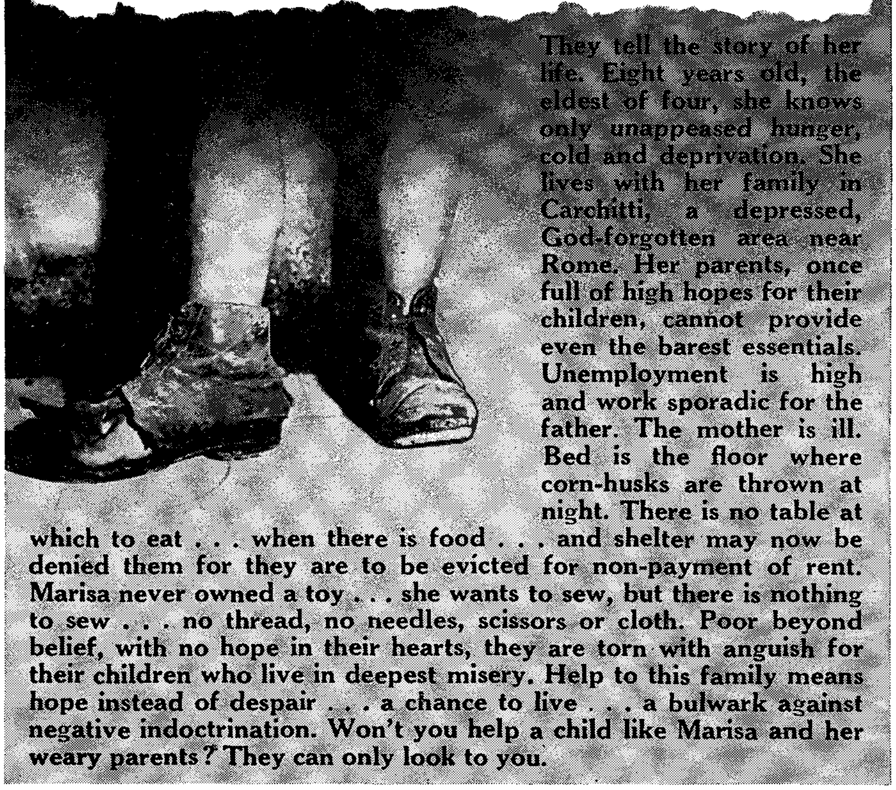
"Not many of them will go back to work today," Mr. Van der Westhuizen said. "It's a rare one who doesn't start his weekend right after the payoff. Well, Mr. Cohen, how do you feel about the big diamond?"

"I may have made a mistake," Mr. Cohen replied. "I hope not."

"MUCH going on out at Nooitgedacht?" a diamond buyer in Kimberley asked me, over a pot of tea, when I got back to town. He spoke in the manner of an adult inquiring how nursery school had been today.

"There was one pretty big diamond, weighing more than eight carats," I told him. "There wasn't anything else. But I noticed there's been quite an imposing record of big finds out there over the years. They've had lots of luck in their day, haven't they?"

"Some luck, maybe," he said, "but in my opinion their day is over. Those fellows at Nooitgedacht go out and sweat in the sun, and haul up boulders, and sort their wash, and what do they come up with? Three or four hundred



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carats a month, at most, for the batch of them. You know what the Premier Mine produces? A hundred thousand carats a month. I'm against digging on principle. It's wasteful, it's disorganized, and it's useless. And I say—though this isn't the official attitude, it's only my own—that it's time they gave it up."

"Oh, come, now!" I protested. "After all, people have made fortunes out of digging. What about the Jonker?"

"The Jonker?" said the buyer. "Well, since you mention it, I've never gone along with the theory that the Jonker just happened to turn up where it did. It's my belief that it originally came out of a deep mine. The Premier, no doubt." And, as if he had not just pronounced a heresy, he took a deep draught of tea. —EMILY HAHN

(*This is the fourth of a series of articles. The fifth will appear in an early issue.*)

•

TO OUR PENINSULA PATRONS:

Our commuter fleet was delayed from 9 to 35 minutes this morning for two reasons. In San Jose the trains were delayed in getting away because of a failure of the electric interlocking switch. And later, at San Bruno, a gentleman fainted aboard Train 113.

An ambulance was called and the train was held for 10 minutes, but fortunately the passenger revived and rode on into San Francisco. This emergency held up following trains too. And although we are sorry you were delayed, we know you are as glad as we are that your fellow-commuter recovered satisfactorily.

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Vice President
System Passenger Traffic—
Public Relations

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—*Card found on her train seat by a Menlo Park (Calif.) woman.*

Never mind him. Has that interlocking switch revived?

•

Now, this seemingly endless expenditure of time, money and creative talent is represented by rolls of motion picture film. Skilled craftsmen are giving it final form in the cutting room.

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Having waited for "WAR AND PEACE" will prove to be well worth while.—*Adv. in the Times.*

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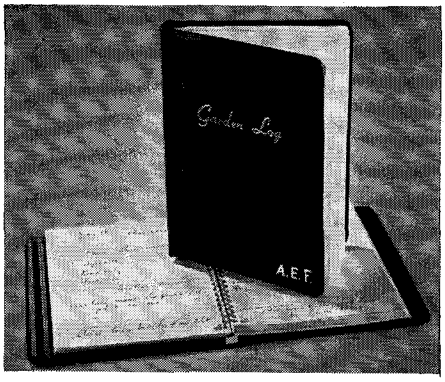

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THE RACE TRACK

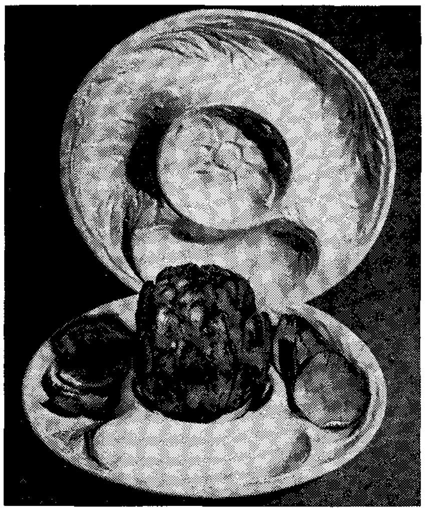
Oh Johnny, Indeed!

IT is a commonplace that the old order changeth. Still, it was rather a shock to elder horseplayers, who are nearly all incorrigible sentimentalists, to see the Withers Stakes, which has been an important spring fixture at Belmont Park for half a century, run at Jamaica last weekend. The event was named in honor of D. D. Withers, an almost legendary figure of the American turf, who, among other things, was one of the leaders in the revival of racing in New York and New Jersey after the Civil War and was the first chairman of the Board of Control, the forerunner of the Jockey Club. His colors, by the way, were "all black," and he forbade his jockeys to carry whips. The Withers, a race for three-year-olds, was created as an opposite number to England's famous 2,000 Guineas Stakes, and was first run at Jerome Park, in the Bronx, in 1874, a year before the first Kentucky Derby. It was continued at Morris Park in the nineties and then moved to Belmont, and the list of famous horses who have won it is a long one. The Greater New York Association shifted the venue this year because Jamaica needed an extra-special event for its closing day, and changed the distance from the traditional mile to a mile and a sixteenth in order to fit the track. (You can't very well have a one-mile race at Jamaica, because the course is just a mile long and the start would have to be at the finish line. That would make the run to the first turn so short that getting around it would be dangerous for more than three or four starters.)

With such changes, I suppose it was quite in the cards that something named Oh Johnny should bring off a 7–1 chance in this year's running. After all, who ever heard of a really top colt with a name like Oh Johnny? Anyway, the race was exciting to watch. There were ten entries, and Son of Erin and Eiffel Blue set a lively pace for three-quarters of a mile. Then Eiffel Blue took the lead and kept it until the stretch, where Oh Johnny passed him easily. Eiffel Blue held on just long enough to save second place from Lawless, who looked to me like the best of the lot. As for Golf Ace, the favorite, he finished sixth. How he managed to run so well against Needles in Florida or to come in first in the Wood Memorial stumps me.

NOW that Jamaica is over, racing on Long Island has moved into its more important phase. There is something about Belmont Park that raises it above the level of the other tracks, and it isn't merely its historic stake races. Belmont seems to show horses at their best, and I'm sure that the charm of the setting is a big help. This year's meeting will be an unusually long one—forty-eight days, ending on July 7th—and the schedule of events has been changed a good deal. For example, the Metropolitan Handicap will be run on Memorial Day, the Belmont Stakes on June 16th, and the Suburban Handicap on July 4th—all much later than usual. To make up for the loss of not only the Withers but the Swift, which was also transferred to Jamaica (only temporarily, I hope), the Shevlin Stakes and the Carter Handicap have been borrowed from Aqueduct and the Saranac Handicap from Saratoga. In addition, there are three new numbers on the list, the most noteworthy being the Stymie Handicap, at a mile and a half. This weekend, the main offering will be the Acorn Stakes, for three-year-old fillies. I expect that Princess Turia will be a starter, and that she'll win.

NEEDLES will, of course, be a short-priced favorite for the Preakness Stakes at Baltimore this weekend, especially since there won't be as many colts running against him as there were in the Kentucky Derby. Career Boy won't be present; he came out of the race at Louisville lamed from galloping on the macadamlike footing, and was shipped to the Whitney farm in Lexington for treatment and a rest. His stable hopes to have him back in action for the Belmont Stakes. Less fortunate was Pintor Lea, who jarred a knee joint so badly that he may be out of training for months. The reason for these and some less serious casualties was that the Churchill Downs management, in its desire to have the Derby run in fast time, had the track rolled for hours before the race. Just another old Derby custom. Getting back to the Preakness, I'd say that the only horse Needles has to worry about is Fabius. To presume that he will beat Needles would be optimistic, but he'll never have a better chance, and he's sure to put on a good show. —AUDAX MINOR



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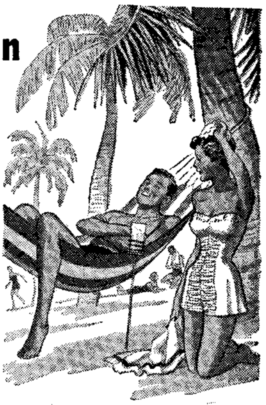

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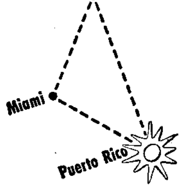

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Exercise in Mayhem

"THE HARDER THEY FALL," which was adapted by Philip Yordan from a novel by Budd Schulberg, is a brutal, sordid account of the way wicked fight promoters debase the manly art of self-defense. Since practically everyone must be aware by now that the prize ring has attracted some shifty characters, the picture's theme will hardly come as much of a surprise. As a melodrama, though, "The Harder They Fall" does pack quite a wallop. Its leading villain—almost the entire cast is made up of villains or dimwits—is a promoter who latches on to a simple-minded South American giant. The latter wants to be a champion boxer, and even though he has no ability whatever, the promoter proceeds to foist him on the public with the help of a sleazy publicity man who used to be a sportswriter. After bribing assorted fighters to succumb to his outsize cream puff, the promoter arranges to have him meet a topflight heavyweight so far gone from a beating received a few weeks previously that he can barely totter around. A light tap from the behemoth kills this shattered boxer, and after that the big boy is all set for the champion, who very nearly kills *him*. Since incidents of this kind have occurred in the ring, and since there was a time when a mammoth was stumbling after the world's heavyweight championship, "The Harder They Fall" bears some scattered resemblances to history. But despite the fact that steps have been taken to eliminate at least some of the ranker aspects of the boxing business during the nine years since Mr. Schulberg wrote his novel, the producers would have us believe that it all happened only yesterday, which is, perhaps, just a trifle unfair.

Rod Steiger, as the promoter in the film, makes a persuasive bad man, alternately unctuous and tough, and Humphrey Bogart is satisfactory as the publicity man who inflates "the Wild Man of the Andes" into the proportions of a world-famous heavyweight. A number of pugilists are on hand, among them Max Baer and Jersey Joe Walcott, and they go about their work with enthusiasm. Even though Mr. Baer is as portly as an alderman these days, in the role of the champion he puts on a fine show of ferocity when he fights the giant, played by Mike Lane. In contrast to the doxies assembled to divert the boxing types now and then, Jan Sterling, as Mr. Bogart's wife, is a tower of virtue. She doesn't contribute much in the way of acting, though.

AS a novel, "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" had to do with a woman who, after being tossed out of San Francisco for misbehaving herself, journeyed on to Honolulu and put sex on a mass-production basis. Miss Stover's life story was pretty monotonous. Now, in its adaptation for the movies, Miss Stover's life is still monotonous, but she's become a nicer girl than she used to be. In the film, Miss Stover is a poor, misguided kid who wants to make a lot of money to impress the folks back home in Mississippi. When she vacates San Francisco for Honolulu, she decides that she will join a pal on the islands in a dime-a-dance joint. The place is raucous, all right, but nothing untoward ever happens to the danseuses. As a matter of fact, when they are not twirling around the dance floor their lives have a singular austerity. Even so, they are looked down upon by everybody. Miss Stover, though, manages to cultivate a well-bred writer, who has a fine home on a hill in Oahu, and she also manages to save a huge packet of cash from her commissions on dancing. When Pearl Harbor is attacked, Miss Stover's writer is taken off to war, and she promises she won't dance any more but will wait for him stolidly. The lure of money is too much for her, however, and shortly after his departure she's dancing all over the place again. When he returns, he renounces her, and she comes to the realization that money isn't everything and that she can never take up residence with him on his tony hilltop, and so she wends her lonely way back home. Jane Russell plays the laundered Mamie Stover, and Richard Egan is her beloved writer. They are a good-looking pair, but good looks are hardly enough to make this foolishness palatable.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

JUNEAU, ALASKA, April 27 (UP)—Alaskans, who turned out —COOKY—MACHINE NO. 36 at the polls in record numbers Tuesday, aproved their proposed state constitutions 2 to 1 and also backed a plan to press for statehood.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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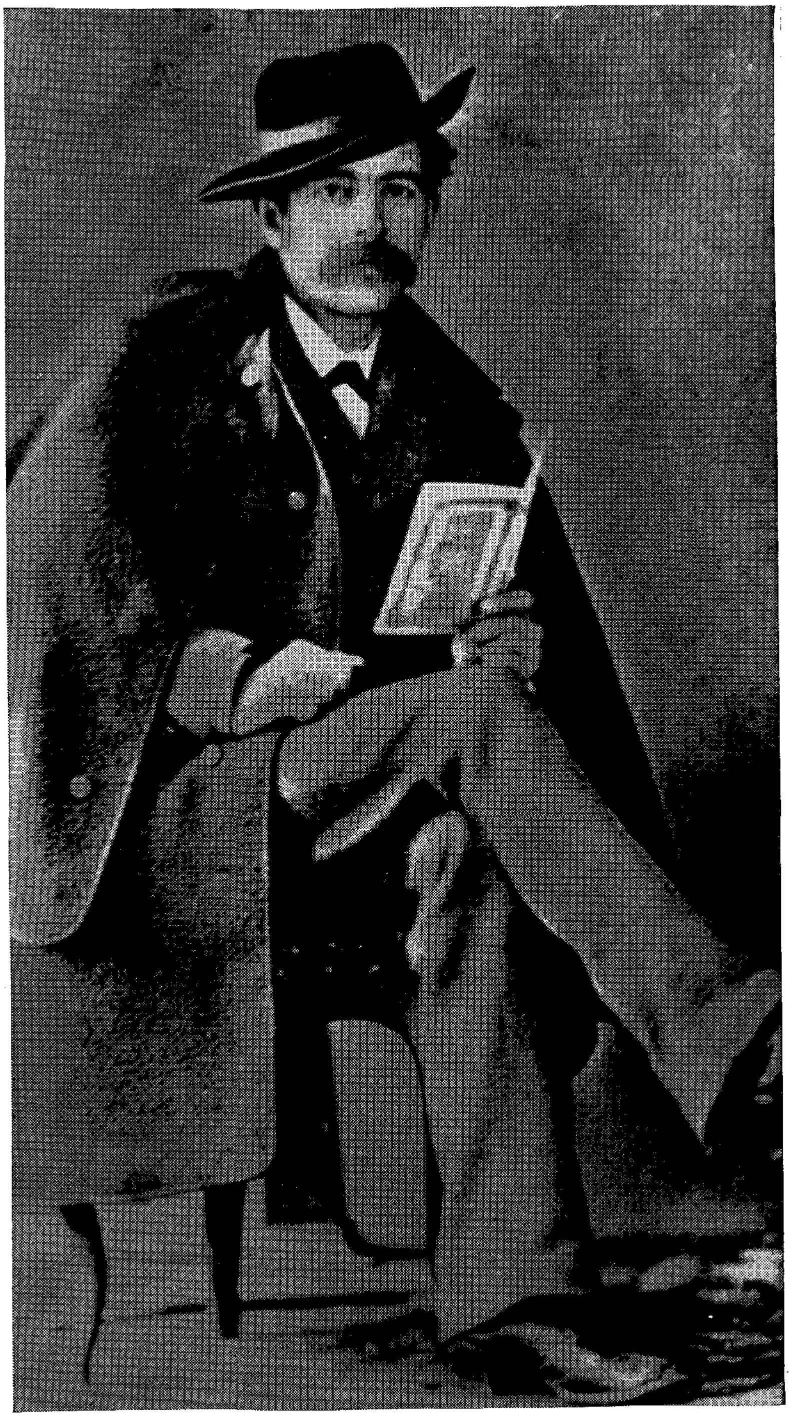

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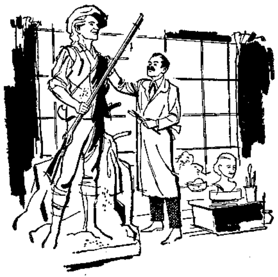
Local boy makes good



WHEN THE LATE Ebenezer Hubbard, a patriotic Concord man, left a bequest for a local statue, there luckily happened to be a real sculptor close at hand.

Even more luckily, young Dan French had never yet sculped a whole statue—had, in fact, recently started by whittling on turnips. So he'd take the job for expenses, and glad to get it.

Two years later, Daniel Chester French's first statue went up. And Mr. Emerson, a neighbor, gladly obliged with a little verse to go under it, ending—

"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Now, during his great lifetime, Daniel French was to make many more statues, but his fame needs only two to rest secure. One is the massive, brooding figure in the Lincoln Memorial. The other is his first: the big, bold, living bronze of the Minuteman of Concord.

When, in 1941, a symbol of American strength was sought, the President picked the Minuteman. Ever since, the Minuteman has been the emblem of the great savings program that helped—and still helps—keep America and her people safe and secure. This year, the 15th anniversary of U. S. Series E Savings Bonds, finds 40 million Americans owning 40 billions of Bonds. Are you among them? For your own security—and the nation's—invest in Savings Bonds regularly. And hold on to them!

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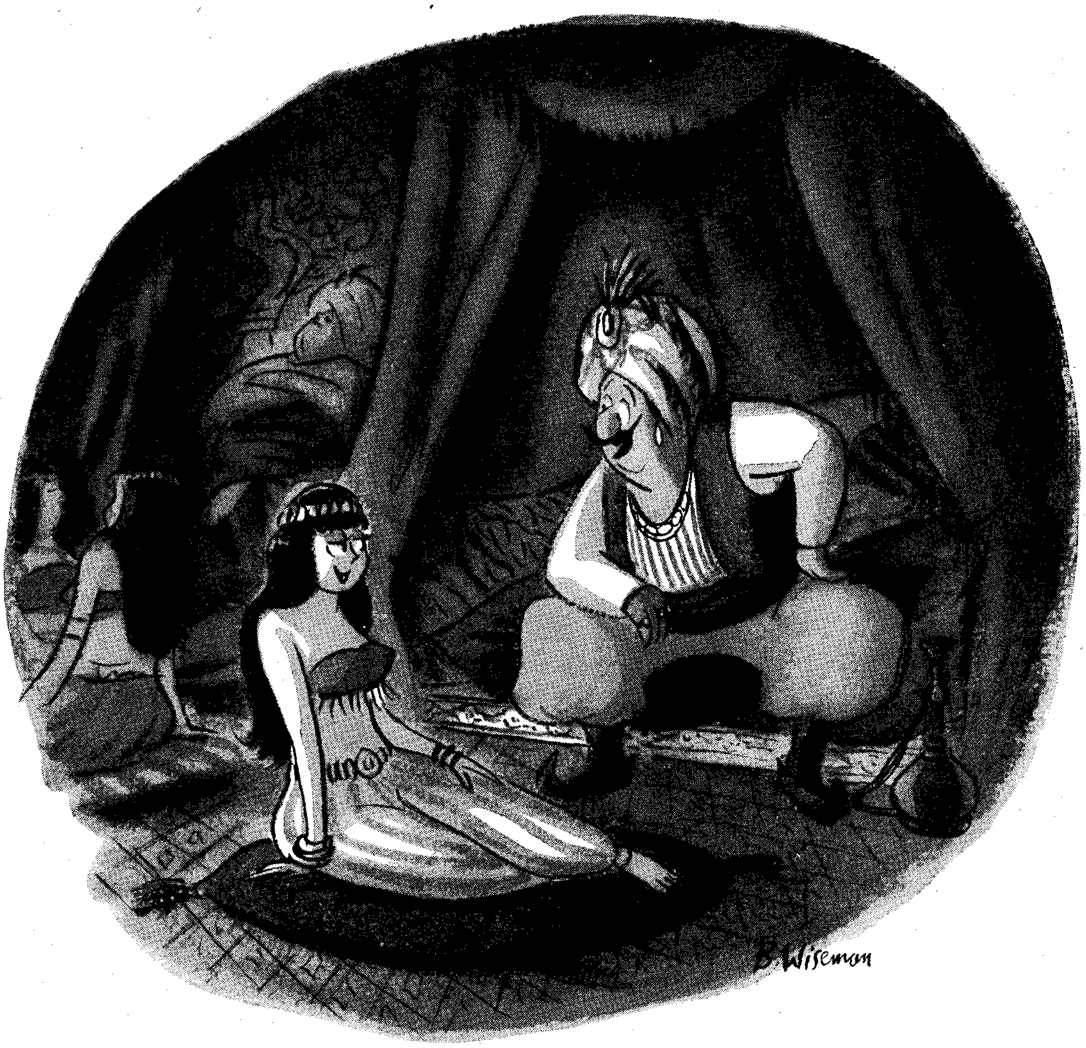
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 10

IT is difficult—in fact, it is impossible—to recall a time this close to a Presidential election when politics has seemed as boring or as unimportant as it does today. This is not to say that there are now no pending issues of interest or significance; there are plenty of them, from school integration to the revamping of NATO, but for one reason or another they are not at present involved in the Presidential campaign. Very little does seem to be involved in it, and at this stage, and in this city, the whole affair generates nothing but large amounts of indifference. To some extent, of course, this is because the area of uncertainty is so much narrower than usual. For the first time since 1936, when there was never any doubt that both Roosevelt and Garner would run again, there will be no contest of any sort at the convention of one major party. The Republican ticket has been named, and in due time the Republican platform will be pieced together in the White House. The Republican delegates will meet in August as accessories after the fact. It is said that several regiments could be billeted in the San Francisco hotel rooms that have been cancelled since Mr. Nixon let it be known that he would not resist renomination. Practically no one, furthermore, believes that anything can be changed by the election; in the view of most people here, the November ballots are as good as counted right now, and the only fit subject for speculation is the name of the Democrat who will be on the short end. Adepts in the analysis of voting trends all seem convinced that if the President continues to enjoy good health, the people will be pleased to return him to office by approximately as great a majority as he had in 1952. Canvassers coming in from near and far places say that almost everywhere they go they find the voters immensely satisfied with the way things are being managed here. Some handicappers believe there will be a drift toward the Democrats in the corn and wheat fields, but there are not many who think that this, or anything else, puts the outcome in doubt. While the hazards of prophecy are well known here (after all, only three months ago most of Washington believed that the President would decline renomination and that this made the election of a Democrat a near certainty), and the ritual calls for an acknowledgment of the fact that many unexpected things could happen between now and Election Day, it is the almost universal opinion today that the President can't lose.

Yet it is not merely the settled state of Republican affairs and the long Republican head start that account for the apathy met with here. A bold challenge in a losing cause could stir interest and feeling. A vigorous debate on national policy could be valuable even if it failed to change any votes. Although a comparable certainty existed in 1936, the politics of that year were full of excitement. The Republicans were then making their last forthright stand against the Welfare State, and some of them burned with the conviction that they had only a few weeks or days in which to save the American Way of Life. The Democrats burned with the conviction of their own righteousness. Whatever may be said for the widespread prosperity and internal stability of the moment, they make for dull politics. No one burns with anything, and no bold challenge of any sort appears to be in prospect. The Republicans have made the Welfare State their own, and the Democrats have no new kind of state to propose. Somehow or other, the tension seems to have gone out of American political life. There are social tensions, most notably in the South, but they have nearly all been kept out of party politics, and they will continue to be kept out if the party leaders can possibly manage it. Not much is heard of such once promising issues as the Dixon-Yates contract and the Republican policy on natural resources, largely because the Democrats, if they raised them, would have to answer for their own support of the Fulbright-Harris natural-gas bill. Nothing that really matters appears to be at stake in any of the controversies that



"Are there any more at home like you?"

bear on the national elections this fall. Nothing that anyone is doing or saying nourishes the conviction that the course of events will be affected by what does or does not happen on November 6th. Foreign policy is now on a firm bipartisan basis. Partly because of the requirements of this policy and partly for other reasons, the economy is fairly certain to continue to perform as splendidly as it has been performing over the past several years. Should it falter, identical remedies would be applied whether Republicans or Democrats were in office. Some people here have persuaded themselves that the candidacy of Mr. Nixon, with the possibility it holds of his succession to the Presidency, changes the picture a good deal. They think that while President Eisenhower, Mr. Stevenson, Senator Kefauver, and most of the other leading figures in both parties share the same broad view of the national interest and the general welfare, Mr. Nixon is not of their company, and that as President he would fasten on the country an illiberal and repressive regime. The evidence to support this belief seems thin. Mr. Nixon is an uncommonly perspicacious politician, and he knows as well as anyone else what is required for political success in this part of this century. If he were to become Mr. Eisenhower's heir, he would in all probability emulate Mr. Eisenhower by pursuing, perhaps with even greater diligence, the same policies and the same soothing strategy that have paid off so handsomely for Mr. Eisenhower.

In the only open contest now going, Mr. Stevenson and Senator Kefauver are offering policies that are alike in every respect except for a few cents a bushel in the subsidies to be paid to farmers—and a few cents a bushel is just about all that separates either of them from the Republicans. In character and personality they provide a contrast such as any two men picked at random almost inevitably would, but not many people here regard the contrast as a particularly sharp or striking one. Agile and somewhat desperate imaginations have sought to liven things up by making their rivalry appear to be one between an egghead and a redneck. Senator Kefauver has to encourage this, for a candidate who lacks a program distinguishable from his opponent's must cultivate a distinctive identity. Kefauver has acquired one, but only by suppressing his natural suavity and bookishness, feigning a gregariousness that is not part of his nature, and choking on the unaccustomed smoke of

Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

Quick action prevents tragedy when family is marooned in hurricane

AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people. Vail Medals, with cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the all-important rope lifeline that led to high ground and safety.

HELPING HANDS—*The spirit of service of telephone men and women is shown not only in the dramatic situations of fire and flood and storm, but in the everyday affairs of life. Thousands of times every day, and through the long hours of the night, the telephone and telephone people help those who are ill or in trouble or confronted by some occasion that needs a skilled and willing hand. Just having the telephone close by gives a feeling of security and of being close to people.*

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fat cigars. Actually, Kefauver, a past vice-president of the American Political Science Association and the author of a sobersided treatise on Congressional organization, is as much of an egghead as Stevenson, though he lacks Stevenson's facility with language—in the circumstances a fortunate deficiency, and one to which his managers point with pride, as though it were a badge of integrity and true Americanism. The fact is that if a somewhat academic approach to politics and a weakness for institutional nostrums are among the traits of the egghead, then Kefauver's qualifications are even more formidable than Stevenson's, for his manner of speech is not so much countrified as it is pedantic, and he has been a pushover for a whole list of reformist schemes, such as Atlantic Union, legislative reorganization, and the more-and-bigger-playgrounds cure for crime and juvenile delinquency. At any rate, as such things are judged in American politics, he is another intellectual, and if Governor Harriman becomes an active candidate in the next few weeks, that will make three of them, with two on the inarticulate side. As far as hard questions of policy are concerned, they are all headed for the same Zion, and they have as fellow-travellers most of the way the President and Mr. Nixon.

A FEW weeks ago, the Democratic leaders here announced that they had arrived at a decision of great moment. Spokesmen for the Democratic caucus in the Senate and for the National Committee declared, with the air of men pointing to one of the milestones of history, that President Eisenhower would no longer be spared in Democratic assessments of political responsibility. From now on, they explained, the President himself—not Secretaries, Undersecretaries, Administrative Assistants, or Robert Montgomery—would be held strictly accountable for all the failings of the administration. Asked for a comment on this at his news conference a couple of weeks ago, the President said that he considered it only fair and proper and that he was prepared to be the target of whatever criticisms the Democrats cared to make. For a time, there was a disposition to take the Democratic announcement at its face value, and to hope that it would clarify the issues and blow the campaign out of the horse latitudes. But the hope is pretty well dead now, for it is apparent that the Democrats, though they may have got over their fear of the President, can find very few failings with

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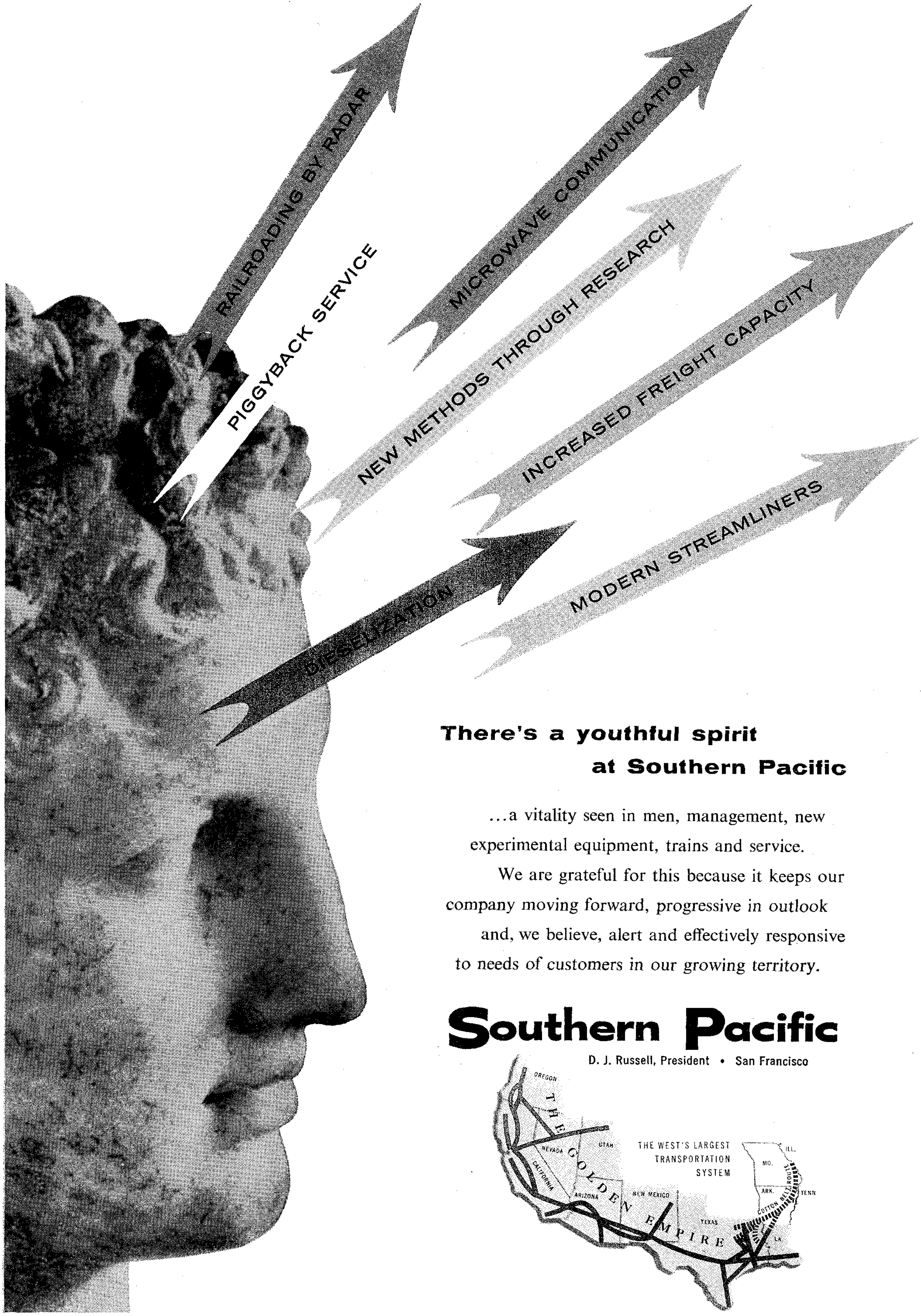
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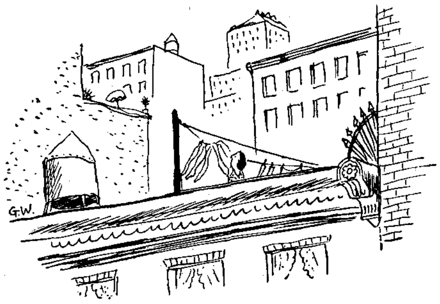
which they wish to charge him. Since the announcement of the new policy, Harry S. Truman has accused Mr. Eisenhower of being a "do-nothing President" and of making "one of the most amazing records of political betrayal" in American history by his advocacy of flexible farm-price supports, and Senator Johnson, of Texas, the Democratic floor leader, has attacked the President, in more temperate language, for vetoing the farm bill sent to him by Congress. The net gain in clarification has not been impressive. Mr. Truman had never honored the old policy of handling Mr. Eisenhower with tenderness, and both he and Senator Johnson chose to attack on the one subject—farm policy—in regard to which there has never been any doubt of Presidential responsibility, the President having said time and again that he intended to stand by his Secretary of Agriculture and that Mr. Benson's policies were his as well.

How little clarification is likely to be achieved is revealed in two documents that were issued by the Democratic National Committee shortly after the get-tough-with-Eisenhower policy was promulgated. These are very basic documents indeed. Both are dated April, 1956, and bear the imprimatur of Paul M. Butler, Chairman, 1001 Connecticut Avenue. One is called "The Differences Between the Parties on Foreign Policy," the other "The Differences Between the Parties on How to Achieve Prosperity." In each case, the differences are presented by means of two parallel columns of type—one, naturally, putting the best face possible on the Democratic view and the Democratic record, the other presenting the Republican view and the Republican record as seen by Democrats. For purposes of confrontation, the arrangement is ideal. But no confrontation takes place. Not only do the documents fail to fix responsibility on the President; they hardly even come to grips with the Eisenhower administration. Each opens with the rhetorical question "Is there any real difference between the Republican and Democratic Parties?" and the emphatic reply "YES," but there-



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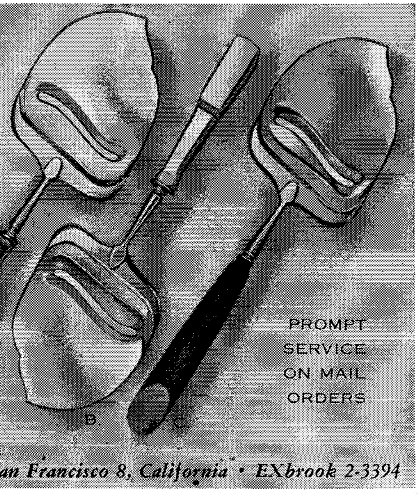

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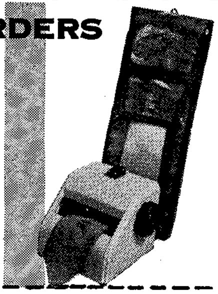
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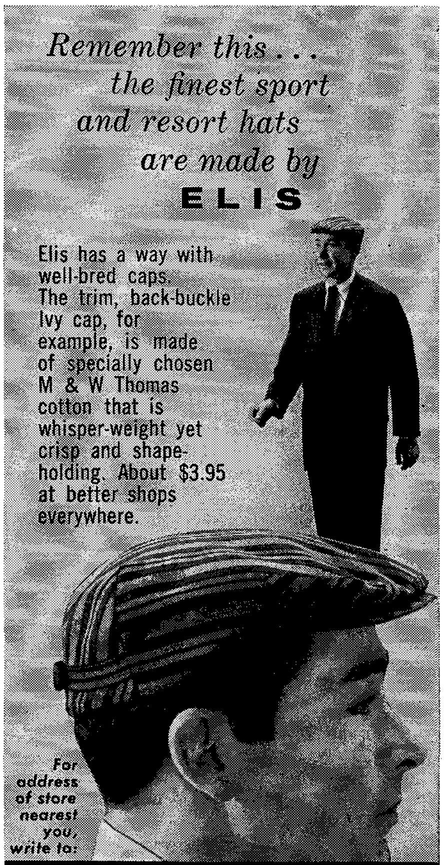
after they make scarcely any contact with existing realities. In the one on foreign policy, the Democratic view is set forth not, as might have been expected, by the responsible leaders of the party in the last few years—men like Senator Walter George, Senator Johnson, and the Party's nominal head, Mr. Stevenson—but by Woodrow Wilson, in a statement made during the League of Nations controversy in 1919, and by Mr. Truman, in a speech endorsing the Marshall Plan in 1947. To show the error of Republican ways, Mr. Butler's researchers have chosen to quote not, as might have been hoped in the light of the new policy, from the statements of President Eisenhower, but from the elder Henry Cabot Lodge, sassing back Mr. Wilson in 1920, and from the late Robert A. Taft, saying in 1948 that "aid for Europe is fundamentally the wrong approach"—this being published in a month when the President was requesting almost five billion dollars for foreign aid during the next fiscal year, as well as Congressional support of a ten-year aid program. Room is found in this survey for a bit of the Republican platform of 1936 but not for a single remark, of either an agreeable or an offensive nature, by the President, and there are only two remarks by Mr. Dulles, one of them predating his Secretaryship. The section of the 1936 platform reads, "We will repeal the present reciprocal-trade agreement law. It is futile and dangerous." The Eisenhower administration has supported the reciprocal-trade laws, with Democratic assistance. Though the President is nowhere quoted, he is twice cited, once for a sin of commission, once for a sin of omission. His sin of commission was his approval—complying with the reciprocal-trade laws but unquestionably hostile to their spirit—of an increase in the tariff on imported watch movements. His sin of omission was his failure to appoint any Democrats to high places in the State and Defense Departments. Altogether, there are thirty-one instances of ways in which "the parties differ on how to achieve and maintain peace." Of these, twenty-three are drawn from the period before the Eisenhower administration took office. Of the eight remaining instances, drawn from the years since 1953, five are not of administration shortcomings but of the failure of certain Republican congressmen to give the administration as much support as certain Democratic congressmen have given it.

The document on domestic policies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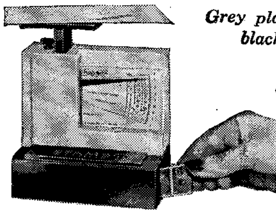

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has a slightly more contemporary flavor. Of thirty-four comparisons between Democratic and Republican promises and performances, thirteen are drawn from the Eisenhower period. "The Democratic View" is set forth in a section of a speech delivered by Mr. Truman on October 6, 1952, which is fair enough. "The Republican View" is given by Douglas McKay, former Secretary of the Interior ("We're here in the saddle as an administration representing business and industry"), Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense ("What's good for General Motors is good for the country"), and Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce ("How can it be otherwise than that what's good for business is good for the country?"), which is also fair enough, though none of these men is Dwight Eisenhower and though Mr. Wilson's precise words happen to have been "I thought what was good for our country was good for General Motors, and vice versa." President Eisenhower is quoted exactly once in this document, which brings him up even with Calvin Coolidge and Alfred M. Landon. The Eisenhower quotation dates back to 1949 and comes from a speech the President has lived to regret and has repudiated in action several times during his administration. "If all that Americans want is security, they can go to prison," he said. "They'll have enough to eat, a bed, and a roof over their heads." In his State of the Union message this year, the President said with some pride that under his administration Social Security had been extended to cover an additional ten million citizens and old-age insurance to cover an additional four million. The Democratic researchers made exactly three concrete charges against the Eisenhower administration's domestic policy. The first is that it failed to support the tax program proposed by the Democrats in 1954. The second is that it has supported the Benson farm program. The third is that in 1953 it put the Small Business Administration under the direction of a man named William D. Mitchell, who was once reported, on not unimpeachable authority, to have said, "Let's face it. Big business is going to get bigger, and small business is going to get smaller, and there is nothing we can do about it. Why get excited?"

NEITHER the publications of the Democratic National Committee nor the speeches of leading Democrats reveal any basic differences of policy be-

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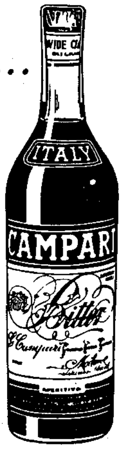

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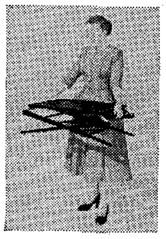

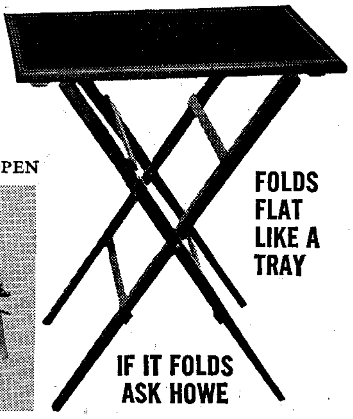

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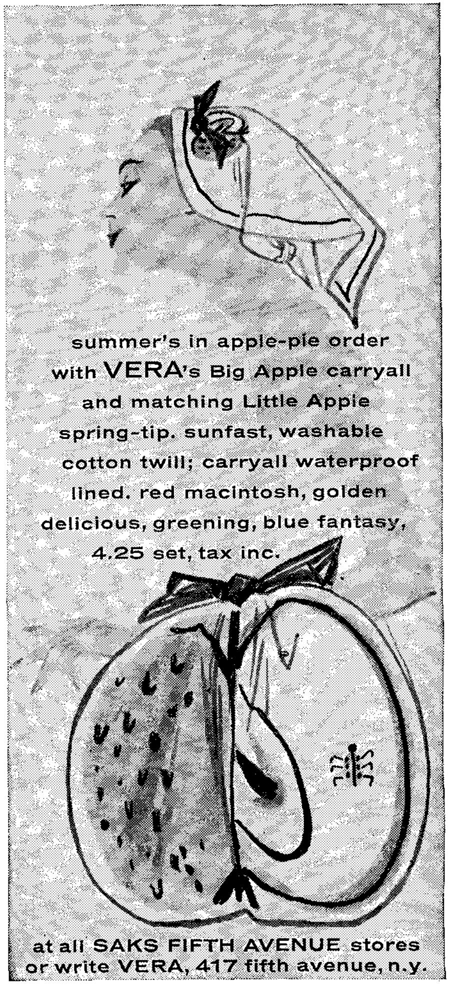

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tween the Republican Party under the leadership of President Eisenhower and the Democratic Party under its present management. There are differences of style and strategy, some of them profound, and there are undoubtedly grave differences of attitude toward American society in general. Nevertheless, the fact remains that on substantive matters of foreign and domestic policy the Democrats have been unable to make any clear distinctions between themselves and the Republicans. Of course, the matter can as well be put the other way around. A Republican exercise in defining party differences would of necessity be as antiquarian in spirit—and in all likelihood as replete with irrelevancies—as the documents the Democratic National Committee released last month; as a matter of fact, neither the publications of the Republican National Committee nor the policy statements of President Eisenhower reveal any programmatic differences with the Democrats in the present period. And there is a certain justice in stating the matter this way, for it is not so much the Democrats who have changed over the years as the Republicans. For a decade and a half, faced with the problem of breaking off enough bits and pieces of the coalition forged by Franklin Roosevelt in the nineteen-thirties to get their candidates elected in the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties, the Republicans have been narrowing the ideological gap between themselves and the Democrats. The late Wendell Willkie embraced Democratic foreign policy and several items of New Deal domestic policy. Thomas E. Dewey was not the embracing sort, but he astutely neglected to oppose Democratic policies. Mr. Eisenhower, by instinct the most conservative Republican candidate in twenty years, saw the practical, vote-getting necessity of adopting Democratic policies—and, as President, has stolen almost all that remained of the Democrats' thunder. At four successive conventions, these men creamed Robert A. Taft, who held firm to historic Republican policies. By now, there are very few Republicans who do not concede that the foreign policy developed in the course of the last two Democratic administrations was just about the only one possible in the world as seen in recent times from the White House, the State Department, and the Pentagon. By now, too, there are very few Republicans who do not recognize that the Welfare State, whether it is good or evil, is extremely attractive to millions of enfranchised citizens and that to oppose it is political suicide. To be sure,

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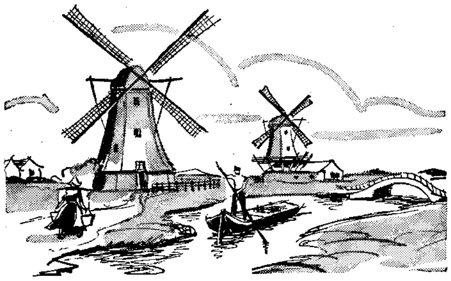

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the Democrats could argue, as perhaps they will, that the Eisenhower administration has often honored the principle of government responsibility with very meagre observances. For example, the Republicans have abandoned their theoretical objections to a federal housing program, but this abandonment is signalized by a program for the construction of a mere thirty-five thousand new units a year, which is the political equivalent of trying to put out a raging forest fire with a garden hose. It is doubtful, however, whether the Democrats could gain much by laboring this point, for the coming campaign will take place in a setting of almost unsurpassed prosperity, and the generally well-housed voters, though they might be outraged by a blunt repudiation of the idea of government responsibility for slum clearance and new housing, are unlikely to reflect on what a truly paltry figure thirty-five thousand is. At the same time, this inexpensive concession to the principle of the Welfare State leaves the Democrats unable to claim a patent on a government housing program. And whether this state of affairs is just or not, it is upon the challenging Democrats that the burden of proof necessarily rests. It is for them to show wherein, if anywhere, they differ from the Republicans and how, if at all, they are superior. —Richard H. Rovere

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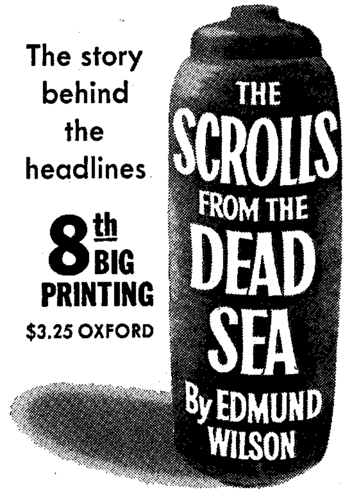

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

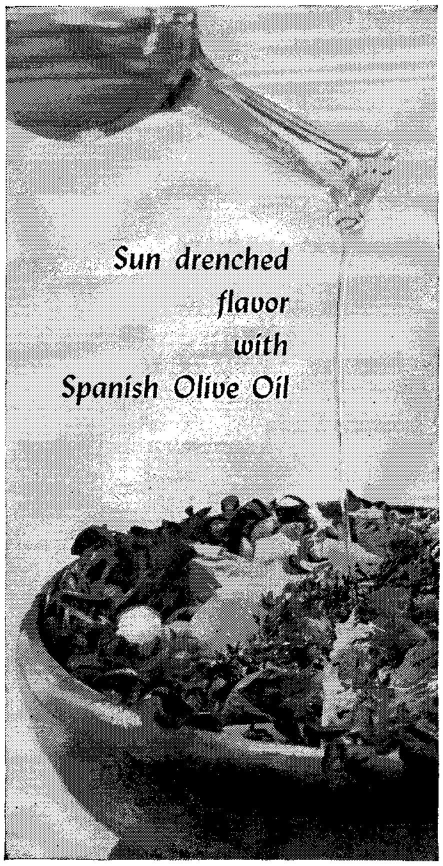
FICTION

AN END TO DYING, by Sam Astrachan (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). At first, Mr. Astrachan's characters appear shadowy. The shadows seem to stand in line, one behind another, with the biggest shadow in front. The smallest and most distant shadow, the one we can hardly see, begins to speak. His name is Sam Star and his home is in the Bronx. He wants to talk about his family—about how they lived in Russia and came to settle in the United States. Sam Star is a lucid and unsentimental narrator, whose steady tone does not conceal the love that forces him to tell about the people he belongs to. As he talks, telling old stories, and describing incidents, and repeating conversations, all the shadows in the line ahead of him come to life. We see their faces and we hear their voices and we watch them grow older, and our attention is so held that we cease to notice the narrator at all, until his voice ceases. Then, with astonishment and admiration, we see what has happened and how everything has changed. Sam Star now stands full-grown and out front in the family line, and his parents and uncles and grandparents, who were so much larger than he to begin with, have receded into their permanent place in his mind and heart; he has told their story, once and for all. Mr. Astrachan has written a splendidly affirmative first novel.

NUNI, by John Howard Griffin (Houghton Mifflin). An account of the disagreeable fate of Professor Harper, an elderly American whose plane crashes in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, depositing him on a remote island inhabited by some primitive people who lead an extremely uncomfortable life that they do not seem to enjoy at all. Unfortunately for the Professor, his new companions do not eat him, probably because they are just refined enough to realize how much more unkind it is to let him live as they do. The Professor's adjustment is plot enough for Mr. Griffin, and he describes it with an evangelical solemnity that seems a trifle foolish under the circumstances.

GENERAL

THE FABULOUS DEMOCRATS, by David L. Cohn (Putnam). A celebra-



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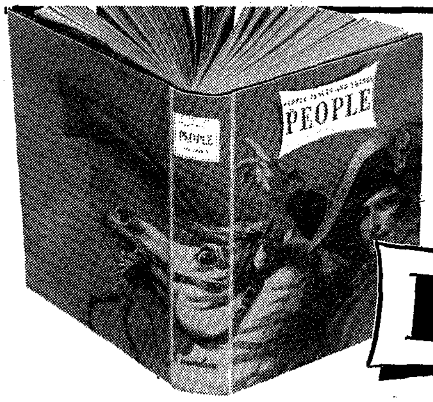
tion, in pictures and text, of the long and checkered career of what may well be the world's oldest political party. The author begins with Thomas Jefferson, who founded the Democratic Party, and, making ample use of old prints, campaign broadsides, and photographs, brings the story down to the election of 1952, thus ending a noisy book on a subdued note. He makes no pretense of objectivity (nobody would mistake him for a Republican), but now and then he lashes out at his favorite party—whenever it has forsaken its raison d'être, which in his view is to represent the American people on the broadest level, and tried to ape the Republicans. A highly diverting excursion through half of the political zoo.

THE LONG WALK, by Slavomir Rawicz, as told to Ronald Downing (Harper). Early in 1941, Mr. Rawicz, a Pole now living in England, escaped with five other Europeans and one American from a Siberian slave-labor camp to which he had been sentenced for twenty-five years as a "spy." Together with a young Polish girl, also an escapee, whom they ran into accidentally, they made their way entirely on foot for four thousand miles, across eastern Siberia, the Mongolias, the Gobi Desert, and part of China and Tibet, then over the Himalayas—where, the author claims, they saw two specimens of "the abominable snowman," a breed he describes with noonday clarity as being about eight feet tall and a cross between a bear and an orangutan—and finally into India. The journey took about a year, and four of the eight perished, including the girl. An almost unbelievable instance of heroic human endurance. There is a map.

TESTAMENT OF A LIBERAL, by Albert Guérard (Harvard). Another volume in Professor Guérard's intellectual autobiography, "What the Teacher Learnt." This installment takes up the political thinking of our time with the combination of learning, honesty, and wit that has become the author's hallmark. Professor Guérard says his subject is "the things that are Caesar's," and from this wise and vigorous rendering Caesar may be a long time recovering.

A SHORT TROT WITH A CULTURED MIND, by Patrick Campbell (Simon & Schuster). The American première of an Irish peer's son who per-



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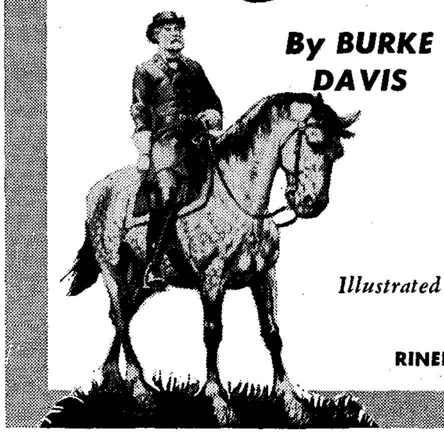

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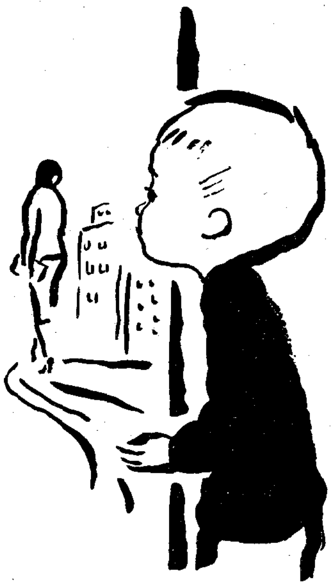

for Pete's Sake They all call him Peter. It's not that he isn't friendly or anything like that, but it takes a long time to get to call someone Pete, even when he's only two years old. And Peter is never in one place very long.

His widowed mother works, so by day Peter is shunted from place to place. Thousands of little boys are in the same boat—fortunately most of them can take it. Peter can't. A while back his mother taught him a few words. He's forgotten most of them. Peter only remembers how to say bye-bye. And he says it to his mother every day—when she leaves him.

The fact that Peter doesn't talk may not seem important. After all, he is only two. But it signifies much: insecurity, loneliness, confusion, even fear. And these are terrible things, especially when you're only two years old.

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forms a weekly comic turn in the columns of the London *Sunday Dispatch*. The subjects with which Mr. Campbell toys could hardly be more tepid (parlor games, income taxes, women drivers, country-house tennis, hunt balls), but, by a combination of custard-pie slapstick and Kafkan anarchy, he almost always succeeds in bringing them to a rolling boil. Delightfully illustrated by Hilary Knight.

BAY WINDOW BOHEMIA, by Oscar Lewis (Doubleday). A furious attempt, written with a fixed smile and an iron will, to refute Gertrude Atherton's opinion that San Francisco "in the nineties, despite the sentimentalists . . . was gray and ugly and depressing" by recalling the pranks and preciosities of the scrub talent (Ambrose Bierce, Frank Norris, Jack London, Will Irwin, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, George Sterling) that patronized its restaurants, saloons, theatres, and whorehouses during the decade before the fire.

NOTE: "The Ford Foundation," a slightly expanded version of Dwight Macdonald's Profile in this magazine of the biggest of all foundations and the men who distribute its bounty, has been published by Reynal.

•

TULSA, OKLA., March 30 (AP)—When the Hotel Tulsa was remodeled a few years ago, it made bellhop John W. Judy a gift of a lobby painting.

A day or so ago Judy read a newspaper column recalling local happenings of 40 years ago. It told of the hotel owner's purchase of a painting for the lobby.

But what made Judy nearly jump from his chair was the price—$10,000!

He sought out old newspaper files for more details. They confirmed the picture was the one given him. Entitled "Le Dernier Coup de Sabre (The Last Sabre Blow)," it shows a French horseman with sword upraised to strike a British cavalryman at the battle of Waterloo.

It's the work of French artist Raymond Franz Desavarreaux.

Dr. Harry A. Broadd, University of Tulsa professor of art, said Judy's painting is the original and "valuable" and should be hung in a museum or mansion.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Then all Judy needs is a mansion.

•

7:00 P.M.

7—LIFE IS WORTH LIVING, with Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, "Do We Talk Too Much?"

5—GROUCHO MARX, You Bet Your Life.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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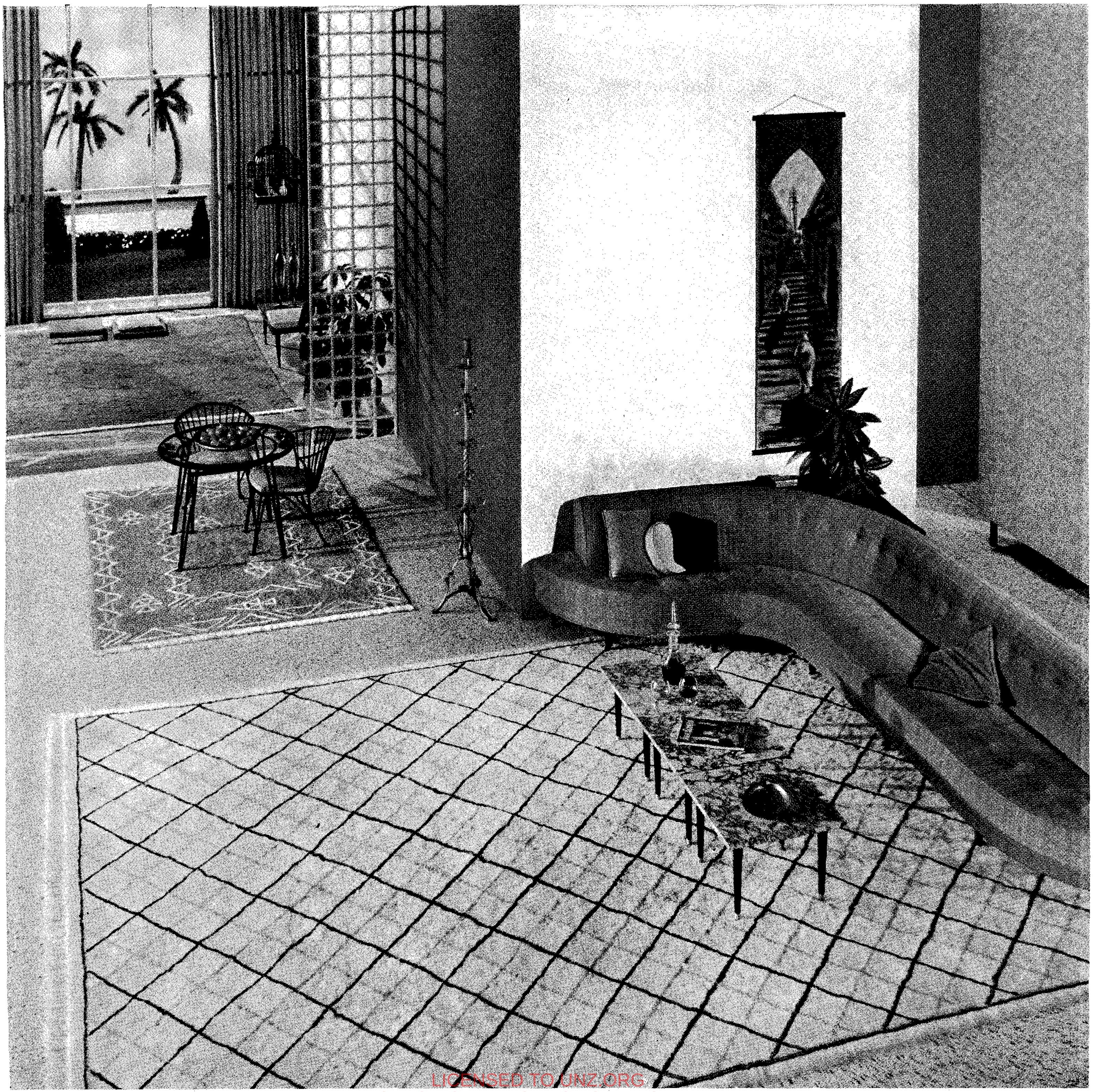

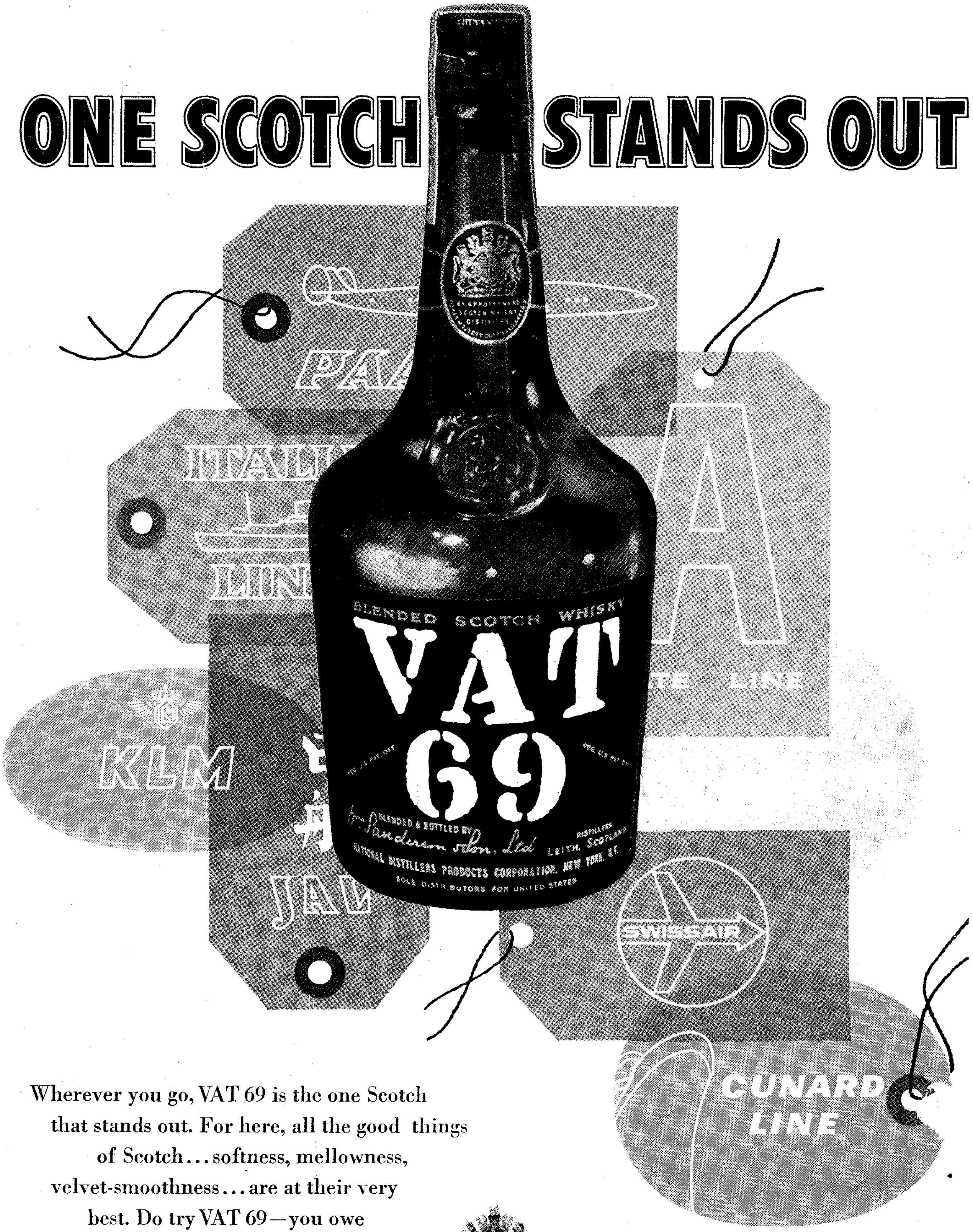
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